

A M O R C

The Rosicrucian Order

# MASTER MONOGRAPH

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266



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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ The language of art is understood by each in varying degree since spiritual discernment and the unfolding of intuitional faculties are manifestations of inner growth. Drama has long been a vehicle for perpetuating mystical truths, and while almost universally enjoyed, it is the initiate who understands its interior meaning.



*Derived as a whole from the Mysteries, tragedy had a moral significance that initiates understood. This is what placed it above anything that we can imagine today, and gave it an inestimable value. While the ignorant, dazzled only by the splendour of the spectacle, and carried away by the beauty of words and music, experienced a fugitive pleasure, the wise man tasted a purer and more lasting joy in the reception of truth from the very heart of the lying illusions of the senses. This joy increased in proportion to the greatness of the poet's inspiration, and to his success in making the allegorical meaning felt, without betraying the veil that covered it.*

—FABRE D'OLIVET, 1768-1825

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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

The Fourth Day the guests were informed that the artists and students were performing a "Merry Comedy" for their Majesties, and they joined the procession to the Gallery.

\* \* \* \* \*

The unknown Queen, who was yesterday with us, went foremost, with a small and costly coronet, apparelled in white satin; she carried nothing but a small crucifix which was made of a pearl, and this very day wrought between the young King and his Bride. After her went the six fore-mentioned Virgins in two ranks, who carried the King's jewels belonging to the little Altar. Next to these came the three Kings. The Bridegroom was in the midst of them in a plain dress, only in black satin, after the Italian mode. He had on a small round black hat, with a little black pointed feather, which he courteously put off to us, thereby to signify his favor toward us. To him we bowed ourselves, as also to the first, as we have been before instructed.

After the Kings came the three Queens, two whereof were richly habited, only she in the middle went likewise all in black, and Cupid held up her train. After this, intimation was given to us to follow, and after us the Virgins, till at last old Atlas brought up the rear. In such procession, through many stately walks, we at length came to the House of the Sun, there next to the King and Queen, upon a richly furnished scaffold, to behold the fore-ordained Comedy. . . .

First of all came forth a very ancient King, with some servants, before whose throne was brought a little chest, with mention that it was found upon the water. Now it being opened, there appeared a lovely Babe, together with certain jewels, and a small letter of parchment sealed, and superscribed to the King; which the King therefore presently opened, and having read it, wept, and then declared to his servants how injuriously the King of the Moors had deprived his Aunt of her country, and had extinguished all the Royal Seed even to this Infant, with the Daughter of which country he had now purposed to have matched his Son. Hereupon he swore to maintain perpetual enmity with the Moor and his allies, and to revenge this upon him; and therewith commanded that the child should be tenderly nursed, and to make preparation against the Moor. Now this provision and the discipline of the young lady (who after she was a little grown up was committed to an ancient Tutor) continued all the first Act; with many very fine and laudable sports besides. . . .



In the second Act, the Moor, a very black treacherous fellow, came forth also; who having with vexation



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understood that his murder was discovered, and that a little Lady was craftily stolen from him, began thereupon to consult how by a stratagem he might be able to encounter so powerful an adversary. Whereof he was at length advised by certain fugitives who by reason of famine fled to him. So the young Lady, contrary to all men's expectation, fell again into his hands, whom, had he not been wonderfully deceived by his own servants, he had like to have caused to be slain. Thus this Act, too, was concluded with a marvelous triumph of the Moor.

In the third Act, a great Army on the King's part was raised against the Moor, and put under the conduct of an ancient valiant Knight, who fell into the Moor's country, till at length he forcibly rescued the young Lady out of the Tower, and apparelled her anew. After this in a trice they erected a glorious scaffold, and placed their young Lady upon it. Presently came twelve Royal Ambassadors, amongst whom the fore-mentioned Knight made a speech, alleging that the King, his most gracious Lord, had not only heretofore delivered her from death, and even hitherto caused her to be royally brought up (though she had not behaved herself altogether as became her); but moreover his Royal Majesty had, before others, elected her to be a spouse for the young Lord, his Son, and most graciously desired that the said espousals might be really executed in case they would be sworn to his Majesty upon the following Articles. Hereupon out of a Patent he caused certain glorious conditions to be read, which if it were not too long, were well worthy to be here recounted. In brief, the young Lady took an Oath inviolably to observe the same, returning thanks withal in most seemly sort for this so high a Grace. Whereupon they began to sing to the praise of God, of the King, and the young Lady; and so for this time departed. . . .

In the fourth Act, the young Lady was again restored to her lost Kingdom, and crowned, and for a space, in this array, conducted about the place with extraordinary joy; after this, many and various Ambassadors presented themselves, not only to wish her prosperity, but also to behold her glory. Yet it was not long that she preserved her integrity, but soon began again to look wantonly about her, and to wink at the Ambassadors and Lords; wherein she truly acted her part to the life.

These her manners were soon known to the Moor, who would by no means neglect such an opportunity, and because her Steward had not sufficient regard to her, she was easily blinded with great promises, so that she had no good confidence in her King, but privily submitted herself to the entire disposal of the Moor. Hereupon the Moor made haste, and having (by her consent) gotten her into his hands, he gave her good words so long till all her kingdom had subjected itself to him; after which in the third scene of this Act, he caused her to be led





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forth, and first to be stripped stark naked, and then upon a scurvy wooden scaffold to be bound to a post, and well scourged, and at last sentenced to death. This was so woeful a spectacle that it made the eyes of many to run over. Hereupon thus naked as she was, she was cast into prison there to expect her death, which was to be procured by poison, which yet killed her not, but made her leprous all over. Thus this Act was for the most part lamentable. . . .

In the fifth Act, the young King was acquainted with all that had passed between the Moor and his future Spouse, who first interceded with his Father for her, entreating that she might not be left in that condition, which his Father having agreed to, Ambassadors were dispatched to comfort her in her sickness and captivity, but yet withal to give her notice of her inconsiderateness. But she would not yet receive them, but consented to be the Moor's Concubine, which was also done, and the young King was acquainted with it. . . .

In the sixth Act, the young King resolved to bid battle to the Moor, which also was done. And albeit the Moor was discomfitted, yet all held the young King too for dead. At length he came to himself again, released his Spouse, and committed her to his Steward and Chaplain, the first whereof tormented her mightily. At last the leaf turned over, and the Priest was so insolently wicked, that he would needs be above all, until the same was reported to the young King, who hastily dispatched one who broke the neck of the Priest's mightiness, and adorned the Bride in some measure for the Nuptials. . . .

In the last Act, the Bridegroom appeared in such pomp as is not well to be believed, and I was amazed how it was brought to pass. The Bride met him in the like solemnity. Whereupon all the people cried out: VIVAT SPONSUS, VIVAT SPONSA. So that by this Comedy they did withal congratulate our King and Queen in the most stately manner; which (as I well observed) pleased them most extraordinary well. . . .

After this thanks were returned, and the Comedy was finished with joy, and the particular good liking of the Royal Persons wherefore (the evening also being already hard by) they departed together in their fore-mentioned order. But we were to attend the Royal Persons up the winding stairs into the fore-mentioned hall, where the tables were already richly furnished, and this was the first time that we were invited to the King's table. . . .

During this, the Royal Persons took up the first table; at the second we only sat. At the third, some of the principal Virgins placed themselves. The rest of the Virgins and Men were all fain to wait. This was performed with such state and solemn stillness, that I am afraid to





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make many words of it. Here I cannot leave untouched how that all the Royal Persons, before meat, attired themselves in snow-white glittering garments, and so sat down to table. Over the table hung the fore-mentioned great Golden Crown, the precious stones whereof, without any other light, would have sufficiently illuminated the hall. However, all the lights were kindled at the small taper upon the Altar; what the reason was I did not certainly know.

But this I took every good notice of, that the young King frequently sent meat to the white serpent upon the little Altar, which caused me to muse. Almost all the prattle at this banquet was made by little Cupid, who could not leave us (and me indeed especially) untormented. He was perpetually producing some strange matter. However, there was no considerable mirth, all went silently on; from whence I, by myself, could imagine some great imminent peril. For there was no music at all heard; but if we were demanded anything, we were fain to give short round answers, and so let it rest. In short, all things had so strange a face, that the sweat began to trickle down all over my body; and I am apt to believe that the stout-heartedest man alive would then have lost his courage.

(To be continued)

\* \* \* \* \*

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER





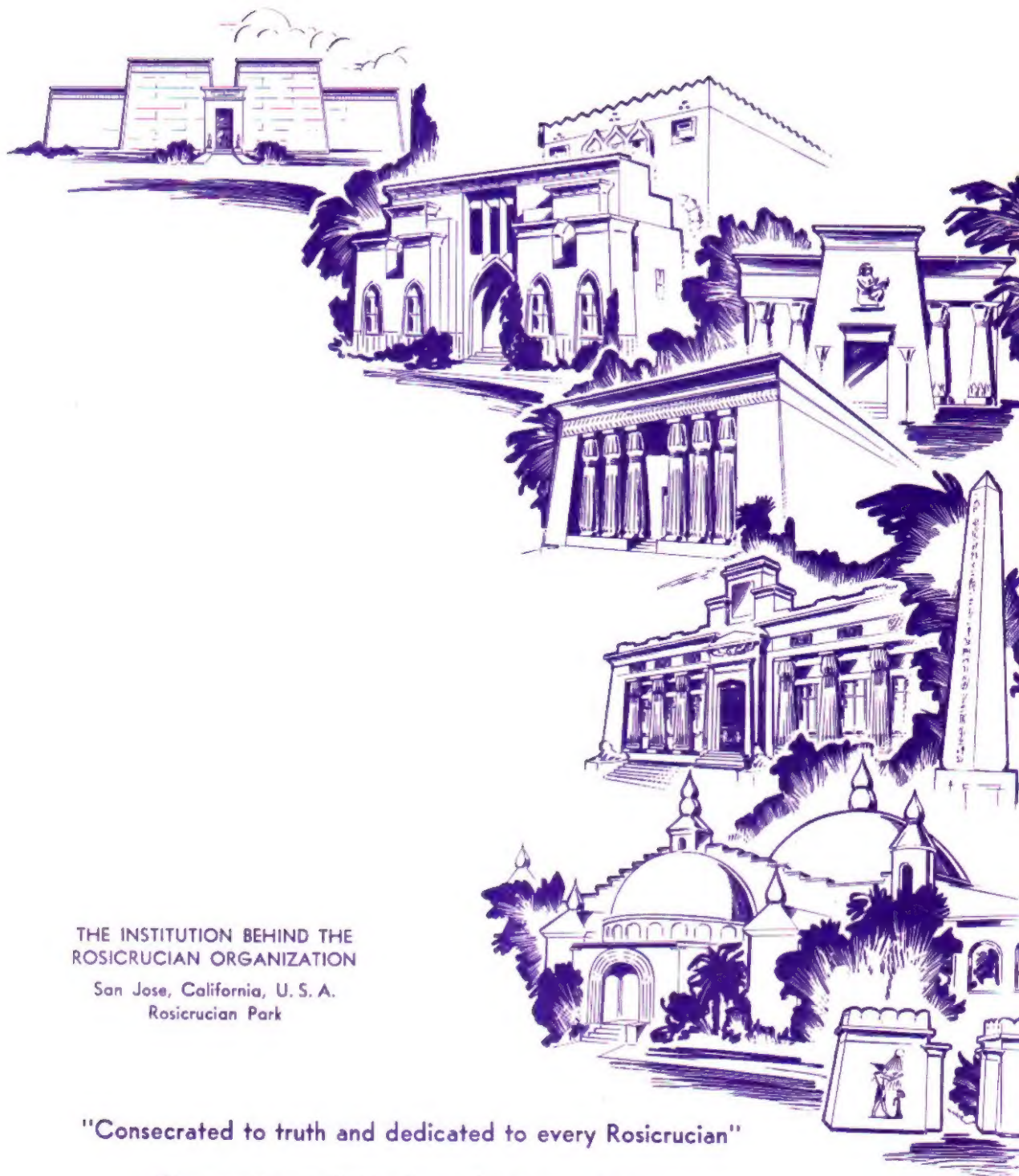
## *Summary of This Monograph*



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- ¶ The procession to the House of the Sun where the Comedy was to be enacted was in a certain order. The young king and his bride were in black satin and Atlas brought up the rear.
- ¶ The play concerned the contest of a King and his son against a treacherous Moor for the possession of the son's intended bride.
- ¶ After the play, a solemn banquet took place in the hall above the winding stairs. All the nobles were now in white raiment. It was nonetheless a solemn feast and one which filled Christian Rosenkreuz with foreboding.





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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ Cupid's role in the *Chymical Wedding* may receive some clarification when we consider the following extract from Francis Bacon's consideration of this well-known god in his "Wisdom of the Ancients."



... Love was the most ancient of all the gods, and existed before everything else, except Chaos, which is held coeval therewith.

There was also another Cupid, or Love, the youngest son of the gods, born of Venus; and upon him the attributes of the elder are transferred with some degree of correspondence. ...

Love seems to be the appetite, or incentive, of the primitive matter; or, ... the natural motion, or moving principle, of the original corpuscles, or atoms; this being the most ancient and only power that made and wrought all things out of matter. ...

Cupid is elegantly drawn a perpetual child; for compounds are larger things, and have their periods of age; but the first seeds or atoms of bodies are small, and remain in a perpetual infant state.

He is again justly represented naked; as all compounds may properly be said to be dressed and clothed, or to assume a personage; whence nothing remains truly naked, but the original particles of things.

The blindness of Cupid contains a deep allegory; for this same Cupid, Love, or appetite of the world, seems to have very little foresight, ... which renders the divine and overruling Providence and foresight the more surprising; as by a certain steady law, it brings such a beautiful order and regularity of things out of what seems ... void of design, ...

The last attribute of Cupid is archery, viz: a virtue or power operating at a distance; ...

—FRANCIS BACON, 1561-1626



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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

After a Comedy, the guests participate in a solemn banquet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Supper being now almost ended, the young King commanded the Book to be reached him from the little Altar. This he opened, and caused it once again by an old Man to be propounded to us, whether we resolve to abide with him in Prosperity and Adversity; which we, having with trembling consented to, he further caused us sadly to be demanded, whether we would give him our hands on it, which, when we could find no evasion, was fain so to be. Hereupon one after another arose, and with his own hand writ himself down in this book. When this also was performed, the little crystal fountain, together with a very small crystal glass, was brought near, out of which all the Royal Persons one after another drank. Afterwards it was reached to us, too, and so forward to all persons; and this was called the Draught of Silence.

Hereupon all the Royal Persons presented us their hands, declaring that in case we did not now stick to them, we should now and never more hereafter see them; which verily made our eyes run over. . . . Meantime a little bell was tolled, at which all the Royal Persons waxed so mighty bleak that we were ready utterly to despair. They quickly put off their white garments again, and put on entirely black ones. The whole hall likewise hung about with black velvet. The floor was covered with black velvet, with which also the ceiling above (all this being before prepared) was overspread.

After that the tables were also removed away, and all had seated themselves round about upon the form, and we also had put on black habits, in comes our President again, who was before gone out, and brought with her six black taffeta scarfs, with which she bound the six Royal Persons' eyes. Now when they could no longer see, there were immediately brought in by the servants six covered coffins, and set down in the hall, also a low black seat placed in the midst. Finally, there stepped in a very coal-black tall man, who bore in his hand a sharp axe.

Now after that the old King had been first brought to the seat, his head was instantly whipped off, and wrapped up in a black cloth, but the blood was received into a great golden goblet, and placed with him in the coffin that stood by, which being covered, was set aside. Thus it went with the rest also, so that I thought it would at length have come to me too, but it did not; for as soon as the six Royal Persons were beheaded, the black man went out again, after whom another followed, who beheaded him too, just before the door, and brought back



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his head together with the axe, which were laid in a little chest. This indeed to me seemed a bloody wedding, but because I could not tell what would yet be the event, I was fain for that time to captivate my understanding until I were further resolved.

For the Virgin too, seeing that some of us were faint-hearted and wept, bid us be content. For, said she to us, "The life of these standeth now in your hands, and in case you follow me, this Death shall make many alive." Herewith she intimated we should go sleep, and trouble ourselves no further on our part, for they should be sure to have their due right. And so she bade us all good-night, saying, that she must watch the dead corpses this night. We did so, and were each of us conducted by our Pages into our lodgings. My Page talked with me of sundry and various matters (which I still very well remember) and gave me a cause enough to admire at his understanding. But his intention was to lull me asleep, which at last I well observed, whereupon I made as though I was fast asleep, but no sleep came into my eyes, and I could not put the beheaded out of my mind.

Now my lodging was directly over against the great Lake, so that I could well look upon it, the windows being nigh the bed. About midnight, as soon as it had struck twelve, on a sudden I spied on the Lake a great Fire, wherefore out of fear I quickly opened the window to see what would become of it. Then from far I saw seven Ships making forward, which were all stuck full of lights. Above on the top of each of them hovered a flame that passed to and fro, and sometimes descended quite down, so that I could lightly judge that it must needs be the Spirits of the Beheaded. Now these Ships gently approached to Land, and each of them had no more than one Mariner.

As soon as they were now gotten to Shore, I presently spied our Virgin with a Torch going toward the Ships, after whom the six covered coffins, together with the little chest, were carried; and each of them privily laid in a Ship. Wherefore I awaked my Page too, who hugely thanked me, for having run much up and down all the day, he might quite have over-slept this, tho' he well knew it. Now as soon as the coffins were laid in the Ships, all the Lights were extinguished, and the six Flames passed back together over the Lake, so that there was no more but one Light in each Ship for a Watch. There were also some hundreds of watchmen who had encamped themselves on the shore, and sent the Virgin back again into the Castle, who carefully bolted all up again, so that I could well judge that there was nothing more to be done this night, but that we must expect the day. . . .





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**THE FIFTH DAY**

The night was over, and the dear-wished-for day broken, when hastily I got me out of bed, more desirous to learn what might yet ensue, than that I had sufficiently slept. Now after that I had put on my clothes, and according to my custom was gone down the stairs, it was still too early, and I found nobody else in the hall. Wherefore I entreated my Page to lead me a little about the Castle, and show me somewhat that was rare, who was now (as always) willing, and presently led me down certain steps underground, to a great Iron Door on which certain Words, in great copper letters, were fixed. This I thus copied, and set down in my table-book.

Now after this Door was opened, the Page led me by the hand through a very dark passage, till we came again to a very little Door, that was now only put to, for (as the Page informed me) it was first opened but yesterday when the Coffins were taken out, and had not been since shut. Now as soon as we stepped in, I spied the most precious thing that Nature ever created, for this vault had no other light but from certain huge great Carbuncles. This (as I was informed) was the King's Treasury. But the most glorious and principal thing that I here saw was a sepulcher (which stood in the middle) so rich that I wondered it was no better guarded. Whereunto the Page answered me, that I had good reason to be thankful to my Planet, by whose influence it was, that I had now seen certain pieces which no human eye else (except the King's Family) had ever had a view of.

This Sepulcher was triangular, and had in the middle of it a kettle of polished copper. The rest was of pure gold and precious stones. In the kettle stood an angel, who held in his arms an unknown tree, from which it continually dropped into the kettle; and as oft as the fruit fell into the kettle, it turned into water too, and ran out from thence into three small golden kettles standing by. This little altar was supported by these three animals--an eagle, an ox and a lion--which stood on an exceeding costly base. I asked my Page what this might signify. "Here," said he, "lies buried Lady Venus, that Beauty which hath undone many a great man, both in Fortune, Honor, Blessing, and Prosperity." After which he showed me a copper door on the pavement.

"Here," said he, "if you please, we may go further down." "I still follow you," replied I, so I went down the steps, where it was exceeding dark, but the Page immediately opened a little chest, wherein stood a small ever-burning taper, at which he kindled one of the many torches which lay by. I was mightily terrified, and seriously asked how he dare do this. He gave me for an answer, "As long as the Royal Persons are still at rest, I have nothing to fear." Herewith I spied a rich bed ready made, hung about with curious curtains, one of which which he drew, where I saw the Lady Venus stark naked



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(for he heaved up the coverlets too) lying there in such beauty, and a fashion so surprising, that I was almost besides myself. Neither do I yet know whether it was a piece thus carved, or a human corpse that lay dead there, for she was altogether immoveable, and yet I dare not touch her. . . .

But I soon spied behind the bed a tablet, on which again was written an inscription. I asked my Page concerning this writing, but he laughed, with promise that I should know it too. So he, putting out the torch, we again ascended. Then I better viewed all the little doors, and first found, that on every corner there burned a small taper of pyrites, of which I had before taken no notice, for the fire was so clear that it looked much more like a stone than a taper. From this heat the tree was forced continually to melt, yet it still produced new fruit. "Now behold," said the Page, "what I heard revealed to the King by Atlas. When the tree (said he) shall be quite melted down, then shall Lady Venus awake and be the Mother of a King."

Whilst he was thus speaking, in flew the little Cupid, who at first was somewhat abashed at our presence, but seeing us both look more like the dead than the living, he could not at length refrain from laughing, demanded what spirit had brought me thither, whom I, with trembling, answered that I had lost my way in the Castle, and was by chance come hither, and that the Page likewise had been looking up and down for me, and at last lighted upon me here. I hoped he would not take it amiss. "Nay then 'tis well enough yet," said Cupid, "my old busy Gransir, but you might lightly have served me a scurvy trick, had you been aware of this Door. Now I must look better to it." And so he put a strong lock on the copper door, where we before descended. . . . "Yet can I not," said Cupid, "let it pass unrevenged, that you were so near stumbling upon my dear Mother"; with which he put the point of his dart into one of the little tapers, and heating it a little pricked me with it on the hand, which at that time I little regarded, but was glad that it went so well with us, and that we came off without further danger.

(To be continued)

\* \* \* \* \*

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Faternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



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- ¶ At the solemn banquet's close the six royal persons were beheaded together with the coal-black man who was their executioner.
- ¶ Christian Rosenkreuz saw from his window at midnight seven mysterious ships which carried away the coffins of the royal dead.
- ¶ Early on the morning of the Fifth Day Christian Rosenkreuz was taken by his page into the King's Treasury where he saw many marvels including a curious and rare altar.
- ¶ He also descended to a chamber beneath where Venus lay entombed. In this trespass he narrowly escaped being caught by Cupid, who rewarded his prying with a prick in the hand.



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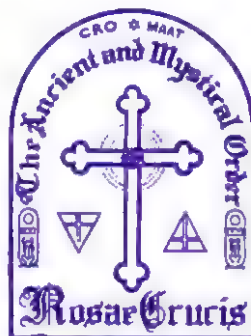
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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ Christian Rosenkreuz, with his companions, was taken by ship to the Tower of Olympus, situated upon an Island exactly square. Here the work of the restoration was to be completed. The student will undoubtedly note the significance of the square. Likewise the Tower suggests a pyramid. The term *foursquare* appears frequently in mystical literature.



*This fourth dayes Creation is the contrivance of Matter into Suns and Planets, or into Suns, Moons and Earths, for the AEtherial Vortices were then set a going, and the Corporeal world had got into a useful order and shape. And the ordering and framing of the Corporeal world, may very well be said to be transacted into the Number 4, four being the first body in Numbers, and therefore preferred before all the vertues, and the foundation and root of all Numbers is four; whence also all foundations, as well in Artificial things as Natural and Divine, are four square, as I shall shew you; and it signifies solidity, which also is demonstrated by a four square figure, and in an AEquilateral pyramid, which figure also is a right Symbole of Light, the rayes entering the eye in a pyramidal form, and Lights now are set up in all the vast Region of the AEtherial Matter which is heaven.*

—JOHN HEYDON, 1629



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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

Meantime, my companions were gotten out of bed too, and were again returned into the hall. To whom I also joined myself, making as if I were then first risen. After Cupid had carefully made all fast again, he came likewise to us, and would needs have me show him my hand, where he still found a little drop of blood, at which he heartily laughed, and bade the rest have a care of me, I would shortly end my days. We all wondered how Cupid could be so merry, and have no sense at all of the yesterday's sad passages. But he was no whit troubled. . . .

Now all things being in readiness, the Virgin bid us first drink somewhat, and then presently prepare for the procession; wherefore we made no long tarrying, but followed her out of the hall into the court. In the court stood six coffins, and my companions thought no other but that the six Royal Persons lay in them, but I well observed the device. Yet I knew not what was to be done with these other. By each coffin were eight muffled men. Now as soon as the music went (it was so mournful and dolesome a tune that I was astonished at it) they took up the coffins, and we (as we were ordered) were fain to go after them into the forementioned garden, in the midst of which was erected a wooden edifice, having round about the roof a glorious crown, and standing upon seven columns; within it were formed six sepulchers, and by each of them a stone, but in the middle it had a round hollow rising stone. In these graves the coffins were quietly and with many ceremonies laid. The stones were shoved over them, and they shut fast. But the little chest was to lie in the middle. Herewith were my companions deceived, for they imagined no other but that the dead corpses were there. Upon the top of all there was a great flag, having a Phoenix painted on it, perhaps therewith the more to delude us. Here I had great occasion to thank God that I had seen more than the rest.

Now after the funerals were done, the Virgin, having placed herself upon the middlemost stone, made a short oration: That we should be constant to our engagements, and not repine at the pains we were hereafter to undergo, but be helpful in restoring the present buried Royal Persons to life again, and therefore without delay to rise up with her, to make journey to the Tower of Olympus, to fetch from thence medicines useful and necessary for this purpose. This we soon agreed to, and followed her through another little door quite to the shore. There the seven forementioned ships stood all empty, on which all the Virgins stuck up their laurel branches, and after they had distributed us in the six ships, they caused us in God's name thus to begin our voyage, and looked upon us as long as they could have us in sight, after which they with all the watchmen returned into the Castle. . . .



After some hours, having in friendly discourses made a good way, we came within ken of the Tower of Olympus, wherefore the Virgin commanded by the discharge of some Pieces to give the signal of our approach, which was also done. And immediately we espied a great white flag thrust out, and a small gilded pinnace sent forth to meet us. Now as soon as this was come to us, we perceived in it a very ancient man, the Warden of the Tower, with certain guards clothed in white, of whom we were friendly received, and so conducted to the Tower.

This Tower was situated upon an Island exactly square, which was environed with a wall so firm and thick, that I myself counted two hundred and sixty passes over. On the other side of the wall was a fine meadow with certain little gardens, in which grew strange, and to me unknown, fruits; and then again an inner wall round about the Tower. The Tower itself was just as if seven round towers had been built one by another, yet the middlemost was somewhat the higher, and within they all entered on into another, and had seven stories one above another. Being thus come to the Gates of the Tower, we were led a little aside on the wall, that so, as I well observed, the Coffins might be brought into the Tower without our taking notice; of this the rest knew nothing.

This being done, we were conducted into the Tower at the very bottom, which albeit was excellently painted, yet we had here little recreation for this was nothing but a Laboratory, where we were fain to beat and wash plants, and precious stones, and all sorts of things, and extract their juice and essence, and put up the same in glasses, and deliver them to be laid up. . . .

Now having at length almost done with this our preparation, nothing more was brought us, but some broth with a little draught of wine, whereby I well observed that we were not here for our pleasure; for when we had finished our day's work too, everyone had only a mattress laid on the ground for him, wherewith we were to content ourselves. For my part I was not very much troubled with sleep, and therefore walked out into the garden, and at length came as far as the wall, and because the Heaven was at that time very clear, I could well drive away the time in contemplating the Stars. By chance I came to a great pair of stone stairs, which led up to the top of the wall. Because the moon shone very bright, I was so much the more confident, and went up, and looked too a little upon the Sea, which was now exceeding calm; and thus having good opportunity to consider better of astronomy, I found that this present night there would happen such a conjunction of the Planets, the like to which was not otherwise suddenly to be observed.



Now having looked a good while into the Sea, and it being just about midnight, as soon as it had struck



twelve, I beheld from far the seven flames passing over Sea hitherward, and betaking themselves to the top of the spire of the Tower. This made me somewhat afraid, for as soon as the flames had settled themselves, the winds arose, and began to make the Sea very tempestuous. The moon also was covered with clouds, and my joy ended with such fear, that I had scarce time enough to hit upon the stairs again, and betake myself again to the Tower. Now whether the flames tarried any longer, or passed away again, I cannot say; for in this obscurity I dare no more venture abroad. So I laid me down upon my mattress, and there being besides in the Laboratory a pleasant and gently purling fountain, I fell asleep so much the sooner. Thus this fifth day too was concluded with wonders.

### THE SIXTH DAY

Next morning, after we had awaked one another, we sat together a while to discourse what might yet be the event of things, for some were of the opinion that they should all be enlivened again together. Others contradicted it because the decease of the ancients was not only to restore life, but increase too to the young ones. Some imagined that they were not put to death, but that others were beheaded in their stead. We having now talked together a pretty while, in comes the Old Man to us, and first saluting us, looks about him to see if all things were ready, and the processes enough done. We had herein so behaved ourselves that he had no fault to find with our diligence, whereupon he placed all the glasses together, and put them into a case. Presently came certain youths bringing with them some Ladders, Ropes, and large Wings, which they laid down before us, and departed. Then the Old Man began thus.

"My dear Sons, one of these three things must each of you this day constantly bear about with him. Now it is free for you either to make a choice of one of them, or to cast lots about it." We replied that we would choose. "Nay," said he, "let it rather go by lot." Hereupon he made three little schedules. On one he wrote "Ladder"; on the second "Rope"; on the third "Wings." These he laid in a hat, and each man must draw, and whatever he happened upon, that was to be his. Those who got the Ropes imagined themselves to be in the best case, but I chanced on a Ladder, which hugely afflicted me, for it was twelve-foot long, and pretty weighty, and I must be forced to carry it, whereas the others could handsomely coil their Ropes about them. And as for the Wings, the Old Man joined them so neatly on to the third sort, as if they had grown upon them.

Hereupon he turned the cock, and then the Fountain ran no longer, and we were fain to remove it from the middle out of the way. After all things were carried off, he taking with him the Casket with the Glasses, took leave, and locked the door fast after him, so that we imagined no



other but that we had been imprisoned in this Tower. But it was hardly a quarter of an hour before a round hole at the very top was uncovered, where we saw our Virgin, who called to us and bade us good-morrow, desiring us to come up. They with the Wings were instantly above through the hole. Only they with the Ropes were in evil plight, for as soon as every one of us was up, he was commanded to draw up the Ladder to him. At last each man's Rope was hanged on an iron hook, so every one was fain to climb up by his Rope as well as he could, which indeed was not compassed without blisters. Now as soon as we were all well up, the hole was again covered, and we were friendly received by the Virgin.

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER





## *Summary of This Monograph*



Below is a summary of the important principles of this monograph. It contains the essential statements which you should not forget. After you have carefully read the complete monograph, try to recall as many as you can of the important points you read. Then read this summary and see if you have forgotten any. Also refer to this summary during the ensuing week to refresh your memory.

- ¶ **When Christian Rosenkreuz joined his companions after his descent to the King's Treasury and Venus' tomb, all moved in procession to the burial of the royal ones.**
- ¶ **The company then took ship to the island Tower of Olympus where the necessary medicines for the restoration were to be prepared.**
- ¶ **They began work in the lowest chamber washing and preparing plants to be used in the process. The night of the Fifth Day, Christian Rosenkreuz noted a conjunction of planets in the heavens.**
- ¶ **The Sixth Day, ladders, ropes, and wings were distributed by lot and with the help of these the guests made their way through a hole in the ceiling to a chamber above.**



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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ In all alchemical and occult writings frequent mention is made of the Egg. In the *Chymical Wedding* its part in the restoration of the King and Queen is significant. Perhaps the following quotation will be found stimulating and suggestive.



*The Egg was incorporated as a sacred sign in the cosmogony of every people on the Earth, and was revered both on account of its form and its inner mystery. From the earliest mental conceptions of man, it was known as that which represented most successfully the origin and secret of being. The gradual development of the imperceptible germ within the closed shell; the inward working, without any apparent outward interference of force, which from a latent nothing produced an active something, needing nought save heat; and which, having gradually evolved into a concrete, living creature, broke its shell, appearing to the outward senses of all a self-generated, and self-created being—must have been a standing miracle from the beginning. . . .*

*The Christians—especially the Greek and Latin Churches—have fully adopted the symbol, and see in it a commemoration of life eternal, of salvation and resurrection. This is found in and corroborated by the time-honoured custom of exchanging 'Easter Eggs.'*

—H. P. BLAVATSKY, 1831-1891



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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

This room was the whole breadth of the Tower itself, having six very stately vestries a little raised above the room, and to be entered by the ascent of three steps. . . . Meanwhile . . . there was brought in, and placed in the middle through the little door, by twelve persons (which were formerly our Musicians) a wonderful thing of a longish shape, which my companions took only to be a fountain. But I well observed that the corpses lay in it, for the inner chest was of an oval figure, so large that six persons might well lie in it one by another. . . . The Virgin carried a little casket, but the rest only branches, and small lamps, and some too, lighted torches . . .

Hereupon the Virgin opened the casket, in which there was a round thing wrapped up in a piece of green double taffeta. This she laid in the uppermost kettle, and then covered it with the lid, which was full of holes, and had besides a rim, on which she poured in some of the water which we had the day before prepared, whence the fountain began immediately to run, and through four small pipes to drive into the little kettle; . . . But what the above-said round wrapped-up thing was, my companions knew not, but I understood that it was the Moor's head, from which the water conceived so great heat. . . . This lasted for near two hours, that the fountain still constantly ran of itself; but yet the longer, the fainter it was. . . .

Now it was near the time that the fountain ceased, and would run no longer, upon which the Virgin commanded a round golden globe to be brought. But at the bottom of the fountain there was a tap, by which she let out all the matter that was dissolved by those hot drops (whereof certain quarts were then very red) into the globe. . . . Now this globe being with much ado gotten out of doors, we again sat alone. But I, perceiving a trampling overhead, had an eye on my ladder. . . .

After one quarter of an hour the cover above was again lifted off, and we commanded to come up, which was done as before with Wings, Ladders, and Ropes. . . . Now being gotten up thither also, and the hole shut again, I saw the globe hanging by a strong chain in the middle of the room.

In this room was nothing else but mere windows, and still between two windows there was a door, which was covered with nothing but a great polished looking-glass; and these windows and looking-glasses were so optically opposed one to another, that although the sun (which now shined exceeding bright) beat only upon one door, yet (after the windows towards the sun were opened, and the doors before the looking-glasses drawn aside) in all quarters of the room there was



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nothing but suns, which by artificial refractions beat upon the whole golden globe hanging in the midst. . . .

At length the Virgin commanded to shut up the looking-glasses again, and to make fast the windows, and so let the globe cool again a little. And this was done about seven of the clock. . . .

After we had taken our refection, we again settled ourselves to work, for the globe was sufficiently cooled, which with toil and labor we were to lift off the chain and set upon the floor. Now the dispute was how to get the globe in sunder, for we were commanded to divide the same in the midst. The conclusion was that a sharp-pointed diamond would best do it. Now when we had thus opened the globe, there was nothing of redness more to be seen, but a lovely great snow-white egg. . . .

We stood round about this egg as jocund as if we ourselves had laid it. But the Virgin made it presently to be carried forth, and departed herself too from us again, and (as always) locked the door to. . . . Yet we were again to pause together for one quarter of an hour, till the third hole were opened, and we by means of our instruments were come upon the fourth stone or floor. In this room we found a great copper kettle filled with yellow sand, which was warmed with a gentle fire; afterwards the egg was raked up in it, that it might therein come to perfect maturity. . . .

Our egg being now ready was taken out; but it needed no crack-ing, for the Bird that was in it soon freed himself, and showed himself very jocund, yet he looked very bloody and unshapen. We first set him upon the warm Sand, so the Virgin commanded, that before we gave him anything to eat, we should be sure to make him fast, otherwise he would give us all work enough. This being done too, food was brought him, which surely was nothing else than the Blood of the Beheaded, diluted again with prepared water, by which the Bird grew so fast under our eyes, that we well saw why the Virgin gave us such warning of him.

He bit and scratched so devilishly about him, that could he have had his will upon any of us, he would soon have dispatched him. Now he was wholly black, and wild, wherefore other meat was brought him, perhaps the blood of another of the Royal Persons, whereupon all his black feathers moulted again, and instead of them there grew out snow-white feathers. He was somewhat tamer too, and suffered himself to be more tractable; nevertheless we did not yet trust him. At the third feeding his feathers began to be so curiously colored, that in all my life I never saw the like colors for beauty. He was also exceeding tame, and behaved himself so friendly with us that (the Virgin con-senting) we released him from his captivity. . . .





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The fifth room was set open for us, whither we got to after the former manner, and tendered our service. In this room a bath was prepared for our Bird, which was so colored with a fine white powder that it had the appearance of mere milk. Now it was at first cool when the Bird was set into it. He was mighty well pleased with it, drinking of it, and pleasantly sporting in it. But after it began to heat by reason of the lamps that were placed under it, we had enough to do to keep him in the bath. We therefore clapped a cover on the kettle, and suffered him to thrust his head out through a hole, till he had in this sort lost all his feathers in this bath, and was as smooth as a new-born child, yet the heat did him no further harm, at which I much marvelled; for in this bath the feathers were quite consumed, and the bath was thereby tinged into blue.

At length we gave the Bird air, who of himself sprung out of the kettle, and was so glitteringly smooth that it was a pleasure to behold it. But because he was still somewhat wild, we were fain to put a collar, with a chain, about his neck, and so led him up and down the room. Meantime a strong fire was made under the kettle, and the bath sodden away till it all came to a blue stone, which we took out, and having first pounded it, we were afterwards fain to grind it on a stone, and finally with this color to paint the Bird's whole skin over. Now he looked much more strangely, for he was all blue, except the head, which remained white. Herewith our work on this story too was performed, and we (after the Virgin with her blue Bird was departed from us) were called up through the hole to the sixth story, which was done too.

There we were mightily troubled, for in the midst a little altar, every way like that in the King's Hall above described, was placed, upon which stood the six aforementioned particulars, and he himself (the Bird) made the seventh. First of all the little fountain was set before him out of which he drunk a good draught; afterwards he pecked upon the white serpent until she bled mightily. This blood we were to receive into a golden cup, and pour it down the Bird's throat, who was mighty averse from it. Then we dipped the serpent's head in the fountain, upon which she again revived, and crept into her death's-head, so that I saw her no more for a long time after.

Meantime the Sphere turned constantly on, until it made the desired conjunction. Immediately the watch struck one, upon which there was again another conjunction. Then the watch struck two. Finally, whilst we were observing the third conjunction, and the same was indicated by the watch, the poor Bird of himself submissively laid down his neck upon the book, and willingly suffered his head (by one of us thereto chosen by lot) to be smitten off. Howbeit he yielded not one drop



## *Summary of This Monograph*



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- ¶ On the second level of the Tower, the Virgin put a round object covered in green taffeta into a kettle above an oval fountain which had been carried in. Christian Rosenkreuz divined that the fountain contained the royal bodies and that the round object added by the Virgin was the Moor's head.
- ¶ Red liquid drained from the fountain was poured into a golden globe that was carried to the floor above and hung in the center of a room of mirrors arranged so that the sun's rays were concentrated on it. When the rays had been deflected and the globe cooled, it was opened with a diamond and a snow-white egg discovered within.
- ¶ After a sand bath in the room above, a bird in due time freed himself from the egg and grew rapidly, changing from black to white to curiously colored feathers; while in the fifth room, it was caused to lose its feathers in what appeared to be a milk bath that became tinted blue from his feathers. These in turn became a blue stone which was powdered and smeared over the bird.
- ¶ In the sixth room above, the little altar appeared again, and after the bird had been fed serpent's blood and the clock had struck three times it was sacrificed. It was also made to appear that Christian Rosenkreuz and three of his companions would be denied the right to be present in the seventh room.





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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ In the alchemical restoration of the King and Queen, we note the importance of water and food. The spiritual significance of these elements is not minimized because of their necessity in a physical existence. From earliest antiquity, they were accorded reverence, assuming symbolic importance in the mysteries as they do in the religions of today.



*The water of life became a type of the eternal, the fabled fount of immortality that was so preciously preserved in the divine under-world; the living water that was sought for by the mother when she periodically lost her child, who was the same to her as the water of life, and who was found in the abyss, which was indeed the place of its rebirth. The generation of life by water, the birth of Horus by water and in food, was the profoundest of mysteries. This was the way that life actually came into the world, before the subject was made doctrinal. This was a life which did save the world when Horus the Messu was the saviour who naturally gave fulfilment periodically to the promise that he made. . . .*

—GERALD MASSEY, 1828-1907

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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

The work of the Sixth Day had occupied our artists on the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth levels of the Tower of Olympus. They were assisting in various rites aimed at the restoration of the royal dead to life. At the conclusion of the sixth level's work, the Virgin announced that four had been found "lazy and sluggish labourators" and would not be permitted to participate in "the future seventh and most glorious action of all the rest." Our aged narrator was one of the four excluded.

\* \* \* \*

In what a case we now were at this speech, I leave others to consider, for the Virgin so well knew how to keep her countenance, that the water soon ran over our baskets, and we esteemed ourselves the most unhappy of all men. . . . But it proved otherwise, for as soon as we were come out at the door, the musicians bid us be of good cheer and follow them up the winding stairs. They led us up to the eighth floor under the roof where we found the Old Man, whom we had not hitherto seen, standing upon a little round furnace. He received us friendly, and heartily congratulated us, that we were hereto chosen by the Virgin; . . . Hence said he: "My dear Sons learn that Man never knoweth how well God intendeth him."

During this discourse the Virgin also with her little box came running in, who (after she had sufficiently laughed at us) emptied her ashes out into another vessel, and filled hers again with other matter, saying, she must now go cast a mist before the other artists' eyes; that we in the meantime should obey the old Lord in whatsoever he commanded us, and not remit our former diligence. Herewith she departed from us into the seventh room whither she called our companions. Now what she first did with them there, I cannot tell, for they were not only most earnestly forbidden to speak of it, but we too by reason of our business, dare not peep on them through the ceiling.

But this was our work: We were to moisten the ashes with our fore-prepared water till they became altogether like a very thin dough, after which we set the matter over the fire till it was well heated; then we cast it thus hot as it was into two little forms or moulds, and so let it cool a little. . . .

We having opened our little forms, there appeared two beautiful bright and almost transparent little images, the like to which man's eye never saw--a male and a female--each of them only four inches long; and that which most mightily surprised me was, that they were not hard, but limber and fleshy, as other human bodies, yet had they no life, so





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so that I do most assuredly believe that the Lady Venus' image was also made after some such way. These angelically fair babes we first laid upon two little satin cushionets, and beheld them a good while, till we were almost besotted upon so exquisite an object. The old Lord warned us to forbear, and continually to instill the blood of the Bird (which had been received into a little golden cup) drop after drop into the mouths of the little images, from whence they apparently to the eye increased; and whereas they were before very small, they were now (as according to proportion) much more beautiful; so that worthily all limners ought to have been here, and have been ashamed of their art in respect of these productions of Nature.

Now they began to grow so big, that we lifted them from the little cushionets, and were fain to lay them upon a long table which was covered with white velvet. The Old Man also commanded us to cover them over up to the breast with a piece of fine white double taffeta, which because of their unspeakable beauty, almost went against us. But that I may be brief, before we had in this manner quite spent the blood, they were already in their perfect full growth. They had golden-yellow curled hair, and the above-mentioned figure of Venus was nothing to them. But there was not yet any natural warmth or sensibility in them, they were dead figures, yet of a lively and natural color. And since care was to be taken that they grew not too great, the Old Man would not permit anything more to be given them, but quite covered their faces too with the silk, and caused the table to be stuck round about with torches. . . .

Presently the Virgin came in too with the music and all furniture, and carried two curious white garments, the like to which I had never seen in the Castle, neither can I describe them, for I thought no other but that they were mere crystal; but they were gentle, and not transparent, so that I cannot speak of them. . . . This (as I told you) was managed under the roof, which was wonderfully formed, for on the inside it was arched into seven hemispheres, of which the middlemost was somewhat the highest, and had at top a little round hole which was nevertheless shut, and was observed by none else. After many ceremonies, stepped in six Virgins, each of which bore a large trumpet, which were rouled about with a green glittering and burning material like a wreath, one of which the Old Man took; and after he had removed some of the lights at top, and uncovered their faces, he placed one of the trumpets upon the mouth of one of the bodies, in such a manner that the upper and wider part of it was directed just against the forementioned hole.



Here my companions always looked upon the images; but I had other thoughts, for as soon as the foliage or wreath about the shank of the trumpet was kindled, I saw the hole

at top open, and a bright stream of fire shooting down the tube, and passing into the body. Whereupon the hole was again covered, and the trumpet removed. With this device my companions were deluded, so that they imagined that life came into the image by means of the fire of the foliage, for as soon as he received the Soul he twinkled with his eyes, howbeit he scarce stirred. The second time he placed another tube upon its mouth, and kindled it again, and the Soul was let down through the tube. This was repeated upon each of them three times, after which all the lights were extinguished and carried away. The velvet carpets of the table were cast together over them, and immediately a travelling bed was unlocked and made ready, into which thus wrapped up they were born, and so after the carpets were taken off them, they were neatly laid by each other, where with the curtains drawn before them, they slept a good while. . . .

During which we sat very still, attending when our married couple would awake; thus about half an hour was spent. For then the wanton Cupid presented himself again, and after he had saluted us all, flew to them behind the curtain, tormenting them so long till they awaked.

This happened to them with very great amazement, for they imagined no other but that they had hitherto slept from the very hour in which they were beheaded. . . .

Now there were already prepared two very curious chairs, wherein they placed themselves, and so were by us with most profound reverence congratulated, for which the King in his own person most graciously returned his thanks, and again reassured us of all grace. It was already about five o'clock, wherefore they could make no longer stay; but as soon as ever the chiefest of their furniture could be laden, we were to attend the young Royal Persons down the winding stairs, through all doors and watches unto the ship, in which they embarked themselves, together with certain Virgins and Cupid, and sailed so mighty swift that we soon lost sight of them. Yet they were met (as I was informed) by certain stately ships; thus in four hours' time they had made many leagues out at sea. After five o'clock the musicians were charged to carry all things back again to the ships, and to make themselves ready for the voyage. But because this was somewhat long a doing, the old Lord commanded forth a party of his concealed soldiers, who had hitherto been planted in the wall, so that we had taken no notice of any of them, whereby I observed that this Tower was well provided against opposition.



Now these soldiers made quick work with our stuff, so that no more remained further to be done, but to go to supper. Now the table being completely furnished, the

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Virgin brought us again to our companions, where we were to carry ourselves as if we had truly been in a lamentable condition, and forbear laughing. But they were always smiling one upon another, howbeit some of them too sympathized with us. At this supper the old Lord was with us too, who was a most sharp inspector over us, for none could propound anything so discreetly, but that he knew how either to confute it or amend it, or at least to give some good document upon it. I learned most by this Lord, and it were very good that each one would apply himself to him, and take notice of his procedure, for then things would not so often, and so untowardly miscarry.

After we had taken our nocturnal refection, the old Lord led us into his closets of rarities, which were here and there dispersed amongst the bulwarks, where we saw such wonderful productions of Nature, and other things too which man's wit in imitation of Nature had invented, that we needed a year more sufficiently to survey them. Thus we spent a good part of the night by candlelight. At last, because we were more inclined to sleep than see many rarities, we were lodged in rooms in the wall, where we had not only costly good beds, but also besides extraordinary handsome chambers, which made us the more wonder why we were the day before forced to undergo so many hardships. In this chamber I had good rest, and being for the most part without care, and weary with continual labor, the gently rushing of the sea helped me to a sound and sweet sleep, for I continued in one dream from eleven o'clock till eight in the morning.

(To be continued.)

\* \* \* \*

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER





## Summary of This Monograph



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- ¶ What had seemed to be a rebuff was in reality a recognition of worthiness. As the Old Man in the attic room of the Tower reminded Christian Rosenkreuz and his companions: "Man never knoweth how well God intendeth him."
- ¶ Under the watchful eye of the Old Man, the four chosen ones poured the bird's ashes moistened with prepared water into two forms, which when opened revealed two beautiful images. These grew as they were fed the bird's blood until they had attained full growth.
- ¶ By means of a trumpet the souls were induced into them, as Christian Rosenkreuz noticed, through a hole in the roof.
- ¶ Restored to life, they acknowledged the services of all concerned and prepared to return to the Castle.



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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ The *Chymical Wedding* will have for each a different message. Symbols indeed speak a universal language; yet nuance and inflection vary in accord with individual experience and perception. It is not to be doubted that thoughtful reading and meditation upon this and the preceding monographs have expanded the consciousness of every student in this class.



*It is in and through symbols that man, consciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has his being; those ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest which can the best recognize symbolical worth, and prize it the highest. For is not a symbol ever, to him who has eyes for it, some dimmer or clearer revelation of the Godlike?*

—THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795-1881

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

The work in the Tower of Olympus having been accomplished, the artists prepared on the morrow to return to the Palace for the final festivities.

\* \* \* \*

### THE SEVENTH DAY

Now as soon as we were come to shore, and disembarked, the King and Queen presented their hands to all of us one with another, with singular kindness.

We were all one after another distributed amongst the Lords. But our old Lord, and I most unworthy, were to ride even with the King, each of us bearing a snow-white ensign with a red cross. I indeed was made use of because of my age, for we both had long grey beards and hair. I had besides fastened my tokens round about my hat, of which the young King soon took notice and demanded if I were he, who could at the Gate redeem these tokens. I answered in most humble manner, yea. . . . Then he asked me wherewith I had redeemed them. I replied, with Water and Salt. Whereupon he wondered who had made me so wise; upon which I grew somewhat more confident, and recounted unto him how it had happened to me with my Bread, the Dove and the Raven, and he was pleased with it, and said expressly: That it must needs be, that God had herein vouchsafed me a singular happiness.

Herewith we came to the first gate where the Porter with the blue clothes waited, who bore in his hand a supplication. Now as soon as he spied me even with the King, he delivered me the supplication, most humbly beseeching me to mention his ingenuity towards me before the King. Now in the first place I demanded of the King, what the condition of this Porter was, who friendly answered me: That he was a very famous and rare astrologer, and always in high regard with the Lord, his Father. But having on a time committed a fault against Venus, and beheld her in her bed at rest, this punishment was therefore imposed upon him, that he should so long wait at the first Gate till someone should release him from thence.

I replied, "May he then be released?" Said the King: "Yes, if anyone can be found that hath as highly transgressed as himself, he must stand in his stead, and the other shall be free." This word went to my heart, for my conscience convinced me that I was the offender, yet I held my peace, and herewith delivered the supplication. . . . Immediately the King called for the old Atlas to come to him in a little closet, and showed him the writing, who made no long tarrying, but rode out again to the Porter to take better cognizance of the matter. . . .





Meantime, the King and Queen, for recreation's sake, began to fall to play together. It looked not unlike chess, only it had other laws, for it was the Virtues and Vices one against another, where it might ingeniously be observed with what plots the Vices lay in wait for the Virtues, and how to re-encounter them again. This was so properly and artificially performed that it were to be wished that we had the like game too. During the game, in comes Atlas again, and makes his report in private, yet I blushed all over, for my conscience gave me no rest; . . .

After the banquet the tables were suddenly taken away, and certain curious chairs placed round about in circle, in which we, together with the King and Queen, both their old Men, the Ladies and Virgins, were to sit. After which a very handsome Page opened the above-mentioned glorious little Book, when Atlas immediately placing himself in the midst, began to bespeak us to the ensuing purpose. That his Royal Majesty had not yet committed to oblivion the service we had done him, and how carefully we had attended our duty, and therefore by way of retribution had elected all and each of us Knights of the Golden Stone. That it was therefore further necessary not only once again to oblige ourselves towards his Royal Majesty, but to vow too upon the following Articles, and then his Royal Majesty would likewise know how to behave himself towards his liege people. Upon which he caused the Page to read over the Articles, which were these:

- I. You my Lords the Knights, shall swear that you shall at no time ascribe your order either unto any Devil, or Spirit, but only to God your Creator, and his hand-maid Nature.
- II. That you will abominate all whoredom, incontinency, and uncleanness, and not defile your order with such vices.
- III. That you through your talents will be ready to assist all that are worthy, and have need of them.
- IV. That you desire not to employ this honor to worldly Pride and high Authority.
- V. That you shall not be willing to live longer than God will have you.

We were afterwards with the usual ceremonies installed Knights, and amongst other privileges set over Ignorance, Poverty, and Sickness, to handle them at our pleasure. And this was afterwards ratified in a little chapel (whither we were conducted in all procession) and thanks returned to God for it. Where I also at that time, to the honor of God, hung up my Golden Fleece and Hat, and left them there for an eternal memorial.



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And because everyone was there to write his name, I wrote thus:

Summa Scientia nihil Scire.  
Fr. CHRISTIANUS ROSENCREUTZ.  
Eques aurei Lapidis.  
Anno. 1459. . . .

I thought nothing could be more praiseworthy than in honor of my order to demonstrate some laudable virtue; and found, too, that none at present could be more famous, and cost me more trouble, than Gratitude. Wherefore, not regarding that I might well have wished somewhat more dear and agreeable to myself, I vanquished myself, and concluded even with my own peril to free the Porter, my Benefactor. Wherefore being now called in, I was first of all demanded whether, having read the supplication, I had observed or suspected nothing concerning the offender.

Upon which I began undauntedly to relate how all the business had passed; how through ignorance I fell into that mistake, and so offered myself to undergo all that I had thereby demerited. The King and the rest of the Lords, wondered mightily at so unhopd for confession, and so wished me to step aside a little. Now as soon as I was called again, Atlas declared to me that although it were grievous to the King's Majesty, that I whom he loved above others was fallen into such a mischance, yet because it was not possible for him to transgress his ancient usages, he knew not how else to absolve me, but that the other must be at liberty, and I placed in his stead; . . .

This sentence had near cost me my life, and I first hated myself and my twatling tongue, in that I could not hold my peace. Yet at last I took courage, and because I considered there was no remedy, I related how this Porter had bestowed a token on me, and commended me to the other, by whose assistance I stood upon the Scale, and so was made partaker of all the honor and joy already received. And therefore, now it was but equal that I should show myself grateful to my Benefactor; and because the same could no way else be done, I returned thanks for the sentence, and was willing gladly to sustain some inconvenience for his sake, who had been helpful to me in coming to so high place. . . .

After me the rest were called for too, who came jocundly out again, which was still more to my smart, for I imagined no other but that I must finish my life under the Gate. I had also many pensive thoughts running up and down in my head, what I should yet undertake, and wherewith to spend the time. At length I considered that I was now old, and according to the course of nature, had few years more to life; and that this anguish and melancholy life would easily dispatch me, and then my doorkeeping would be at an end, and that by a most happy sleep I might



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quickly bring myself into the grave. I had sundry of these thoughts. Sometimes it vexed me that I had seen such gallant things, and must be robbed of them. Sometimes it rejoiced me that yet before my end I had been accepted to all joy, and should not be forced so shamefully to depart. Thus this was the last and worst shock that I sustained.

During these, my cogitations, the rest were ready. Wherefore after they had received a good-night from the King and Lords, each one was conducted into his lodging. But I, most wretched man, had nobody to show me the way, and yet must moreover suffer myself to be tormented, and that I might be certain of my future function, I was fain to put on the Ring which the other had before worn. Finally, the King exhorted me that since this was now the last time I was like to see him in this manner, I should however, behave myself according to my place, and not against the order. Upon which he took me also in his arms, and kissed me, all which I so understood, as if in the morning I must sit at my Gate. Now after they had all a while spoken friendly to me, and at last presented their hands, committing me to the divine protection, I was by both the Old Men, the Lord of the Tower, and Atlas, conducted into a glorious lodging, in which stood three beds, and each of us lay in one of them, where we spent almost two . . . etc.

(Here are wanting about two leaves in quarto, and he—the Author hereof—whereas he imagined he must in the morning be door-keeper, returned home.)

FINIS

\* \* \* \* \*

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER





## Summary of This Monograph



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- ¶ On the way to the Castle, Christian Rosenkreuz and the King with whom he is riding, are presented by the Porter of the First Gate with a supplication.
- ¶ This reminds CR of his promise to help the Porter and when he learns of the Porter's fault, he is reminded of his own guiltiness.
- ¶ In the chapel confirming his induction as a Knight of the Golden Stone, Christian Rosenkreuz hangs up his Golden Fleece and Hat with the motto in Latin: "The supreme wisdom is to know nothing."
- ¶ Christian Rosenkreuz confesses his fault and is sentenced to assume the Porter's duty at the Gate until another whose fault is as great can be found to release him.
- ¶ He is sent to luxurious lodgings for his final night in the Castle, accompanied by the Old Man from the Tower of Olympus and Atlas the old astrologer.
- ¶ It is suggested that CR expected to become doorkeeper but instead returned home.



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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ Synopsized in this monograph, the *Chymical Wedding* continues to hold our attention. That it deals with alchemy—both physical and transcendental—is stated positively, and certain salient features are in a measure clarified. The student must, however, bring to this study his own understanding and experience. Both timely and illuminating is the following description of alchemy from Paracelsus' introduction to his *The Economy of Minerals*.

*Alchemy is a subject which is not comprised in mere words, but only in elaborate facts; just as is the case with the rest of those arts, familiarity with which is gained rather by putting them in practice than by mere demonstrations. It is true that these demonstrations do a very great deal for those who are some way advanced rather than for initiates. For these it is best that from the very first they should have a finger in the pie (as the saying is), and gradually learn from the very mistakes they make. Nobody ever acquired even the easiest art without making such blunders; and certainly no one will be able to follow up Alchemy without making mistakes before he gets at the truth. No one, again, will ever enter the true path so long as he holds back from the goal through fear of making a false step, or fails to correct his own errors by imitating the course of Nature. It will not be so easy to learn if we fail to compare alchemical with natural methods. So, then, it was thought well to let artificial Alchemy precede the natural, so that we may recall those who are venturing forth in this art to the genealogy of minerals, as if to a safe anchorage. It seemed opportune, nay, even necessary, to provide some anchorage for this purpose in the case of those who are studying Alchemy.*

—PARACELSUS, 1493(?)–1541

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

We shall not presume to point out and interpret all of the symbolism of this parable, but rather shall allow you to ascertain most of it.

Taken in its entirety the Chymical Wedding constitutes a reception into the Greater Mysteries of Alchemy, especially Transcendental Alchemy, which is devoted to the transmutation of the triune nature of man. The whole account unfolds as a pageant in which the symbolical character, Christian Rosenkreuz (A Christian of the Rosy Cross) is the protagonist. The marriage is the golden wedding of alchemical opposites, chemical elements containing diametrically opposite properties. It refers, as well, to the wedding of the factors of man's self. These are referred to as the King and Queen.

The parable opens with C..R..C.. (Christian Rosenkreuz) tarrying in a small house on a hill. The time was an eve before Easter. He was preparing unleavened bread in his heart while in the presence of the Paschal Lamb. In the midst of this meditation, he found, unannounced, "a fair and gracious lady behind him—" wearing a sky-colored vestment bespangled with stars. She was a winged woman of height. The wings were full of eyes like those of a cherub. (Note throughout this parable innumerable references to the colors of blue and gold which are the traditional colors of the Rosicrucian Order.) The eyes in the wings represent the all-pervading consciousness of God, His eternal infinite vision. In this beautiful female's right hand was a golden trumpet. In her left was "a garner of letters," which was in all languages. This figure then laid a letter on the table, departing thereafter. Inside was an invitation to the Royal Wedding, about which he had been told in a vision seven years before. (It will be noted that the number, seven, plays a prominent part throughout the parable.)

In the morning C..R..C.. prepared himself for the journey. He put on his wedding garment and a blood-red ribbon which he fastened cross-wise on his chest. He placed four red roses in his hat. On his journey, he carried with him bread, water, and salt. He walked, singing, through the woodland until he reached three cedars. On one was a tablet of welcome, in the name of the King and bridegroom. This tablet, inscribed in Latin, told him that there were four ways in which the heights of spiritual attainment can be reached: The first way was the shortest. It was the most dangerous. It led through a region of rocks, the rocks representing obstacles and temptations. The second was the longest and most circuitous. There were many byways leading off it, but one must not turn either right or left. The third was the royal road, the journey amidst joyful pageants, which only one in a thousand may ever experience. The fourth or last, was a road encompassed by fire and cloud, a road intended only for incorruptible bodies, persons who can resist its conditions.



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At setting sun, he beheld a stately portal far off on a high hill. A porter, habited in sky-blue, demanded his letter of invitation. The postulant then bought a golden token and paid for this with his flask of water. (You will note herein that the postulant, or C.'R.'.C.'. pays for admission by sacrificing an essential, that nothing is too great a price for participating in this golden wedding.) Then, he received another letter from the porter and was told to deliver this to a second porter. At the second gate, it was requested that he acquire several tokens. The salt he offered was accepted and in exchange for it, the postulant received two seals. The door of the castle was shut so quickly behind him that part of his garment caught fast and he had to leave it to free himself.

Then, he found himself in a spacious hall. There was a great assemblage, which included kings, emperors, princes, lords, and all sorts of people, rich and poor; among them were persons of his acquaintance. We can take this to allude to the fact that persons of all walks of life seek that knowledge which can come from the Chymical Nuptials, but their purposes are different. The door opened and C.'R.'.C.'. saw two pages who had escorted him, now carrying torches. Behind them was a beautiful maiden on a self-moving throne. At her presence, the entire company stood up and she made her proclamation in the name of the bridegroom and bride. She stated that all present would be weighed on the morrow.

Finally, C.'R.'.C.'. attained the dawn of the third day. The emperors and kings were weighed. Only four withstood the test. One was called Emperor-in-Truth of the Rosy Cross. Of the gentry, the great assemblage of the learned and unlearned, only two qualified after being weighed. "Those vagabond cheaters," makers of false stones, pseudo-alchemists, who were pretenders to the feat of transmuting baser metals into gold and who were purveyors of noxious elixirs, were whipped and scourged from the scales. This was an indictment of the many false alchemists that were practicing in Europe, especially in Germany at the time, pretenders to occult knowledge, exploiting the symbolism and name of the art.

C.'R.'.C.'. however, outstayed all the weights, even when three men hung on the other end of the scale beam. The king and queen watched while being invisible. The remaining guests then washed their hands and heads at a certain fountain. This we may consider the rite of lustration, symbolical of purification. The company then toured the great building. C.'R.'.C.'. was permitted to examine a royal sepulchre. He found therein great wisdom. He entered a camera obscura (dark room) and there it is said he witnessed the stars "glittering in an agreeable order." We presume this to mean that he was introduced to the rhythmic order and majesty of the heavens.



The fourth day began at the fountain. It is related that the whole assemblage then entered the House of the Sun, in which



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they were to witness a play depicting certain mysteries. A bell tolled and silence fell upon the assemblage. Then, all were attired in mourning black and the room was draped in black and funereal aspects prevailed. Six coffins were brought in and the king and queen and minor royalty were executed! C. R. C. was told "this death should make many alive." It concerned the resurrection which occurred later.

C. R. C. was led to a royal chamber on the fifth day and told that therein lay the body of Venus, whose beauty had undone many in fortune, honor, and blessing. This depicts the foibles of life and the sensual interests which have been the undoing of man, the destruction of his nobler character. Later, C. R. C. with others, sailed to a "Four Square Island." They were conducted to a subterranean laboratory where the party worked for some time in extracting essences from flowers and precious stones. C. R. C. left the company and went out to contemplate the heavens; he saw there a magnificent conjunction of planets and the seven spiritual flames.

The sixth day he noticed that the Tower of Olympus was raised eight stories over the subterranean laboratory and the guests were escorted up into this tower, ascending from story to story. There were different conclaves which they witnessed during their ascent. At a third conclave, C. R. C. found a golden globe suspended from a strong chain midway in an apartment. It was finally cut open with a diamond and a small white egg was discovered therein. This alludes to certain alchemical experiments in the search for the quintessence, and the egg refers to the seed of life, the prima materia, or the beginning of things. During one of these conclaves, C. R. C. saw certain corpses with tubes in their mouths, through which entered the soul essence, indicating that it was taken into the body with the breath.

On the seventh day, the company were dressed in yellow garments and golden fleece and were addressed as Knights of the Golden Stone.

In Transcendental and in Physical Alchemy, terms and symbols were used, intentionally obscure to the uninitiated. The purpose was that only those, who had taken the vows, would have the true meaning. In alchemical lore, the King is the husband and the sun; the Queen, the wife and the moon. The unity of these two forces, representing the duality in the universe, was referred to as their marriage. The names of the planets were used to identify the metals: Saturn represents lead; Jupiter, tin; Mars, iron; Sol (the sun), gold; Mercury, quicksilver; Venus, copper; Luna (the moon), silver.

In many old Rosicrucian alchemical diagrams, the temple was symbolized as a square with seven steps. The first four were the principal manifestations of nature: air, earth, fire, and water. The three remaining represented salt, sulphur, and mercury. There were also two pillars, called the Pillars of Hermes. These, again, depicted the two opposites or contraries



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in nature. In such diagrams were often included the five-pointed star and the sun and moon composing a square and a triangle. Mercury was one of the most important of the elements. In fact, mercury, sulphur, and salt were analogous to spirit, soul, and body. Sulphur is soul and blood; salt, the ashes of the body; and mercury, that volatile essence which permeates the entire universe, is the underlying elusive energy of matter. If it could be captured and separated from the minerals in which it participates, it could be used as a means of transmutation. It was, in its pure state, equivalent to the prima materia. All metals and minerals, therefore, grew out of mercury. It was believed that they also must unite with sulphur and enter into coagulation with salt.

In the Chymical Nuptials, the purely spiritual and occult aspect of alchemy is being emphasized. Each of the acts, each of the tests and trials, constituted part of the initiation of the postulant of the Rosy Cross before he could experience the golden wedding, before his soul could be purified and liberated from the influences of the body.

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



## *Summary of This Monograph*



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- ¶ The Chymical Wedding is the golden wedding of alchemical opposites, and also refers to the wedding of the factors of man's self.
- ¶ On an evening before Easter, C.R.C. (Christian Rosenkreuz) received an invitation to partake in the Chymical Wedding, about which he had been told in a vision seven years earlier.
- ¶ On the first day of his journey a porter demanded C.R.C.'s letter of invitation. The postulant (C.R.C.) presented his flask of water in payment for admission to the Golden Wedding.
- ¶ After passing through the portal, C.R.C. found himself in a great assemblage, including all sorts of people, the rich and the poor—all of whom would be weighed on the morrow.
- ¶ Very few passed the test of weights. C.R.C. outstayed all the weights and was permitted to examine a royal sepulchre—therein finding great wisdom.
- ¶ Later C.R.C., with others, sailed to a "Four Square Island" where they extracted essences from flowers and stones. Contemplating the heavens, C.R.C. witnessed a conjunction of planets and the seven spiritual flames.
- ¶ On the seventh day the company were dressed in yellow garments and golden fleece and were addressed as Knights of the Golden Stone.





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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



**Q** Time and space have long dominated the thoughts of man, since his every act is apparently circumscribed by them. It is the mystic, however, who has recognized their restriction to a phenomenal world. He can transcend the limitations of time and space by expanding his consciousness and attuning with the Infinite.



*Time and space are two sources of knowledge from which a variety of a priori synthetic judgments may be derived. Mathematics, especially, supplies a splendid instance of such judgments, in the science of space and the relations of space. Time and space are the two pure forms of all sensible perception, and as such they make a priori synthetic propositions possible. And just because they are mere conditions of sensibility, they mark out their own limits as sources of a priori knowledge. Applying only to objects regarded as phenomena, they do not present things as they are in themselves. Beyond the phenomenal world, which is their legitimate domain, they cannot be employed in determination of objects. But this limitation in no way lessens the stability of our empirical knowledge, for, such knowledge, as depending upon necessary forms of the perception of things, is just as certain as if it rested upon necessary forms of things in themselves.*

—IMMANUEL KANT, 1724-1804



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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

No reservoir, as a source, will last forever, whether it contains water, food, or facts. In fact, a reservoir is something that should be held in reserve for an emergency, in case the usual supply of something is shut off. The Rosicrucian Order today has a tremendous reservoir of knowledge—the accumulation of past investigations, studies, and researches of members and officers and of its Lodges in the various jurisdictions. Who the personalities were who gave impetus to the Order in each century, is a matter of historical record and is fully and interestingly outlined in the book entitled Rosicrucian Questions and Answers with Complete History of the Order, by our late Emperor, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis.

We, too, have the obligation of adding to this reservoir for posterity. For years, members qualified in certain professions, the sciences, the arts, and literature, have contributed their findings in their own professional fields to AMORC. Much of the new material added to the monographs and teachings of the Order comes from Lodges abroad, and these contributors. Some time ago, some of these contributions were shared with members of the Hierarchy. One or two, because of their timelessness, are being added at this point in our studies.

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER

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Several subjects in mysticism have fascinated me—some more than others. The most fascinating and probably the most difficult to understand is that of time and space. It presents a hurdle that all students must clear. Many philosophers in the past have dealt exhaustively with the subject: Aristotle, Plotinus, Kant, and many others.

Kant says that we cannot know the world by means of sensuous perception, that everything we perceive, generally speaking, is of our own creation. Ouspensky emphasizes the fact that living in a phenomenal world, we often mistake phenomena for realities.

Literature makes us aware of many things which, taken together, yield a different picture of human existence, its path and goal, than the philosophers and scientists have mapped out for us. The world of which we are conscious is only a cross section. Alter our consciousness and the world changes. As we expand our consciousness, the world begins to manifest laws



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that were not apparent before. The earth was once believed to be flat, with the sky supported by pillars. With expanding consciousness, this theory became no longer tenable. When it was discovered that the earth was round, it was believed to be stationary, and that the sun revolved around it. When men were able to comprehend it as a very small part of a great and complex solar system, laws only then became apparent that were there all the time. It had been necessary for man to alter and expand his consciousness in order to comprehend them.

Space and time belong to the phenomenal world which we mistake for reality. The conditions of space and time are static, held at rest by forces acting upon them. To make this clear, I borrow from another writer. He uses a railway line, running two dimensional with milestones along the way. A traveler passing along the railway line can only know the milestones one at a time. Given a constant time, these milestones can be as conveniently thought of in terms of time as of space—two milestones an hour apart. As a matter of fact, in the days of fast modern travel, we are inclined to think of a distant town as so many hours by motor car. The concept of time is only a yardstick to measure a portion of space. Astronomers, for instance, find it convenient to speak of enormous distances in terms of light years. In this way, time becomes merely a measure for space.

To continue the analogy, the railway traveler has a tendency to call the position he happens to occupy at one moment the "present," while the space he has already traversed the "past," and the space he intends to travel, the "future." These terms are true only for his consciousness. In reality all the milestones are in simultaneous existence. The limitations under which he exists prevent the traveler from seeing the railway line in its entirety. If he takes an airplane and rises to the third dimension, he sees the line in its entirety. The terms past, present, and future, then lose all significance. The past and the future then to him become the present.

He can continue his travels by airplane and space diminishes in proportion to his acceleration. According to the general theory of relativity, a material body cannot have a velocity greater than that of light. The velocity of light forms the upper limit of velocities for all material bodies. This theory also holds that time, space, and gravitation are applicable to all that moves within the commonly observed velocities; but when the velocity of light is approached, the laws of gravitation and attraction no longer apply, and the static condition of time and space no longer exists. If it were possible for the traveler to attain such an enormous speed, he would find that as he gains velocity, time slows down, and at the velocity of light becomes practically nonexistent. Radio transmission and reception for all practical purposes are instantaneous. Space and time, therefore, exist only to man's



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consciousness under the limitations placed upon it by the phenomenal world. With expansion, his consciousness transcends time and space.

We cannot put our finger on any instant of time and call it the "present," because the moment we do so, that instant becomes the "past." We cannot dwell in the future because the events have not yet happened, or may not happen. Neither can we recall what has passed and make it the present again. Events that have passed five minutes ago are as much of the past, as those of five hours or five years ago.

Time is identified with the phenomenal world. The present is the only reality. Without time, the human mind would have no recollection of the past, and could not imagine a future. Without time, humanity would be living in an ever-continuous present. Past remembrances and future anticipations would be like unreal, bodiless ghosts. The inescapable present would devour every minute.

In time we dwell in the present, have remembrance of the past, and can anticipate the future, but we can only anticipate the events to come. The moment the event becomes present it instantly fades into the past, and is there confined in eternity. The future is per se indivisible, and exists only because of man's imagination, association of ideas, and recollection of the past.

As I mentioned previously, it is impossible to distinguish the present, because the instant a point is fixed, that instant becomes a past moment. So, we have a most profound mystery contained within the most familiar side of life.

Time is an unbroken chain formed by present events only. The past and the future are opposite poles of the present reality. They possess no independence of their own, but rest entirely upon manifestations of the present time.

If the rate of revolution of our earth were to alter, our time sense would alter correspondingly. For instance, the moon rotates in about 27 or 28 days. If we could travel instantly to the moon, our moon-day would become 27 earth-days long, and if we traveled back again after a short stay, we would discover to our astonishment that the earth had grown older by a couple of centuries. Time, therefore, has no absolute existence, and there is no such thing as a measure of time.

If we are able to conceive it, time is the absolute present. It is a sensation of succession, a procession of concepts in continuous motion, like a reel of a cinema film passing through the consciousness all day long. Consciousness itself does not move, but remains immovably anchored in eternity, and the continuous chain of present events record themselves there.





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Time and eternity are but negative and positive polarities of a manifestation of the unity of God. That which had no beginning can have no end. Eternity had no beginning; consequently it can have no end. Man's conception of time had its beginning in his mortal consciousness. Time, therefore, is not outside, but inside the human organism, and without consciousness, cannot exist. Time and space may disappear without affecting man's eternal life. As our consciousness approaches the Absolute, all things have a tendency to coalesce. All opposing elements are drawn together as we reach the source of emanation.

We cannot understand time without understanding eternity, and we cannot understand eternity without understanding time. Eternity is the opposite of time. Time is like the reflection in a mirror looking out upon the real self of eternity. If we could paralyze our sense of time we would awaken in eternity.

Eternity is everything that time is not. Eternity is a life which is permanent, which possesses all things at all times. There is no change. It has not lost anything, neither can it gain anything. It has no futurity; it has no past. It is always now. It is without beginning and without end. Man's consciousness is immovably anchored in eternity. It is continuous and without end. It evolves and develops in time. Time belongs to matter. Eternity belongs to spirit. The body belongs to time and the soul to eternity.

Eternity exists, but to become aware of it necessitates the mastery of our thoughts of time. One must release from the mind the looking backward to the past, or forward to the sealed future. It is the absorption of the consciousness into the Absolute that will remain in the everlasting present where God dwells in the changeless eternal.

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## Summary of This Monograph



Below is a summary of the important principles of this monograph. It contains the essential statements which you should not forget. After you have carefully read the complete monograph, try to recall as many as you can of the important points you read. Then read this summary and see if you have forgotten any. Also refer to this summary during the ensuing week to refresh your memory.

- ¶ Living in a phenomenal world, we mistake phenomena for realities; the world cannot be known by *sensuous* means, therefore everything we perceive is of our own creation.
- ¶ As consciousness expands, laws become apparent that were uncomprehended before.
- ¶ Space and time belong to the phenomenal world, existing only to man's consciousness under the limitations placed upon it by the phenomenal world. With expansion, his consciousness transcends time and space.
- ¶ The present is the only reality. It is impossible to distinguish because the instant a point is fixed, it then becomes the past. Time is an unbroken chain formed by present events only.
- ¶ If the rate of revolution of our earth were to alter, our time sense would alter correspondingly. Time has no absolute existence and there is no such thing as a measure of time.
- ¶ Consciousness does not move, but remains immovably anchored in eternity, and the continuous chain of present events records themselves on it.
- ¶ Eternity exists, but to become aware of it necessitates the mastery of our thoughts of time. It is the absorption of the consciousness into the Absolute that will remain in the everlasting present.



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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ Man's true freedom to decide rests upon his understanding of immutable universal laws and principles. His acts are contained within the framework of law and order. To know this and to act accordingly is his only freedom. To defy law is to encounter restriction and frustration.



All laws of the inner man and of nature must be observed in order that that which is free should be able to express itself untrammelled. *This is the reason why form not only binds, but first and foremost liberates. It furnishes to the creative mind, as it were, the rails along which it can set out for the infinite. Again, those who contemplate creations of the spirit participate in the same cosmic rhythm by feeling their way into that form, and thus attain freedom in the same sense.*

—COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING, 1880-1946

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

Membership in the Rosicrucian Order, as has often been said, is more than an intellectual pastime. It is more than a challenge to our reasoning, like problems in logic. It is even more than the satisfaction that comes from the solution to a puzzling problem. Rosicrucian instruction justifies its existence as a philosophical system, and its continuance throughout the centuries, by its accomplishments in the lives of its members. These special monographs, written by Hierarchy members, are presented as evidence of that accomplishment. The observations this week are those of a Frater who now has passed through transition and formerly was a Grand Councilor of the Order.

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER

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Often have I pondered over life's many revelations which have come to me since uniting with the Order of the Rose and Cross; the many laws and principles thus revealed, the many experiences which I have had, and the many lessons learned by observing events and happenings in the lives of others, have all added greatly to the treasure of mind.

This world and its events are but one phase of our immortal existence; the tragedies of life are our lessons along the way, and all that happens or comes to us is for our greatest good.

We are not given any duty on Earth which we have not the strength to perform. As we think, we act--and so we are; within the shadows of our thoughts lies our self-created future. By our thoughts we rise and evolve toward the finer things or drift with no real purpose except personal gratification, for our minds alone shape the elements of the future.

The unhappiness in our world today is due to the misdirected will of man, and to his fighting against the things which give him experience in life, and which are necessary for his advancement.

Why should man resist the workings of Cosmic laws and decrees, and in so doing bring upon himself unhappiness and sorrow? It is not for him to question the justice of why we are here, for God has decreed that our evolvment shall take place. Sorrow and suffering are wrought by man alone.





Man invites his own miseries, God does not send them. He injures himself, for God will not injure him. God leaves the will of man unfettered. He neither constrains nor compels. Man, through will, may commit such acts as he sees fit, but he can in no way command the result. By experience, we must learn right and wrong, and having learned, must choose. In the Cosmic scheme of life, each soul personality must take its own eternal future. As man masters Cosmic laws, he may dispel the clouds of earthly illusion and rid his life of sorrow.

As we sow--or choose--so shall we reap; such is the Law of Compensation. Our life is an endless battle between urge and decision. The Cosmic urges from within vie with the worldly temptations from without. Though man is motivated by urge, he is free to decide, and he therefore decrees his own fate. Our sins are essentially against ourselves. Humanity evolves slowly. For endless ages the sharp lash of karmic retribution has fallen in countless ways upon the transgressors of Cosmic law. Man must fulfill that law or be swept away.

There is no oblivion--it is not ours to forget. Life holds no fate for any man; for fate implies a blind course of some still blinder power. There is a destiny for all. Each must make his own destiny, both here and hereafter. From birth to transition man weaves his web as does a spider; and when the last strand is woven, he stands wrapped in the network of a self-created destiny.

The endless cycles of human creation in countless civilizations have but emphasized the Cosmic purpose to evolve the infinite possibilities of man. The lesson is plain yet men and women even today refuse it entrance into their consciousness lest the truth of it overwhelm them. In spite of all that has been taught, the present seems to have learned but little from the past.

The future is neither a void nor a state bereft of hope. The appearance is merely a veil. Reality lies behind it. It is not necessary to accept the seems for that which is. The unknown may seem fearful, and that unknown called death, most of all; for it suggests that "dread something after death"--that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns." We need to correct our viewpoint here.

That so-called death is not the end, we know; for death is by Cosmic Law impossible. Why fear death when there is none? We live not in time--but eternity. When time decrees transition, we relinquish our body to return to the elements from which it sprang; but that immortal being within whose destiny it is to make eternal progress throughout the endless phases of human life, returns to the plane whence it came. At the



change called death, it continues the path from Earth to the Elysian shores. When its sojourn there has ended, man must be born again--a "living soul" to walk the Earth as of old. So manifests the Law of Reincarnation; and with the understanding of this law comes the removal of all fear of so-called death.

Many believe it not; humanity drifts to and fro, ever seeking comfort in various forms of religion, and most often finding none. We hear the cry that life is unjust; but how can it be when man is the sole director of his own? Life gives us earth and heaven, time and eternity to reach our goal of happiness. It gives us our dreams and aspirations which none can take away--for none can slay a hope but he in whose heart it was born.

It is my belief that humanity as a whole is made up of seekers; and furthermore, that the object of their search may be summed up in one word--happiness. The one who desires to be benefited in a material way, does so because he believes that eliminating certain material difficulties will bring happiness. The same applies to all the others, the unfortunate, the sick, even the criminal. They see happiness beyond; but in spite of their efforts and in spite of their devious methods, it still eludes them.

Why is the object of humanity's search so elusive? Could it not be that we have searched outside ourselves for that which can only be found within?

Our present environment is the one we ourselves have created, and we must not blame the Cosmic if the scene is not alluring. If, in thought, we limit ourselves, we limit our manifestations also. If we fail to help others who are needy, and desire our assistance, the Cosmic will fail to help us. If we are ill, we have violated some of nature's laws, or through negative thoughts have changed our vibratory rate to one of inharmony. The reality of life is happiness; the delusion of life, which we ourselves create, is sorrow.

The Cosmic silently obeys God's ordinance, but man questions, argues, denies, and rebels, persisting in the belief that his own ideas are superior to eternal decrees.

Our Master, above all things on Earth, despised the hypocrite; like one who says with his mouth and believes not in his heart; who prays God to save his soul and in all his ways of life shows an utter unbelief in its very existence. And from what would he save his soul--being, as it is, a deathless part of God Himself?



In the days of our Master's coming, few men would listen, and few will listen now. Words of divine truth

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today, as ever, are drowned in the laughter of fools and the mockery of the profane.

Hate is the false note in our world today; hate that prefers falsehood to truth, malice to kindness, selfishness to generosity. Man despises man, envying another the slightest advantage. Creed curses creed, each calling on God to fulfill the curse. Nation fights nation, in mutual massacres of a world gone mad.

Man worships the self--not the God; and He who scattered seeds of kindness knows that the seeds fell neither on sterile rock, nor by the way, but on prolific soil--made rich by human gore.

Our hope lies in the Order of the Rose and Cross. Its glittering symbol has shed rays of mystic illumination down through the centuries; its sacred teachings are as scintillating jewels of Cosmic revelation. How long the "One Rose from Heaven" must await its earthly bloom, God alone can tell. The Rose and Cross shall lead us to communion with God, and time and eternity establish us in perfection.

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## *Summary of This Monograph*



Below is a summary of the important principles of this monograph. It contains the essential statements which you should not forget. After you have carefully read the complete monograph, try to recall as many as you can of the important points you read. Then read this summary and see if you have forgotten any. Also refer to this summary during the ensuing week to refresh your memory.

- ¶ Rosicrucian instruction justifies its existence as a philosophical system, and its continuance throughout the centuries, by its accomplishments in the lives of its members.
- ¶ There is no power, human or divine, which requires man to remain in ignorance. As we think, we are and act; within the shadows of our thoughts lies our self-created future. Fate is only a name for which man is responsible.
- ¶ Though man is motivated by urge, he is free to decide. His sins are essentially against himself. He must make his own destiny, both here and hereafter.
- ¶ The endless cycles of human creation have emphasized the Cosmic purpose to evolve the infinite possibilities of man. Understanding the Law of Reincarnation removes all fear of so-called death.
- ¶ Humanity is made up of seekers for happiness. It is to be found within rather than outside the self, however.
- ¶ The Rose and Cross lead to communion with God, to perfection of the evolving soul personality.



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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ You arrive in Paris, France, in the year 1785 to find that country one of dissension and unrest. The elegancies of court life and the extravagancies of the nobility are maintained at the expense of an oppressed and embittered peasantry. We turn to Van Loon's *The Story of Mankind* for a brief description of eighteenth-century France.



*This French state of the eighteenth century, however, cost incredible sums of money. This money had to be produced in the form of taxes. Unfortunately the kings of France had not been strong enough to force the nobility and the clergy to pay their share of these taxes. Hence the taxes were paid entirely by the agricultural population. But the peasants living in dreary hovels, no longer in intimate contact with their former landlords, but victims of cruel and incompetent land agents, were going from bad to worse. Why should they work and exert themselves? Increased returns upon their land merely meant more taxes and nothing for themselves and therefore they neglected their fields as much as they dared.*

*Hence we have a king who wanders in empty splendour through the vast halls of his palaces, habitually followed by hungry office seekers, all of whom live upon the revenue obtained from peasants who are no better than the beasts of the fields. It is not a pleasant picture, but it is not exaggerated.*

—HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, 1882-1944  
From *The Story of Mankind*, Liveright Publishers, N. Y.

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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

Project your consciousness into the past to Paris, France. The year is 1785. It is imperative that you remain alert to your surroundings and possess that perspicuity of thought which becomes a mystic, for you are on a mission--a mission to uncover the experiences of those who have gone before and impart their wisdom to those who are in need of it today. You will learn how the Master Rosicrucian and mystic helps the Neophyte understand that which he but vaguely feels as he delves into the mysteries of his being. You will observe how the Master awakens an inner response to what he only intellectually realizes. You will come to know that these Cosmic principles and truths apply with equal efficacy to yourself and your affairs today.

This neophyte whom you will accompany has passed through numerous Degrees of the Order Rose-Croix in his native land. He has had many psychic experiences intimate to the Divine Consciousness of his being. No matter who may dispute them, or to what oratory they resort, they remain as real as the fact that he is. Likewise, he can recite the doctrines of the Order, its code of living, and its explanations of causes and their effects. Many of the early postulations of the teachings he has since demonstrated to his own satisfaction and that of others.

For all this external display of attainment, however, this frater is conscious that mastership is not yet his. There is an intangible bridge that he cannot cross at will. At times he crosses it. How he does not know--until he does, he feels incapable of real mastership in this incarnation. On one bank of mind, he attains mystical unity with the Divine and a great peace ensconces him. He is troubled by naught and is immune to the strife and uncertainties of the world. Suddenly he finds himself on the other bank of mind and experiences a reversal of consciousness. He then possesses a knowledge of how Cosmic principles may be used in acquiring and maintaining health and pursuing worldly ideals. He knows what men call success, but his glorious peace of mind is gone. Each worldly success, with its attendant responsibility, leaves him more disturbed. The Cosmic tools he must use, the laws and principles, seem wrongly related to these worldly desires.

Learning how things manifest and how they may be employed to serve man's ends seems finite, lacking the majesty of spiritual essence. The more man confines himself to them, the more earth-bound his consciousness, the more immured his psychic vision. How can man be an active part of the exoteric and esoteric worlds at the same time, bridge them at will, and do justice to his body, family, social existence, and his soul? This strange parallelism adulterates his joy of



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having journeyed high into the Degrees of the Order. It seems as though he has accomplished a strange dual development--one mundane, and the other Cosmic and psychic. This is not what he aspires to, this requires a constantly alternating consciousness from one to the other. The real state of knowing both simultaneously--Cosmic Consciousness--would be to him to work daily with the Divine, and yet do man's work here on Earth. Is he asking too much? We shall see.

As a visitor from a distant place and time, you find France, in the year 1785, seething with internal dissension. You mop the perspiration from your brow as you sip a cooling drink brought to your sidewalk table by a portly, white-aproned waiter. It is July and an exceptionally warm day. Seated near you are two dignified, elderly gentlemen. They comment upon the dust of the boulevard, due to the lack of rain. You observe that as carriages and lumbering carts pass, clouds of dust rise, remain suspended in the unmoving air, and then slowly descend to envelop everything within their area. The lower branches of the trees, the canopies of the shops, the flagging walks, the tables; even the pedestrians, alike, have assumed a monochrome gray.

You turn and look into the darkness of the interior of the cafe. It seems cool and inviting in comparison to the glaring brilliance of the sunlight on the roadway. Involuntarily you rise and step within. Standing in one corner two waiters are gesticulating and speaking in subdued voices. Their remarks are indistinct. It is obviously an argument with one whom you presume to be the proprietor. He is a gaunt, tall man, with a heavy black mustachio, a frock coat of the same hue, and a vest which bears tell-tale stains. He tries to retain the dignity of his superior position, but his companions apparently irritate him with their remarks, and suddenly he excitedly expostulates, his face becoming flushed with his fervor.

They had not observed you as you entered and you stand awkwardly near one of the tables, looking in their direction. You had no reason for entering, except the enticing comfort of the interior. In the midst of his explosive oration, the frock-coated gentleman's eyes fall upon you.

Apparently in the middle of a word, he arrests his conversation. His companions look strangely at him, then all three stand motionless, staring at you. The incident is most embarrassing. You are conscious of a sense of guilt, as though you were an intruder, an eavesdropper. Realizing you must do something, you maladroitly settle into a chair, resting your arms on the bare wooden table top.





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As though an automaton, one of the attendants approaches you, his eyes searching your face. You know inwardly that he is endeavoring to ascertain how much you overheard and your estimation of it. Since you heard no words, you have no feelings to mask. For want of anything to say, you reorder your former refreshment. As he disappears to bring it, the gentleman you have adjudged the proprietor approaches. His eyes bear that same quizzical, searching glance, but his lips part into a typical, patronizing smile. Obsequiously he bows and rubs his hands together. "These are strange times, Monsieur. So many uncertainties. Men forget themselves in their anxiety. Their jaws and tongues wag like those of a puppet. They find comfort in the sound of their own voices, but often their hearts are not in their words, and they mean not what they say."

The waiter returns; places your order before you, and retires respectfully behind his employer, but within earshot of your voice. You are expected to commit yourself. You will tell them the simple truth--and hope they will accept it, for you feel that you have aroused their suspicions. But suspicions of what? "I--I am a stranger in Paris." The sound of your voice arouses an inner puissance and you continue: "I did not overhear your conversation. I took refuge here from the outer heat and I really know nothing of the affairs of the day or of this city. However, if you deem it proper, I should like to be informed."

The sternness of their visages relaxes, but they are not so naive as to test you no further before disclosing whatever they deemed of such vital import. The proprietor begins, measuring his words: "The town criers call forth the day's events and read proclamations bearing the official seal of the Crown, which are far more weighty than our humble remarks, my good friend."

"Yes," quickly interposes one of his acolytes, as if he has suddenly seized upon an alternative, "and he will be in yonder plaza within the hour," nodding his head in the direction of the square.

You rise, placing a coin on the table, and turn to depart. Then as if under your breath, but so that they may hear, you say: "Truth here as elsewhere is held captive, apparently for the want of the courage to liberate."

As a chorus, the three, in strident voices, obviously the result of pent-up emotions, cry: "Wait, Monsieur!"



Aware that your assumed indifference and challenging remark have disarmed them, you turn. The three form a semicircle before you. The proprietor again acts as

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spokesman: "Are you a fearless champion of truth, or like a dress cape, do you cloak yourself in it only on favorable occasions?"

You are aware that whatever they are to divulge now depends upon your answer. It is a duel of wits. You retort: "Wherever a man goes, he is always accompanied by self. There is no place or occasion where he can be divested of it. My longing for truth is of the self. Wherever my footsteps lead, this desire persists. No circumstance can rid me of it, unless I, too, am annihilated."

"Can you tarry a while?" the proprietor asks, apparently satisfied for the moment. He motions that his assistants resume their duties--obviously this includes a watchful attitude, for one stations himself at the door as though waiting for customers, but on the alert for those unfriendly to whatever their purpose may be.

"I am Milan Centauri," he begins, "a native of Toulouse, of poor parents, peasants on the estate of a Count. His name matters not. At an early age, my heart began to sing. The sparkling morning sunlight filtering through the boughs of the trees and forming patterns upon the ground, the dewdrops, like pearls scattered from the heavens, glistening upon the petals of the wild flowers, the air fragrant with the heavy perfume of things imbued with the trinity of the sunlight, air and moist earth caused words to gush up within me which were music to my soul. Everywhere I looked, there was rhythm and meter. Nature sang to me through my eyes and my voice echoed back her glory in poetry. At first, it may have been doggerel, stilted, like an illiterate man groping for words to express what his keen intelligence apperceived. Oh, what strangulation was this! Only one who experiences it can know its horrors.

"My friends and neighbors were good folks. Their hands were gnarled from hours of tedious labor with hoe and fork, their faces lined by constant exposure to the elements of the seasons. In their way, they, too, knew the magnitude of the universe and the beneficence of Divinity. Unfortunately they were unable to voice those sensations of the greater self, and likewise inexperienced at hearing them described. I was unable to make them comprehend that what I wrote was a cognizance of this inner sentience made vocal. Had they known, I might have won their encouragement. Instead, they misunderstood me, thought me an impractical and idle dreamer, a waster of my youth.

"I became a target for their humiliating gibes. Even those who had stood by when my mother gave me birth, wore that indulgent patronizing air which one displays toward those unfortunates who go through life as imbeciles. When some finally eschewed my association, as though I were bewitched, I fled my home. Arriving here as a callow youth, I made my livelihood as best I could, first at one occupation and then at another.



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"One lesson I learned early was that among a multitude there are always some who are sympathetic to any mood. There were those who understood and encouraged me in my writings; even directed me to those sources where I could better comprehend the words which fell from my own tongue. I decided eventually to engage in a work whereby I could meet many passers-by. I wished to cultivate those few out of every thousand sympathetic to those insuperable urges within my breast, namely, to know God, to find Him in nature, and to sing out and proclaim to all the felicity that comes from such understanding."

He pauses, his voice quavering with emotion. Looking intently at you, he begins again, slower and with more evident control of himself: "You perhaps wonder," he says, leaning a little closer toward you, "why I did not submerge myself in the liturgies of the Church: why our grand cathedrals, with the splendors of the arts of men, did not draw me, for they are purported to be a material symbol of the Divine. I tried again and again to have them fill that void within me. Ah! my friend, perhaps you will think me shameful, but I felt ill at ease within them. They depressed me. The Divine Power, the ubiquitous consciousness was made so distant, so infinite, and I by contrast so puny, so inconsequential, so helpless, that my hope of understanding, yea, and becoming one with this great pervading Consciousness, seemed futile. In fact, it seemed audacious that I should attempt it, while within these vast walls.

"On the other hand, when I strode through the forest, even along the banks of the Seine, I then became one with the great cause. When I moved, God seemed to move. In each ripple of the water there was the same motion that swept me. The fleeting clouds overhead were the thoughts that passed through my mind and consciousness. I was a brother of all things. But in the cathedral I felt inclined to grovel on the granite flagging of the nave. A tendency would grip me, and which I would fight, to draw myself on my hands and knees, as did others, to the lavish altar. It was not humility that so motivated me, but fear. I was in awe of an overwhelming power, evidence of which everywhere surrounded me--and which was not self-explanatory. I always felt at the mercy of some entity in these cathedrals, whose presence was ominous, and who weighed my fate unobserved by me. I quivered at such times, lest I offend some deity who spared me, not for love, but rather because of indifference to my presence. I fled from these cathedrals like a child from some blind terror. I may have been oversensitive. Those other souls who remained possibly had different inner experiences. I do now know. I never questioned them.



"Suffice it that this humble establishment here eventually became mine. It barely provides the necessities, with the times as they are. Here, however, I



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found more than sympathetic ears. I found those who had actually come to acquire that light, that spiritual food for which I hungered. They had learned how to interpret what they felt from within, and what they saw in the world alike, and not to make of them two different extremes. Even more, they had been taught to make of these truths a whole cloth in which they had draped their personalities and their intelligence, and in which they appeared resplendent at all times, in a pure sort of a way, like sunbeams playing upon the surface of a stream. Their lives are shining examples of that peace which comes from dispelling fears, and the confidence that arises from a knowledge of the causes of happenings, and the ends which they serve.

"They are never disappointed, for they never presume that man's plans and imageries are infallible. They are never despondent because that which they know is their greatest treasure, and can never be taken from them or depreciated by events. I, too, have been taught these things. My mind may never be the depository for all of the wisdom which is theirs, but even now I am well fortified in life. What has been divulged to me is no nostrum by which I drug myself so as to be unaware of earthly responsibility and worldly vicissitudes, I assure you of that. We suffer, I suffer, but these are my tests. I grow strong by means of them, as does a wrestler who grapples each time with a more powerful adversary."

"Suffering--what suffering?" you interrupt.

"Certainly," he replies, in mild surprise, "everyone knows the plight of our land since Louis XVI ascended the throne." At this the waiter, who was ostensibly busy near the entrance, stops and looks intently at Centauri, as if by his glance to caution him that by his remarks he is treading on dangerous ground, as you are still a stranger.

\* \* \* \* \*

This account will be resumed in the next monograph. It is suggested that if possible you go to some public library or elsewhere and look at art prints or etchings which illustrate the dress, the people, and the architecture of the times in the Paris into which you are transported by this monograph. It will assist your visualization and make the account more intimate to you.

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



## Summary of This Monograph



Below is a summary of the important principles of this monograph. It contains the essential statements which you should not forget. After you have carefully read the complete monograph, try to recall as many as you can of the important points you read. Then read this summary and see if you have forgotten any. Also refer to this summary during the ensuing week to refresh your memory.

- ¶ The consciousness is to be projected into the past to Paris, France, in the year 1785. Your mission is to uncover the experiences of those who have gone before.
- ¶ To achieve this projection, you will accompany a Neophyte, who has passed through numerous degrees of the Order and is well-grounded in the teachings, but who has not yet attained mastership.
- ¶ He seeks an answer to his unresolved question as to how man can attain Cosmic Consciousness and yet do man's work here on earth. How can he be an active part of the exoteric and esoteric worlds at the same time?
- ¶ Arriving in France, you find the year 1785 to be one of internal dissension and unrest. By strange coincidence, you are brought into conversation with the proprietor of a tavern, who speaks to you of the unsettled conditions and tells you something about himself.



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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ Louis XVI was as stolid and phlegmatic as his young queen, Marie Antoinette, was wilful and capricious. Theirs was an incongruous union. Bent on pleasure and oblivious to the larger needs of France, her extravagancies were unprotested by her indolent spouse. Even her mother, Maria Theresa of Hungary, was moved to protest her daughter's indiscretions. We quote from a letter to Marie Antoinette, indicating the mother's concern for the young queen.



*... The king loves you and his ministers should respect you. By asking for nothing contrary to the established order and general welfare, you will make yourself both loved and respected.*

*My only fear for you (being so young) is an excess of dissipation. You have never cared to read or to apply yourself in any way; this has often troubled me, and accounts for my having tormented you so often with inquiries as to what you were reading. I was so pleased to see you devoting yourself to music. But for a year now there has been no question of either reading or music, and I hear of nothing but racing and hunting, and always without the king and with a lot of ill-chosen young people; all this troubles me very much, loving you, as I do, so dearly. Your sisters-in-law behave very differently, and I must own that all these boisterous diversions in which the king takes no part appear to me unseemly. You will say "He knows and approves of them." I reply that he is kind and good and that that is all the more reason you should be circumspect.*

—MARIA THERESA, 1717-1780

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

Somehow assured by now of your worthiness, in spite of the warning look from his employee, Centauri continues: "Yes, everyone knows of our plight since Louis XVI came to the throne. Where sovereignty still prevails, he who is entrusted with authority must assume the attitude of a shepherd. Every good herdsman has the care of his flock uppermost in his mind. Even the simple reasoning of a shepherd informs him that his own welfare depends upon that.

"But what have we here in Louis XVI?" he asks in a tone of indignation. "A salacious mind presiding over a dissolute court, fawning upon his weaknesses. His indiscretions are the talk of all with courage enough to utter their disgust. The responsibilities of state have bored this monarch, as they would any indolent character whose activity must be primed with vices, sins against the body and the mind, including crimes against the morals.

"A little over two decades have elapsed since the close of the Seven-Year War, with its wasteful spilling of blood and dissipation of the fruits of the land and the labors of the people. If Louis' predecessor had not been the puppet of scheming females who used him to further nations hostile to our land, never would we have been bled so white. Now, when a coin has almost become a curiosity among tradespeople and peasants alike, he and his ministers seek to raise money to reorganize the army and navy, that he may vindicate a false pride by again engaging England in war."

Again you interrupt: "Are there no noble statesmen--men whose brilliance of mind, power of reason, and strength of judgment rise above such looseness and vanity to speak out in favor of righteousness?"

A wan smile crosses Centauri's face: "A word spoken for justice is a sign to the executioner that your head prays to be severed from your body and put in the basket. Nevertheless, there are those who have spoken. There were certain men whom the world designates as philosophers, who sought to use the King's autocratic power to accomplish the necessary work of reform. One of these was Voltaire." You nod your recognition of the name. "He tried to purge the state of this corruption, not in opposition to the Crown, but in the name of it. It was futile when the source of power itself had become so contaminated.

"Rousseau also put forth a theory of social contract, that men have a right to approve of those for whom they must give their lives and property. His concept of a popular sovereignty ostensibly received favorable ears in some quarters. Among certain of the aristocracy, at gatherings of pseudo culture, they exhort each other to support





Rousseau's theory, and loudly proclaim its worth within their private halls. None, however, has yet made any sacrifice of the powers and liberties allocated to him as against those lower in the social scale." Centauri pauses as if to make some decision, then continues:

"There is one here from afar, who has not been long amongst us, truly a messiah for our troubled people. He has been schooled in the ways of the East. Into his consciousness have struck the rays of esoteric light and kindled a great soul. His is not just a knowledge of today, or of one nation and its problems, or of one people. His is an eternal knowledge. He speaks like the sages of antiquity, words which will continue to actuate men when our bodies have long returned to the elements from which they sprang. He has spoken out at Court and been looked upon with an amused and tolerant smile. He has even brought members of the aristocracy into filthy alleys of this city to look upon the loathsome disease and poverty there. While they looked, he has with a word opened their purses for the first time to relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate. He has discussed in prominent assemblies the outrages of our times, and suggested remedies for them."

"How does he dare?" you ask with evident amazement. "Certainly if the Crown and Court listen to him with tolerance, they are not then impossible of redemption." Before continuing, Centauri excuses himself to greet a patron, and to ascertain his wants. This is your opportunity to retreat quietly without creating offense; yet you remain, for you sense the impending disclosure of something of vital interest to yourself. Enough has been said to indicate this.

Centauri returns, settles himself, and begins again: "I will answer your most logical query. This personage of whom I speak delivers no preachments. He would gain him no ear were he to begin by revealing to them their all too pronounced faults. He courts favor by his brilliance of mind and his genius at rhetoric. His exercise of certain powers and his display of unique knowledge particularly astounds them. He is like a magician, but unlike any who ever before practiced the art in their presence. His is a strange theurgy. It is no childish deception of the senses. He employs no illusions. Rather he manifests a command of the forces of nature which obviously do his bidding. Moreover, his spectators are often instructed in how they may accomplish likewise."

Your curiosity compels you to ask: "And, pray, what manner of miracles are these?"



"Miracles, my friend," Centauri replies, "is not the exact word. The coming of day is a miracle to the unlearned, but not to the astronomer. The allaying of pain

is often a miracle to the layman, but most certainly not to the skilled physician. A miracle is a perceived effect of an unperceived cause. This man of whom I speak sought not to mystify his audience. He often tried to explain what he did, but, alas, no meeting of the minds was possible; for them he was an exceptional magician. He healed the sick. Those down with fevers, and whose loved ones had been told to call the priest for the last rites were restored to health, at times seemingly by the touch of a hand or by a potion which he dispensed. A different technique was used each time, depending upon the needs of the indisposed. Some cured were even courtiers, and word of his deeds spread like a flame among dry reeds. At great functions oil lamps were often made to give off scintillating colors when a few beads of what to the awed spectators was an ill-smelling substance were dropped by him into the reservoir of the lamps.

"His inexhaustible resources are the envy and respect of all of the aristocrats with whom he periodically mingles. An humble tradesman, not many doors from here, was to be expelled from his premises and imprisoned for debt and his long-ill wife cast into the streets when one day a carriage more ornate than any ever seen before in Paris appeared at his door. Its fittings and trappings, it is said, were of gold and silver. The coach was encrusted with jewels and drawn by two span of horses that would grace the stables of any monarch.

"With never a word, he stepped from the carriage into the tradesman's shop. The aggrieved man came running, thinking that the fateful day of his imprisonment had come. Then this benefactor pulled from the pocket of his greatcoat a leather purse, and handed it to the amazed man. 'It has often been proclaimed in many tongues,' he said, 'that it is more blessed to give than to receive.' He then strode out abruptly and rode away. The pouch contained gold dust, the finest ever seen. It was sufficient to free the tradesman of debt and re-establish him elsewhere in a life of comparative ease.

"Again, at a garden function at Court, he set tongues wagging. Visiting royalty was present, and as is wont, there was much talk of a vain nature. On this occasion the conversation was of how each was a patron of the fine arts. Each boasted of his contributions to this or that artist or school. One old fellow was telling of his intentions of sending to a destitute sculptor a large gem which he had acquired from an Indian Potentate.

"Our philanthropist asked: 'May I humbly offer this to aid such a cause?' and casually removed from the pocket of his waistcoat a blood-red ruby. It was of a size which even the greedy eyes of Louis XVI had never before feasted upon. It was demanded of him where he had found such a



gem. He replied: 'One in concord with nature never awaits a chance happening to find what he needs. Rather he learns how to participate in what is always there. A husbandman waits not the chance of a tree bearing wild fruit, rather he directs Nature's processes to produce it for him.'

You cannot resist expostulating: "How fantastic! like a leaf from the Arabian Nights."

"So it may sound," replies Centauri. "Nevertheless, it was these accomplishments that caused his fame to spread throughout Paris. Rich and poor sought him for his riches, for his healing powers, and last but not least, for his attraction at every gathering."

"From where does he hail?" you ask, not disguising the interest you have developed.

"He is a man of mystery," replies Centauri solemnly, looking in a meaningful way at you, as if to express an unspoken thought, "but to some, his life is an open book. To them, from whence he comes and why he is here, and why he does what he does, is not enigmatic, but well known."

"He most certainly can help the cause, if he receives such favorable audiences," you respond sympathetically.

"His greatest work," replies Centauri, "is not known to the populace, yet it will live long after these popular exploits are forgotten or have been distorted so as to blacken his name. He risks his life by these popular demonstrations to win the interest of those astride the saddle of power. Even now the whispering in high places grows louder. The Ministers of Court are saying that he is a charlatan, a black magician, and that he resorts to male-diction in his performances."

(To be continued.)

\* \* \* \* \*

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Faternally,

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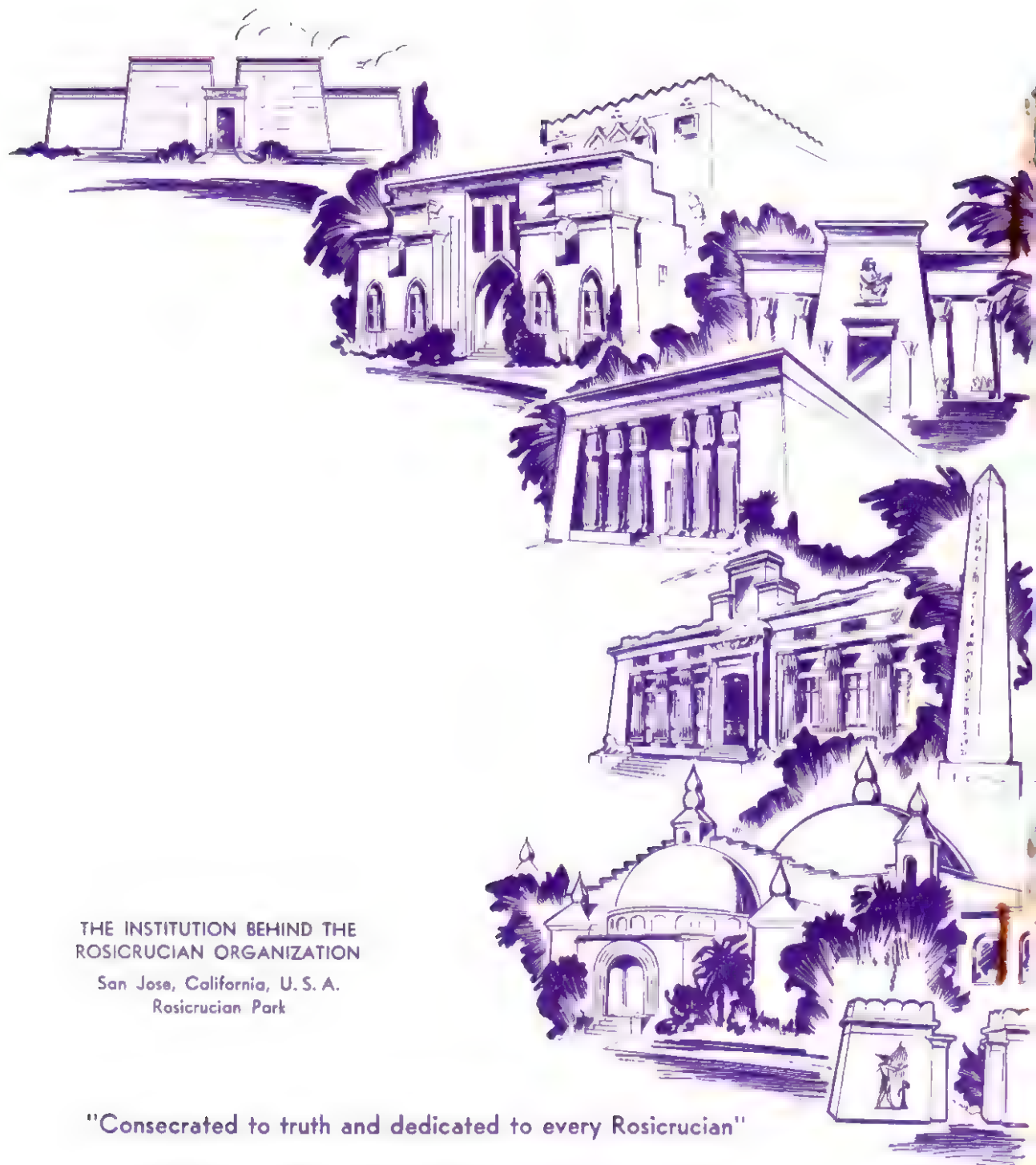


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- ¶ Centauri, the proprietor tells you more about the times and decadent conditions as they exist under the rule of Louis XVI.
- ¶ Some philosophers, he informs you, such as Voltaire and Rousseau, have sought to use the King's autocratic power to accomplish necessary reforms. Their efforts were futile.
- ¶ He speaks, however, of a mysterious person, who has gained extraordinary influence at Court and in whom rests the last hope for the people of France.
- ¶ He tells you of this man of mystery's philanthropies, healing art, and manifest command of the forces of nature.
- ¶ Your curiosity is doubly stirred when you learn that his greatest work is not known to the populace; that to accomplish it, he risks his life by popular demonstrations of his abilities in order to win the interest of those in power.



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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ The trepidation with which you set forth upon this adventure is well justified. The uncertainties of life pressed upon everyone not immediately connected with the nobility or the clergy. "Lettres de cachet," arbitrary orders of imprisonment supposedly emanating from the sovereign but in the days before the French Revolution available to a corrupt nobility for a fee, endangered the liberty of all, who by an indiscreet word or act might find themselves ruthlessly imprisoned.



*Take the road to Lourdes, where is a castle on a rock, garrisoned for the mere purpose of keeping state prisoners sent hither by lettres de cachet. Seven or eight are known to be here at present; thirty have been here at a time; and many for life, —torn by the relentless hand of jealous tyranny from the bosom of domestic comfort; from wives, children, friends, and hurried for crimes unknown to themselves—more probably for virtues—to languish in this detested abode of misery, and die of despair. O liberty! liberty! And yet this is the mildest government of any considerable country in Europe, our own excepted. The dispensations of Providence seem to have permitted the human race to exist only as the prey of tyrants, as it has made pigeons for the prey of hawks. . . .*

—ARTHUR YOUNG, 1741-1820

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

You are fascinated by Centauri's account of the man of mystery at the Court of Louis XVI and filled with apprehension because of the whisperings against him. Centauri says:

"His principal antagonist is one guilty of treason; yet he whispers to Louis that this great benefactor jeopardizes His Majesty's safety. As Yet, Louis receives these whisperings as confabulation, as canard, and as jealousy; but as time passes, whimsical Louis may be persuaded. It will then bode ill for this character of whom I relate."

You are about to speak, but Centauri lifts his hand and says: "I believe, my friend, I know your question. He knows his danger, but he assumes it as a duty. Our last hope depends upon him. If he fails to bring about a reformation, then the excellent work he is doing elsewhere will fall into chaos, and we who seek the Light shall be excluded from it in this lifetime. Even the seclusion we now know will no longer be possible, for the powers behind Louis are far more cunning than he is. He is but an egomaniac. We will experience grievous torments if this comes to pass--if this man of mystery fails."

You arise and stretch. Centauri, looking quizzically at you, says in an apologetic tone: "I have bored you."

"Not at all," you hasten to reply, "but I must be on; yet there is one thing that has been left unanswered."

"Yes?" remarks Centauri questioningly.

Watching his face intently, you speak slowly. "You said at the outstart of our conversation that you had come into possession of much wisdom that made you experience the real joys of living, and that such truths were imparted to you by those whom fortune decreed should cross your path in this establishment. It is this that interests me most, for I, too, have been a student of life and of self for years. My brothers have taught me much; yet there are some things upon which further light can be thrown."

"You speak of brothers--blood brothers or of the spirit?" Centauri asks, in a clipped voice, as though suppressing intense emotion.

You bite your tongue; you regret your carelessness. You frankly wonder what fate you have incurred by this revelation. You cannot lie, even if you sought to, for your cheeks are aflame from your emotional conflict, and



your neck feels afire. You finally burst forth with the truth: "Brothers of the spirit, I mean."

Centauri remains silent for a second, his face unrevealing. Then he speaks: "I ask you not who they are, for that would be a presumption; and for you to reveal them now might be far too indiscreet. But this I will say," and his voice measurably softens, "if you will return when the tower bells in the plaza declare the hour to be twenty-one, your question may be answered. Likewise, my sincere and innocent wish to know your brethren may also be gratified. I pledge you my word, on the faith I have already shown in you, that your visit will bode you no ill."

You are immeasurably relieved not to have to disclose what your thoughtless remark put you in a position of doing. You extend your hand without comment, and without indicating whether you will accept the invitation. He clasps your hand firmly once, says nothing, and turns to greet another patron.

The air outside is most welcome. It is now dusk, perceptibly cooler, and the walks are thronged. In raucous voices, hawksters are crying their wares. The usual din and commotion of a large city, rejuvenated by the pleasing coolness of the eventide, sweep you along. Your consciousness, however, lingers in the deep shadows of the Cafe du Cachet, from which you have just departed. Again and again you repeat softly Centauri's words: "Return when the tower bells in the plaza declare the hour to be twenty-one."

You seek to shake the entire experience from you with a shrug, as a dog shakes unwanted water from his coat. You even imagine the possibilities, if you return. They may be plotters against the Crown, seeking to overthrow it by force, and you may be compelled to do their bidding. Again, they may be agents of the King's Magistrates, who seek to find out citizens and strangers alike who are unsympathetic to the Crown, or who support its opposition. You may be jailed, if not beheaded. As if to convince yourself that any further heeding of the words of Centauri would be foolhardy, you try your best to visualize him as a villain, and his associates as sadistic henchmen.

You have now arrived at your pension. Below its darkened windows a faint glow emits from the quarters of the housewoman, crippled elderly Madame Bouché. She will be concerned that you have not returned at your usual hour, but you are in no mood to make explanations. Further, you shudder at the thought of the heat of your quarters on a night like this. It will be hours before it will be bearable and you can sleep. You prefer to find a boulevard bench, and lose your thoughts in the passing throng for at least an hour or two before retiring. You walk away, forcing yourself to deny that these





are not excuses, attempts at an escape from returning to the cafe. However, you hope that you will suddenly find cause to laugh away the entire incident and forget it.

There by the curbing is one of the pauper's benches unoccupied. Tonight you take more than a casual interest in those who pass. You scrutinize each face, as best you can, searching for some sign of mirth, some telltale indication of happiness, of freedom from care. Here comes an aged man shuffling along, his knees bent and his legs bowed, as if carrying a great burden. His eyes are not visible in the feeble glow of the public lamp. His arms hang limp and swing as he walks, as though they propel him instead of any purpose that may have brought him out.

Next comes an obese housewife, apron askew about her expansive waist. In one hand she carries a huge bundle--a cloth, the ends tied in a knot. The contents are heavy, for she shifts it from one hand to the other. Directly beneath the lamp, she pauses. Her face is careworn. Her cheeks have a moribund pallor, and her eyes are vacuous, unseeing. Her lips are moving, but you are too distant to hear, or else she speaks too softly. She is addressing no one, and no one heeds her as they push past. Is it a prayer, or is she cursing the fate she must endure?

As you contemplate her demeanor and its probable cause, along come two young seamen of the Royal Navy--again a strange and prophetic indication of something amiss. Instead of being boisterous like young men on leave, free from the discipline of shipboard, their visages show a solemnity of expression. You have an instinctive awareness of impending disaster, not altogether suggested by what you see. It is the same sensation one experiences before a terrific storm, when the air is still; everything is motionless, and yet you seem to feel the effect of a magnetic disturbance. You take a deep breath, thinking that you can exhale your sentiments as you would bad air. You are evidently nervous, for you fumble with your watch fob, one moment twirling it between your fingers, the next putting it in your pocket.

A sudden peal of bells startles you so that you leap from your seat. Self-conscious, you peer out of the corners of your eyes to see whether you have made yourself an object of amusement to others. No one has noticed, none even looking in your direction. Having regained your composure, you count the resounding strokes of the tower bells--eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one. With the last, you sense a tightening in your solar plexus; you are seething with excitement. Somehow you cannot dismiss from your mind that regardless of eventualities, you are to embark upon a great adventure. Resolutely you make a decision. You clench your teeth and your fists, involuntarily



stiffen, thrust your chin upward, and start in long strides in the direction of the Cafe du Cachet.

The walks are quite thronged. You are obliged to dodge others, who turn to look upon you with curiosity. As you approach the cafe entrance, the strains of a violin reach your ears. Across the threshold stands a blind mendicant violinist. His ragged cap at his feet is empty. You reach into your pocket and drop a coin into it. At the sound of its fall, the aged fellow bows and utters thanks. Two standing near-by exchange glances more expressive than words. They seem to say, "Here is one who too freely parts with a coin in days like these." Instead of feeling virtuous because of your simple gesture, you now seem conspicuous and feel guilty of an extravagance.

You enter and look about you. A large oil lamp suspended from the center of the chamber, which may have seen better days, sends a yellow glow throughout. It changes the appearance of the interior from what it seemed to be that very afternoon. Before, you had not noticed the large etching of the Parthenon on one wall, or near by the painted portrait of some character familiar to you; a historic personage perhaps, but you cannot seem to place him. The tables now are covered with red and white checkered cloths. On the counter, at the end opposite you, there is a large array of cut glass bowls, decanters, and vessels of all kinds, upon which the light dances, as the lamp ever so gently sways in the room which is not quite crowded with patrons. All are talking in low tones to their fellows at the respective tables. The same two waiters are bustling about and either have not observed your entrance--or the whole afternoon's incident is a thing of the past to them. A heavy pall of pipe smoke hangs above the patrons, who, for the main, appear to be tradesmen and craftsmen seeking to while away an hour or two, and perhaps to forget momentarily the increasingly obnoxious circumstances of the day, with which they are continually confronted. Out of the bluish haze, and toward you with a smile of welcome, comes Centauri.

(To be continued.)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



## *Summary of This Monograph*



Below is a summary of the important principles of this monograph. It contains the essential statements which you should not forget. After you have carefully read the complete monograph, try to recall as many as you can of the important points you read. Then read this summary and see if you have forgotten any. Also refer to this summary during the ensuing week to refresh your memory.

- ¶ Centauri speaks further of the mysterious personage. You are extremely interested, but must leave.
- ¶ As you prepare to depart, you refer to the early part of the conversation in which Centauri spoke of truths being imparted to him by those who cross his path in his establishment. You indiscreetly admit that you, too, have learned much from your brothers.
- ¶ Upon being pressed, you admit that you spoke of brothers of the spirit. Whereupon, Centauri invites you to return when the tower bells in the plaza declare the hour to be twenty-one.
- ¶ Aware of possible dangers to yourself in the invitation, you are nevertheless unable to dismiss it from your mind. At the hour of twenty-one, you find yourself being greeted once more by Centauri.





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The Rosicrucian Order

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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ Those present in the dignified gathering in which you find yourself are referred to by the speaker as "Men of Destiny." You realize the truth of his assertion as you recognize yourself to be in a gathering of fellow brothers of the Rosy Cross. The Rosicrucian is concerned with man's evolution. His is the responsibility for dis-



seminating and perpetuating esoteric truths upon which man's future spiritual unfoldment is dependent. Writing in these pre-French Revolution days, Jean Jacques Rousseau preached a philosophy with which in a measure we can concur.

*To form the rare creature, man, what have we to do? Much doubtless, but chiefly to prevent anything being done. . . . In the natural order of things, all men being equal, their common vocation is manhood, and whoever is well trained for that cannot fulfill any vocation badly which demands manhood. Whether my pupil be destined for the army, the church, or the bar, concerns me but little. Before he is called to the career chosen by his parents, Nature summons him to the duties of human life. To live is the trade I wish to teach him. . . . All our wisdom consists in servile prejudices; all our customs are but suggestion, anxiety, and constraint. Civilized man is born, lives, dies in a state of slavery. At his birth he is sewed in swaddling clothes; at his death he is nailed in a coffin; and as long as he preserves the human form he is fettered by our institutions. It is said that nurses sometimes claim to give the infant's head a better form by kneading it, and we permit them to do this! It would appear that our heads were badly fashioned by the Author of Nature, and that they need to be made over outwardly by the midwife and inwardly by philosophers! The Caribbeans are more fortunate than we by half. . . . Observe Nature and follow the path she traces for you!*

—JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, 1712-1778



To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

"I have been expecting you," Centauri says, in a most cordial tone. You are about to ask why he was so certain you would put in an appearance; but you think better, and merely shake his extended hand. "You were to disclose something of interest to me this evening," you begin.

"We were possibly to make mutual disclosures," he parries, "but come, accompany me."

You follow him between the tables, then behind the counter, and into what is evidently a pantry. One of the waiters, whom he addresses as Felix, turns and seeing you, nods slightly, and resumes his duties without remark. Between two rows of shelving in this pantry and storage room is a diminutive wooden door. Through a crack in its panel, you detect light coming from the interior. Centauri hesitates a moment, his hand above the latch as though debating whether to give a signal of some kind, or to enter unannounced. Your heart is thumping so violently that you feel others may discern your agitation.

What awaits you in the next chamber? Will it change the course of your life? Will you pay a frightful toll for your curiosity and indiscretion? Might it not, though, be a glorious experience? "How could it, in such an environment?" you ask yourself. You give a fleeting glance toward the door into the cafe proper, and for a second are tempted to take to flight. It is too late. Centauri has swung open the door, and has stooped to enter.

The room is brilliantly illuminated. There are two or more lamps and several candelabra. Before you are several persons, each staring at you expressionless, as though your presence has interrupted some profound interest of theirs. The white light reflected from their faces make them seem ghastly, but then you are somewhat unstrung. This chamber is somewhat smaller than the outer cafe. It is paneled with hardwood, around the upper casing of which, in uniform frames, are engravings; you recognize the classical portrayal of Descartes, of Socrates, and of a celebrated poet whose name you cannot recollect.

There must be a dozen gentlemen present. The floor is heavily carpeted and the tables at which they sit are finely finished. On some are glasses of wine, and on all are books or writing material. Your first impression during these few seconds of absolute silence is of a literary association or private social gathering of some sort. The men are all middle aged or past, with the exception of one perhaps in his early thirties. Each is well but conservatively dressed. They might be physicians, tutors, or subalterns of the Crown.



You come to with a start. Centauri apparently has been speaking to you and you have not heard him, buried as you were in your ruminations. He has nudged your arm to attract your attention. "Monsieur," Centauri is saying, "I have the honor to introduce to you my friends." As he makes his separate introductions, each arises at his place and formally bows and seats himself. As the last is seated, your eyes fall upon an object which holds you transfixed. You must be certain. Centauri is escorting you to a place at a table among them. When directly beneath the central lamp, you tilt your head and look up. You were right. About the lamp is a wreath--a wreath of deep red roses; still quite fresh! You believe you can even detect their fragrance as you pass beneath them.

Centauri has placed a chair for you, a heavy ornate one, in which you are to be seated. As you rest your hand on its back, you quickly withdraw it, as startled as if a cobra were entwined about it, for there on one of its crenulations is another diminutive wreath of the same roses. You are not given time to ponder. Each has turned his chair about; some with their backs to their respective tables. All face you. Whatever the ordeal, you determine to be prepared. You try to seem indifferent to the dramatic moment, but are conscious that your fingers are twitching. At the opposite end of the largest table at which you are seated, one of the number, perhaps designated the spokesman, begins to speak. He is not a tall man but very broad. His hair is the most beautiful you have ever seen upon a man, pure white, with a slight, graceful wave. One lock has fallen across his wide brow. His goatee is still speckled with the darker shade his hair must have been in his youth. You surmise he is a man of some threescore years. His eyes are steel gray, cold, exacting. Here, you think, is a man to whom the lesser emotions are signs of weakness. Justice he would exact at all costs, not because his sentiments embrace it, but because his methodical reasoning discloses it as a necessity. He is speaking in a low tone, his voice so vibrant that it seems with difficulty he restrains its power. His voice is musical, rhythmic, stimulating.

"Monsieur," he begins, "we are natives of France, mostly sons of the soil weaned to other pursuits. We were born subjects of the king, and desire to be, to the extent that human forbearance and the divine sense of justice permit. Our country is in dire danger. We have often faced death. That we understand and do not fear. We have endured wars, some of which were unavoidable. Others were due to the aberrations of men's good reasoning. They have cost us sons, daughters, and much of our worldly possessions. We are men of destiny."



As if to quickly correct a false impression which his words may have made, he raises his hand as if to arrest

your thoughts, and continues deliberately: "I speak without vanity. We entertain no false illusions as to our personal attainments, or the mark we may have made in this world. We do know, however, that ours is a sacred mission.

"Man at birth is most imperfect. He knows little of the world and still less of himself. This knowledge lies in the bosom of experience. Of the world, man has become more enlightened. His experiences of self, however, remain too often haphazard, uncultivated, and adventitious. Of all things given him as the right to experience and the privilege to know, self is that which has frightened him most. Because man has approached an understanding with the wrong tools, his results have been clumsy, and often, ugly and terrifying. Can you not imagine the crude image a sculptor would bring forth if he worked in marble with a warrior's mace, instead of with the skillful implements his art has evolved through time and usage?"

At the speaker's last question, you become conscious that you have been nodding your head in the affirmative. The others are silent, motionless, as their eyes ferret your face for telltale reactions to the words being spoken. "Some men," he continues, his voice no longer restrained, "through perseverance and fortitude, developed a technique of self-inquiry. The mind to them was a great jungle concealing useful, natural elements to be brought to light. A proper path had to be cut through it. They approached the nature of God and soul, and the powers of both, as an expedition, planning to traverse an unexplored land. They were adventurers--adventurers into the Cosmic realm. They were beset with far greater dangers, were obliged to make greater sacrifices than their contemporaries who sought only to ascend storm-torn mountain peaks, or cross uncharted seas.

"These adventurers were first of the belief that they might offend divinity; might incur penalties upon their souls for eons of time. Such an outlook required tremendous courage. Understand, they were not certain what to believe. They were impelled only by one thing, that the unknown should be known. They asked that God have mercy upon their souls if they erred or were audacious. This search began in the East. The pyramids were silent witnesses to it. Their rectitude of conduct was proved by the enlightenment they received. Time after time, it has since been proved that if men sincerely and properly concern themselves with those mystic principles and Cosmic laws revealed to these courageous investigators, untold happiness results.



"These investigators, however, were possessed of unusual qualities of character. In each age they were advanced beyond their time. Few comprehended or inwardly responded to what they expounded. Because of ignorance,



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most men feared them and damned their accomplishments. How they suffered, what they endured that the lamps of wisdom might continue to burn, is a matter of profane history, with which I shall not burden you. Suffice it to say that we here are honored to be chosen to perpetuate these esoteric truths. We have solemnly pledged that they shall not be rooted out during our mortal lives. Today affairs in France threaten to extinguish this light. It is our mission to prevent it." Overwhelmed by his own enthusiasm, the speaker half rises in his chair, and thumps his clenched fist on the table for emphasis. The enthusiasm is contagious. The entire assembly arises as a man. All place their left hands above their hearts, and cry, "Ad Rosam Per Crucem, Ad Crucem Per Rosam!" You stand with them, breathing deeply, profoundly moved.

They seat themselves again, but you remain standing. The room is whirling; everything distorted. You brush your hand across your eyes to clear your vision. Your fingers are moist. There are tears in your eyes. You no longer lack courage; your timidity is gone. You smile, and say to the elderly speaker, who now watches you intently, "My brethren of the Rosy Cross." There is deep affection in your voice. At your remark, each again stands, his left hand over his heart. You realize that you must further reveal yourself. You look into each of their faces, expecting some instructive glance to help you proceed. "My brothers," you begin, falteringly, "I am from a distant land; yet I am at home. I am with my brothers, and surrounded by my ideals and my loves. It is only right that I assure you as best I can of my identity."

(To be continued.)

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Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



## Summary of This Monograph



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- ¶ Through a small door leading from a pantry, you are escorted to a beautifully appointed and brilliantly lighted secret meeting room, and formally introduced to a dozen gentlemen present. Your impression is of a literary association or private social gathering.
- ¶ You are startled to note a wreath of red roses about a lamp above your head, and a smaller one on the back of the chair placed for you.
- ¶ A dignified elderly man addresses you at length, stating truths of a general and abstract nature with which you whole-heartedly agree. He refers to conditions of France as a threat to the perpetuation of esoteric truths, and the part of all present as "Men of Destiny" to prevent it.
- ¶ Enthusiastic agreement with his remarks prompt all to rise and with left hands above their hearts, cry "Ad Rosam Per Crucem, Ad Crucem Per Rosam." With great emotion, you recognize yourself to be in a gathering of fellow brothers of the Rosy Cross.



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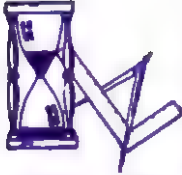
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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ As delegates from the different cities in France, all of the gathering feel acutely the precariousness of the times and the abject misery of the common people of France. You feel the authoritativeness of Brother Basil's words as he stresses the need for action and reaffirms the responsibility of the Order in regard to the people. That he did not exaggerate is substantiated by the following lines from Arthur Young's *Travels in France*. An honest and observant English gentleman farmer, he was interested in reporting facts as he found them. The observations quoted related to Montauban in Brittany.



*The poor people seem poor indeed; the children terribly ragged, — if possible, worse clad than if with no clothes at all; as to shoes and stockings, they are luxuries. A beautiful girl of six or seven years playing with a stick, and smiling under such a bundle of rags as made my heart ache to see her. They did not beg, and when I gave them anything seemed more surprised than obliged. One third of what I have seen of this province seems uncultivated, and nearly all of it in misery. What have kings, and minister, and parliaments, and states to answer for their prejudices, seeing millions of hands that would be industrious idle and starving through the execrable maxims of despotism, or the equally detestable prejudices of a feudal nobility.*

—ARTHUR YOUNG, 1741-1820

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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

You turn to Centauri, immediately on your right, and extend the handclasp. He returns the sign of recognition. You wonder whether to utter the word aloud. It is your test. To the others you say as explanation: "By mouth to ear," and then with your lips close to Centauri's ear, you speak the word softly. Solemnly he nods in recognition. Your heart bounds with joy. The tension is relieved, restrained ecstasy grips all present. Faces lighten; frowns are transformed to smiles. Brother Zuber, the youngest of the conventicle, discards formality and walks among the others, slapping each across the shoulders in a spirit of good fellowship. Each comes to you with the traditional grip and embrace. Then the elderly Brother Basil with solemn demeanor says:

"This is but a momentary rejoicing; the fate of our trust, like the sword of Damocles, still hangs over our heads, brethren."

Brother Basil's reminder has the desired effect. All return to their seats and listen attentively as he addresses his remarks to you. "Brother, have you observed the rose?" He goes no further, awaiting your reply.

"I have seen the roses attached to yonder lamp." You point to the wreath extended about the fixture. "I have also observed those fastened to this chair." You rise and turn your chair so that the assembly may be certain to what you refer. Then the thought flashes into your mind that Brother Basil may be speaking allegorically, and your answer may seem ludicrous. You quickly correct yourself: "I know the meaning of the rose." Your speaking like a schoolboy causes Brother Zuber to smile in a warming way.

"The rose lends itself magnificently to many noble purposes," says Brother Basil, "but my Brother, as you see it here, it is a sign of secrecy. What is revealed beneath the rose, sub rosa, must never be divulged, except to those whom the brotherhood and your conscience decree to be worthy of such knowledge. What is imparted to you, or which you in turn relate in this manner, carries with it a severe penalty for violation of the sacred trust. Such violation will bring no bodily harm from any member of the Fraternity, but you will damn yourself before the Cosmic. What we do and say beneath the rose is not for ourselves, but for all of humanity. Can a man desecrate so noble a purpose and not incur Cosmic compensation?" He fairly startles by shouting these last words, pointing his finger at you.



His manner is one of accusation. His genial features have knotted into a frown as he continues to point his finger. Had you in some manner aroused their suspicions that you were not as you represented yourself? Were their



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overtures of friendship false? Were you being trapped in some way? Then suddenly, from within, a warm surge of power and a sense of peace spread throughout your being. You are guilty of no misconduct. You have made no mendacious statements, resorted to no perfidy. In a deliberate tone, you say: "Treachery, deception, and falsehood warrant the compensations which follow. Before the Rose and the Cross, I declare my heart conceals neither malice, treachery, not ignoble purpose. I shall not wrongly reveal what I have witnessed. If, however, doubt lingers as to my future intentions and worthiness, I beg to take leave until such time as I may prove myself further to each of you, my brethren."

The acclamation is spontaneous. "Accept him beneath the rose!" is the cry. Brother Zuber jumps to his feet and makes a passionate plea in your behalf. Gesticulating wildly, he shouts: "I shall vouch for him on my integrity and be held responsible to this assembly for his acts." Brother Martel, a lean, spectacled individual arises and raises his hand for silence. It is the first time he has spoken, even to those sitting near him. His words evidently carry import, for all cease speaking immediately and respectfully await his remarks. He clears his throat, adjusts his spectacles, and assumes the demeanor of a pedagogue about to lecture his class on deportment. You hold your breath as he speaks, wondering if his words will influence the assembly against you.

"Brothers, we are here to recruit aid in a time of distress. Those who enter our ranks must have the qualifications to enhance our activities, not jeopardize them. Prudence, therefore, demands that we be judicious, and subject those who would be one with us to certain tests and trials. Our questions and our remarks, however, should not insult the liberty and character of any potential associate."

He silences the replies about to be made with a wave of his hand and continues in his judicious manner: "I voice the opinion that this brother," (he looks directly at you, and you inwardly wince) "has established himself beneath the rose, and should be subjected to no further ordeal." Again he carefully adjusts his spectacles and sits stiffly, amidst a display of jubilation. Your former inquisitor, Brother Basil, is the first to clasp your hand. You return his handclasp and answer the question in his eyes by saying: "You did well, Brother. I should have done likewise under similar circumstances."

The business at hand is now to be discussed. Brother Basil, again assuming the role of speaker, attempts to enlighten you as to their past, as well as their future activities.



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"Unfortunately," he says with an air of resignation, "France has never been a sovereign state in which our brothers could freely hold convocations. Our temples have always been secret, and we have had to meet surreptitiously. The most that resembled freedom was a tolerance in some communities that permitted our conventicles, but compelled us to feign non-existence. Our plight is now of such serious import that for the past fortnight no attempt to hold temple convocations has been made throughout France, and all lodge activities are suspended. It is not that the brethren regard their lives above the wisdom that would be revealed at such convocations, or above the ecstasy of meeting in the light of the rose and cross. They must not provoke a condition which may end, no man knows how. To continue their convocations would be to strike a flint in a parched forest. A spark could cause a conflagration that would scar the world. The brethren here assembled are delegates from the closed temples in their respective cities. Proclaim yourselves, Brethren!"

Each rises and announces the city from which he came: Lyon, Toulouse, Marseilles, Bordeaux, and others of equal size. Brother Basil adds: "I have the honor, on this occasion, to speak on behalf of the Rose-Croix of Paris; yet I humbly admit that I am far inferior to my superior who dwells in this my beloved and troubled city." The man of mystery, to whom Centauri referred comes to your mind. Is he this superior? You are given no time to dwell upon the thought, for Brother Basil is now speaking rapidly, as the hour is growing late:

"It has been the custom of our dignitaries--the Grand Master or the illustrious Imperator--in those lands fortunate enough to have such an officer, to appoint a coadjutor to journey from one temple to another. His duty was to impart the more advanced teachings, at each temple, to the brethren of the degree of the greatest attainment. Further it was incumbent upon this Bearer of Wisdom to enlighten the brethren about that which still remained obscure in their consciousness. All mooted questions and perplexing problems were carefully compiled for his coming. To the brethren in each city and temple, his appearance meant a feast of wisdom, food for the mind and soul. In this manner, our consciousness expanded, and the archives of each temple grew, with the truths recorded and deposited in them. Alas, this can no longer be, for how long we cannot say. The Akashic Records alone indicate that."

You interrupt: "This present body, then, my good Brother, convenes to acquaint its members with the advanced teachings of our beloved Order?"



"And," Basil answers, "eventually to return to their respective cities, each as a single repository for such knowledge. Later each shall impart what he has learned to

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his community brethren. In this manner, we risk just our lives and not the lives of our great teachers, or the numerous brethren of our temples in convocation."

You venture another question: "Are you instructed in this place by the Master, as in turn you will instruct the brethren of your respective temples?"

"Ah, no, my brother," emphatically answers Brother Basil, "we acquire our wisdom elsewhere. Here we only propound our questions, and likewise allocate the answers we receive as new knowledge, to the degrees of our beloved Order. Each point or principle is included in accordance with the readiness of the consciousness of the postulants to receive it."

You feel more at ease, and have no hesitancy, therefore, in again interrogating the brother: "You say you propound these weighty questions in this place? To whom do you propound them?" Smiles appear on the faces in the assembly at your questions. Centauri, bowing in apology to Brother Basil, rests his hand affectionately on your shoulder and says: "My brother here has had his curiosity aroused by my veiled remarks in our conversation earlier today. I shall presume, therefore, to explain our procedure." Smiling in a friendly way and half turning toward you, he continues: "Our preceptor does not assemble with us. The times forbid it. If he were to make his appearance here--in the physical," he adds significantly, "the usefulness of this retreat would be destroyed." You nod in understanding. "Therefore, each of us in rotation journeys to his abode to tarry a brief time; thence we return to impart what we have learned and to prepare with the others a dossier to be left to posterity." Perhaps your face reveals your disappointment, for Centauri's following words provide assurance: "You, my brother, as one of us, will be given the opportunity to accompany the next one to this fount of wisdom."

(To be continued.)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Faternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER





## *Summary of This Monograph*



Below is a summary of the important principles of this monograph. It contains the essential statements which you should not forget. After you have carefully read the complete monograph, try to recall as many as you can of the important points you read. Then read this summary and see if you have forgotten any. Also refer to this summary during the ensuing week to refresh your memory.

- ¶ Upon giving the handclasp of recognition and speaking “the word” softly into Centauri’s ear, you are recognized as a Brother of the Rosy Cross. Upon Brother Martel’s recommendation further tests are dispensed with. All assembled welcome you to their midst.
- ¶ Brother Basil tells something of the precariousness of the times and enlightens you regarding past and present activities of the Order in France.
- ¶ Each member present rises and announces the city which he represents.
- ¶ The procedure for perpetuating and disseminating the teachings is explained.
- ¶ The mysterious personage mentioned earlier in the day by Centauri proves to be the preceptor from whom new knowledge and guidance for the Order is received and incorporated into the teachings.
- ¶ It is arranged for you to accompany the next brother to visit this man of mystery.



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# MASTER MONOGRAPH

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# THE CONCURRENCE

**This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion**



¶ An afternoon spent in a bookshop in Paris during the ominous years immediately preceding the Revolution would have yielded much to interest the Rosicrucian student of today. Old and rare volumes on the occult, learned treatises on philosophical and mystical subjects, and dry-as-dust theosophical dissertations, vied with the modern literature of the age.



*This age . . . immediately preceding that great rising of the oppressed commons of France, . . . was characterized by a singular passion, in court circles and among the literary men of the day, for skepticism in the moral and religious field of thought, and a speculative furore for fraternity, liberty, and equality, in the political and social sphere.*

*The leaders of thought, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Buffon, were all deeply imbued in different ways with the spirit of the age, and did much to bring about the tremendous results of the next century.*

**—CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON**

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

Elated at the thought of being permitted your turn to visit the Master, you nod to each in gratitude. "What shall I do to prepare for such an occasion, for it will be a great event in my life?"

"It will be a great event," says Brother Basil impressively. "You will be beneath the nearby clock tower this Thursday when the bells again toll twenty-one. There you will meet one who will direct you to the Master's Sanctum."

Excitedly you exclaim, "How shall I know my escort? If he is here, let him reveal himself at this time."

Brother Basil discourages further questions. "You will not fail to know that a brother is present." Then tersely he says, "Arise, Brethren." As each places his left hand over his heart, he begins solemnly, "May the mystical beauty of the rose remind you of the harmony of nature, with which man's consciousness should likewise be imbued. May its exquisite form cause you to be mindful of the majesty of Cosmic law. May the way its petals unfold teach you that man must ever commune with self no matter how he expands objectively. May truth be locked safely in your hearts and minds, as the fragrance of the rose is enfolded within, and released only when purity of purpose decrees its outpouring." Without further adieu, each quietly departs, hesitating briefly before entering the cafe proper, so that no general curiosity or suspicion will be aroused.

The night is delightful, the pattern of light and shadows intriguing, as you hurry toward your pension. The moon is full, and though it is early morning, you sense no fatigue. Everything is so quiet and peaceful that it is hard to realize that catastrophe is near; that in Paris blood may run like water. Finally in bed, fatigue sweeps over you, and you slip into a deep, dreamless sleep.

The knocks are not loud, but you sit up, blinking. The sunlight pours in the east windows, making the room already quite warm. You hear the din of carts, the teamsters calling to their horses, the cracking of whips. The hour must be late. It is Madame Bouché calling you. It is she whose knock awakened you. "Are you ill, Monsieur?" she is asking.



"No," you reply, "I shall take refreshment shortly. It was late when I returned last night." You offer this last as an explanation. You stand a moment at the window, looking down upon the rue. People hurry past. There is a butcher boy, his basket on the curb being sniffed by two

mongrel dogs. He is conversing with a buxom maid sent down to scrub the casement. She pretends to drive him away with her broom, but each time coyly lures him back. His remarks must please, for she laughs boisterously. Youth, with the world before them! They enjoy peace, but it is a peace which consists only of ignorance of the next moment and what it may bring. You shrug, take a deep breath with the sun full upon your face, and complete your dressing.

The pension of Madame Bouché is modest and the fee commensurate with your capacity. Her husband and a son both gave their lives in the futile Seven Years' War. The husband, a cabinet maker, was thrifty. His savings, and the pittance you pay, hold this simple home intact. Madame, once a prolific reader, has been gradually losing her sight, so that it is with difficulty that she reads her meager correspondence, principally from a young niece employed in the Castle of Versailles. "I was alarmed," she says. "You are usually not so tardy to begin the day."

"A matter of unexpected business," you reply, never offended by her inquisitiveness, prompted only by a sincere, maternal interest. She has often said that you are about the age her son Henri would be had he not been slaughtered in Louis' debacle of vanity. She refers thus to the Seven Years' War.

"Oh! I have splendid news," she exclaims. "My niece, Marie, is to visit me tomorrow. It is three years since I last saw her. Thursday will be a day I shall long remember." You do not answer immediately. You are thinking might not Thursday, the day of your tryst with an unknown brother, also be a day that you, too, will long remember?

Realizing that you have not replied, and that she is staring at you, you say, "Of course, Madame, how pleasant to have one of your own again in this house. I shall be happy to meet mademoiselle Marie, of whom you have spoken so often." She gives you a smile, the kind that only a heart free of malice and moved by tender sentiments can give. Here before you is a gentle lady, a true flower of humanity, without escutcheon or rank.

Having partaken lightly of your repast, you are free until the morrow. Your footsteps lead you to confining alley-like Rue Caumartin, off the boulevard. It is crowded, the heat annoying. You are jostled by passers-by, who look irritably at your casual walking and your indifference to what they consider urgent. At last the familiar awning and stalls of Monsieur LeBret's bookshop come into view. The old bibliophile is seated as usual on his high stool, bending low over the pages of a tome which his gray beard partially conceals. He is oblivious to his surroundings; his world far removed from





the Rue Caumartin. A man who possesses little imagination, you reflect, and does not sometime delve into the past, lives only a small span of his possible existence. If consciousness is life, a day's experience can be relived in a few seconds, as in a dream. A man like Monsieur LeBret, who permits his mind to roam the centuries through history and meditation, finds a kind of immortality on Earth.

What matters it if men count your life as threescore and ten if, in your mind's eye, you were present when Amenhotep first made his Salutation to the Dawn, travelled to India with Alexander the Great, or saw Julius Caesar fall fatally wounded in the Forum? Life is as you experience it, and if you crowd thirty centuries into seventy years, you have truly lived. Those who cry for an eternal life can sample it now like this old bibliophile, if they but realize it. By lifting his eyes from the volume on his knees, he can be on the Rue Caumartin, but by dropping them again, he can take himself to any point in time, and span generations, even centuries. In your cogitation, you have come immediately in front of Monsieur LeBret, and are staring down at him with unseeing eyes. You cast a shadow over his page, causing him to look up. Embarrassed, you say, "Pardon, Monsieur, I--I was deeply engrossed."

"Ah! my friend, an active mind exercises the spirit. May I serve you?"

He begins to rise, but you rest your hand upon his shoulder. "Do not trouble, Monsieur; I shall browse, and if I decide upon a purchase, I shall bring it for your inspection."

He nods with relief, and continues his reading. Everywhere in the illy-lighted shop are unsorted stacks, the top books covered with cobwebs and dust. Latin, Greek, and other languages are intermixed. The shelves attempt a subject classification: classics, arts, travel, history, and philosophy. You remove various volumes, each time walking to the entrance for better light. You scan pages perfunctorily, nothing whetting your appetite. Your suppressed excitement perhaps disturbs your concentration.

The shadows deepen, and the late afternoon sun plays low across the rue. You take a last volume from a shelf, Mizraim--the Land of Aegypt. It is a large volume, its pages yellowed, their edges much thumbed. The hand-tooled leather has split and is crumbling. How old, you wonder? The title page indicates Montpelier about thirty years ago. Wait--a design in ink is opposite the fly leaf. It is a symbol of some kind--a serpent pierced with two arrows--not well drawn, but quite distinct. Odd. Has it meaning? You are about to ask but think better of it, for it is late. You must not give



Madame Bouché further occasion for alarm. You make a small purchase, and hurry homeward.

Madame Bouché, usually prompt in responding, fails to answer. You strike the knocker again, this time much harder, a little impatiently even though a few seconds will not affect your leisure. Suddenly, the door swings wide and you stand transfixed. A girl of eighteen is smiling upon you, her blue-black hair a wealth of curls upon her shoulders. Here is loveliness you have not seen for some time. Her lips frame teeth which are matchless. Her complexion and the smooth texture of her face and arms make you think of the bloom of a delicate flower. Her eyes are so dark the pupils seem to have been absorbed and yet light dances within them. She laughs softly. "Enter, Monsieur." It is like the trill of a lark. "You are amazed to see a stranger. My aunt has excellent descriptive powers; so you are not a stranger to me. I am Marie." She extends her hand, small but firm. You are pleased. Many young ladies have phlegmatic handshakes, to you an indication of weak will.

"I did know of your coming," you reply, "but I had not anticipated such a beautiful and charming guest."

Again, she laughs, and turns to Madame Bouché, attired in a heavily starched apron, her coiffure newly arranged to set off her delicate features. Marie observes you scrutinizing her aunt's hair. "You do not approve, Monsieur?" she asks.

"Most assuredly," you hasten to reply, "it is most pleasing."

Obviously embarrassed, Madame Bouché shyly moves her hand to her hair: "It is not vanity, Monsieur, only this child's whim."

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



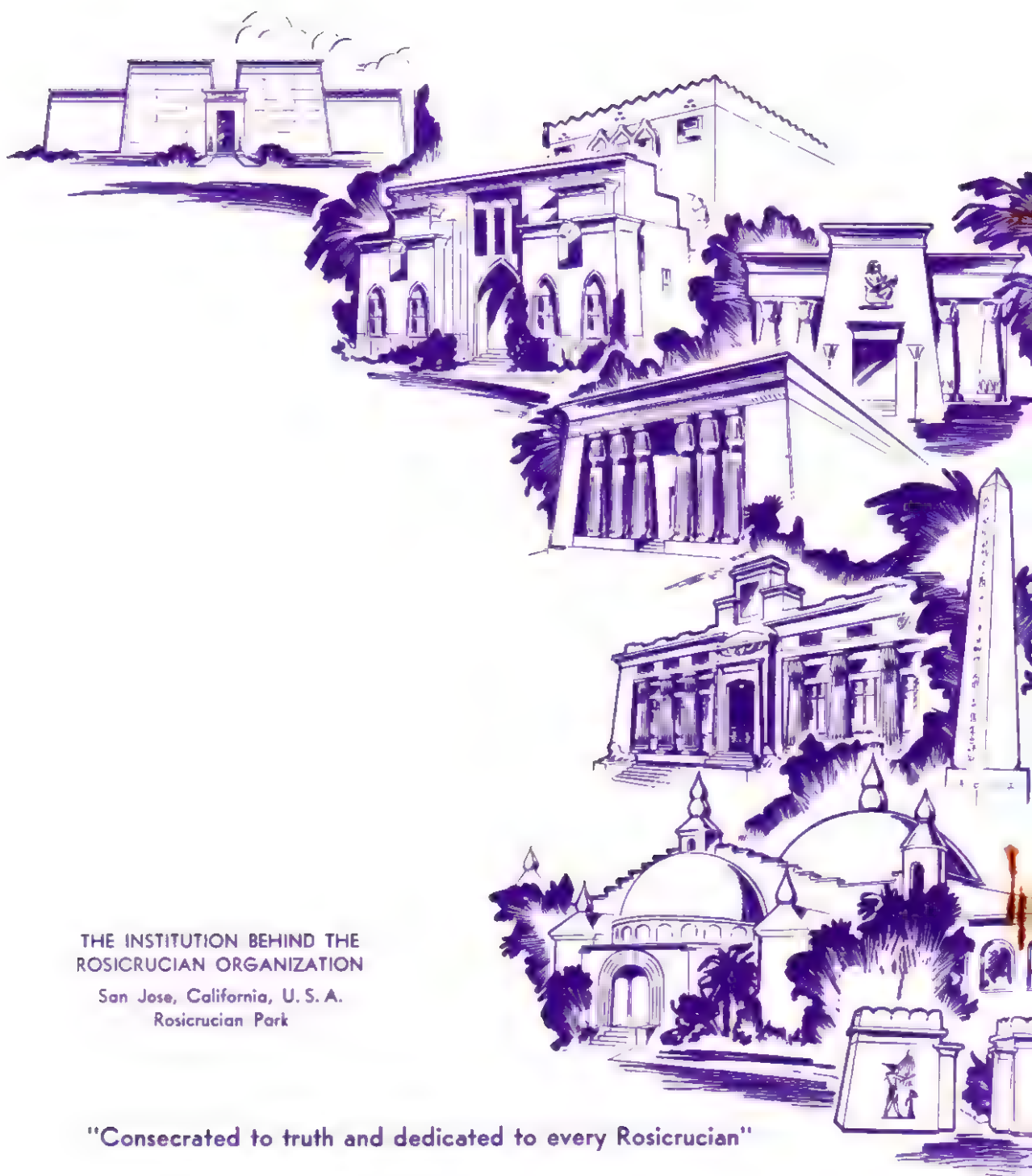
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- ¶ On Thursday, beneath the clock tower at the tolling of twenty-one o'clock, you are to meet the brother who will accompany you to the Master's secret quarters.
- ¶ You return home elated, and since the hour is late when you retire, you oversleep in the morning, alarming your landlady, Madame Bouché, by your tardiness in coming to breakfast.
- ¶ The afternoon is spent browsing among the books of Monsieur LeBret's bookshop, but remembrance of your recent experience and anticipation of Thursday's appointment prevent satisfactory concentration.
- ¶ Returning home, you are pleasurably surprised by the presence of Marie, Madame Bouché's lovely niece, who has come to visit.





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## TWELFTH DEGREE

NUMBER 282

PAGE ONE

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

A new but dismal day has arrived. Ominous clouds race across the sky. The gutters run deep with muddy water, carrying off the refuse that has collected. Pedestrians wear their greatcoats. A storm has occurred during the night, possibly in the early hours of the morning. You recall several pleasant hours chatting with Marie the evening before. You hope that you had not been a bore, but after all, what could you have said that would truly hold the interest of such a vivacious young person? Perhaps she had merely felt it her obligation to give her time to her aunt's tenant.

As you enter, she rises from the table, at which she is already partaking of the morning repast, to greet you.

"The day augurs ill," you say, as a means of opening conversation.

"Not for me," she quickly replies, her flashing, and you sense that she quivers from excitement.

You study her carefully. She is attired as if to depart, her frock stylish but simple. There is nothing in her dress to excite interest, no feminine trinkets to enhance her beauty; yet she radiates an appeal that cannot be identified. So many elements are integrated in her personality, so perfectly blended, that the effect defies analysis.

You say, "You are not returning so soon after such a--well, casual visit?"

"No, no, Monsieur." She shakes her head so emphatically that her curls swing pendulum-like across her graceful neck. "I am to make an important call, and will not return until much later this evening. Madame Parmentti, a friend of long standing, is calling for me." You chat lightly on trivial matters, but you imagine each would have preferred silence and his own thoughts.

Never had you experienced such a depressing and dreary day. Too tense to read, and too impatient to be idle, you walk the boulevard, strolling so frequently by the same shops of one square that the proprietor of a shop comes and stands beneath his canopy, hands on his hips like a fishwife, to scrutinize your actions. For fear of being ill-thought of, you return again to the pension just ahead of a heavy downpour of rain, accompanied by loud peals of thunder and rending flashes in the clouds. Sleep, you think, will perhaps prepare you for the night's ordeal, as well as provide the peace of oblivion. You retire with word that Madame Bouché will call you at twenty o'clock for a light supper. Relaxation is difficult, and sleep





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does not come easily, but it is finally accomplished. You have slept solidly three hours when Madame Bouché arouses you. As you are finally about to depart, she asks with evident concern, "Monsieur, are you of the belief that Marie is quite safe?"

"Did not Madame Parmentti call to escort her?" you ask.

"Yes," she replies, with apparent relief, "a most charming and cultured lady, so gracious and so gentle." Then, as an after-thought, "Apparently Madame Parmentti is wealthy, for she had a private carriage and a footman." You pout your lips and elevate your eyebrows at the suggested signification. Conscious suddenly that the bells have been tolling while you have been standing wagging your tongue, you exclaim abruptly:

"Twenty-one o'clock. I must be going! It is very late."

Madame Bouché stands looking after you in consternation as you rush away, the tails of your frock coat sailing out at right angles to your body. Breathlessly you reach the plaza, and then slow to a walk, straighten your cravat, and saunter toward the cathedral. Not to appear conspicuous, you assume a position alongside the grand stairway. As you peer up, the faint glow from the nave of the cathedral appears in the depth of the darkness. On the other side of the stairway is a seller of vesper candles. A few people stop to purchase one or two, and then go up to enter the cathedral.

How will you know the brother whom you are to meet? What will he wear or say to reveal himself? You stare in the feeble light at each who passes. Some stare back, apparently offended by your piercing and inquisitive glance. It is becoming more difficult to see the features of the passers-by as it becomes darker. You observe that they invariably look at the candle seller as they pass. His three lighted candles undoubtedly attract them. You decide that if you stand near him the faces of those who pass will be turned in your direction.

You study each person as he makes his purchase, or as he passes by. There are no words, no indication of a brother. This chap, for example, loudly blowing his nose as he approaches, has not even glanced your way. To him, as to the others, you are but a fixture, like one of the gargoyles on the eaves of the cathedral. But wait! What is he doing? Can you believe your eyes? He is arranging the seller's three lighted candles in a triangular formation on the wooden tripod. He deliberately and solemnly snuffs a candle at one point of the triangle; then he reaches over, hesitates a moment and snuffs a second. Finally, he snuffs out the third. "The extinguishing of the candles in a triangular arrangement,"--the words race through your mind! Here is the symbolism. This is the brother. He



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PAGE THREE

turns to face you. It is Brother Zuber. He is to be your guide. You are so relieved that you publicly embrace him. "Is he of the Brethren?" you inquire of Brother Zuber, nodding in the direction of the vendor.

Brother Zuber takes you by the arm and starts with you in the direction of the boulevard. When several feet further, he answers your question. "I frequently chat with him. On this occasion I told him that I wished to attract the attention of a stranger by a sign, if he would permit, and then I explained what I proposed to do, and gave him a tip. He has no knowledge of our symbolism or the manner in which the flames were extinguished."

"And now, in what direction do we go?" you ask.

"Does the course matter much? Is it not ends we seek in this purposeful life?" he replies tantalizingly.

"Come, come," you begin in a reproachful tone, "I am no child. I can accept responsibility."

Brother Zuber stops abruptly and faces you with a stern look, but he speaks kindly enough: "What I do is not to confound you or to conceal what you are as entitled to know as I. An obligation has been exacted of me to relate to no one where I go on these occasions, or by what route, unless they likewise have been there on a similar mission. The same may be exacted of you in time. You have eyes and if you perceive the way we take, I am not at fault, but you must refrain from asking the direction or the identity of the personage you will meet at our destination."

After Brother Zuber's explanation, you feel contrite, and you walk a square or two in silence, turning into an unfamiliar street off the boulevard. Then you speak, for your enthusiasm cannot remain submerged. "How shall this dignitary be addressed, worthy of his station and without causing reflection upon my status in our beloved Order, Brother Zuber?"

"He is especially called August Master, and it is proper that you address him thus." Suddenly he restrains you with his hand, and commands, "Wait while I negotiate with this public liveryman." He steps to the curb, and speaks with the liveryman, who bends down to hear his words, and nods his head vigorously in the affirmative. Finally, he beckons you to come. He bows and points to the carriage, which you both enter. The horses are away at a rapid pace. Brother Zuber explains, "Punctuality is a virtue we should display, especially on these occasions."



At first you try to plot your way so that you may recollect the course taken, but the streets are

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ill-lighted and the pace too rapid, so you abandon that hope. It seems a short ride, for the excitement and mystery of it are stimulating. As you turn into a broad street, you are gratified to catch sight of an inscription on an edifice near a public lamp. It reads: "Rue St. Cloud." "Ah!" you say to yourself, "at least that much."

Almost immediately thereafter, the carriage halts before a high gloomy-appearing stone wall, on the top of which is an iron paling and grill. Large wooden gates in its center apparently open onto an inner courtyard. Standing back at some distance and towering above the wall is a great house, looming dark and shadowlike against the sky. From a small window a dim glow emits; possibly it is from a third story. The darkness forbids any detection of detail. You give an involuntary shudder as an icy chill sweeps over you. "Come, come," you say to yourself, "why this timidity now?"

(To be continued)

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YOUR CLASS MASTER







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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ During the years immediately preceding the French revolution, a newcomer to France, such as the Neophyte in our story, would have found his freedom unpleasantly restricted. Independent movements, most particularly esoteric groups opposed to the domination of the Church, were forced to secrecy. The following quotation adds further to our picture of those times.



*The feudal powers were executed without mercy. The king owned a fifth of the land. The nobles another fifth. They paid what they pleased to support the state. The priests another fifth: they paid what they pleased. The remaining two-fifths were divided between the cities and the common people. The people supported the state, the nobility, and the church. The taxes were farmed the same as in Roman days, and the farmers-general were hated as thoroughly and as rightly as the Roman publicans had been. The peasant could hardly live or breathe without permission. He could be imprisoned without trial. He had to work the roads. He had to buy seven pounds of salt a year for table use only at the state's own price. Smuggling meant the galleys. Wild game was sacred. It was the galleys or death for the peasant to kill it. Seed could not be steeped—it might injure the birds. Weeds could not be hoed out—the young partridges might be disturbed. Manuring was regulated so as not to hurt the flavor of the pheasants. Hay could not be mowed until late—it had to be left as shelter for the game. The deer and wild boars must be left to range free over the crops. The fields must not be fully fenced—it would interfere with the lord's hunting. Grain had to be ground at the lord's mill; bread had to be baked in his oven; both at a high price. There were the regular feudal aids, and all sorts of special assessments and burdens. Justice was in the hands of the lord of the domain, and the courts were hopelessly prejudiced and rotten. The church was rich and intolerant, and although many of the common priests had a sympathy for the masses, yet most of the church dignitaries were at the same time hereditary nobles of the realm, with all the belief in the privileges of their order.*

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PAGE ONE

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

Brother Zuber dismisses the liveryman, and the two of you are alone. The hour is not yet late, but the street is deserted. Other buildings appear quite humble. You stand, it would seem, before a mansion, or an institution. Brother Zuber approaches the massive wooden gates supported by heavy, wrought-iron horizontal bands. He is about to try the latch when one gate swings open quietly, smoothly, and when you are within, closes as quietly behind you. The darkness is like the shades of Hades. You can see nothing but the yellow glow from the window high above, like a luminous square suspended in space. You are conscious of an uneven surface. Exploratorily you shift one foot ever so slightly and find that the courtyard, at least where you stand, is paved with stone blocks.

A deeper shadow flits by. It is of human form. Brother Zuber nods in its direction and whispers hoarsely: "The outer Guardian." This is somewhat reassuring. It was he who admitted you. At least the gates were not moved by supernatural power, as you were at first inclined to believe. You cross the spacious courtyard quickly to face another entrance. Its details are so enveloped in darkness that it might be the beginning of eternity, for all you are able to perceive.

Never have you received such a fright--three loud knocks, like crashes next your head! You had not seen Brother Zuber strike the door with the metal head of his walking stick. It seems eons before there is any response and the silence is painfully oppressive. Finally, a strident voice startles you, calling from far within the interior of the building: "Enter and learn the truth." Brother Zuber tries the latch, the door swings open freely, and you enter.

At first you blink furiously. The illumination temporarily blinds you. As your vision returns, the most lavish splendor greets you. You stand at the end of a long, high corridor, illuminated by two enormous, magnificent chandeliers. Each shimmers like a sun. Highly polished particles of glass, cut in intricate designs and what seem to be different colored gems reflect the light, so that every object appears irradiant. The floors are like polished ebony imported from the forests of Africa. Along the entire length of the corridor, lie deep, rich coverings, the work of skillful Asiatics and Arabians.



On the walls hang exquisite oil paintings in massive gilded frames. Each, you think, a masterpiece, so realistic, of such grandeur of technique! The subjects are principally pastoral, and depict scenic wonders, certainly not of France. The waterfalls are too high; the mountains

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too rugged, even for the Alps. One depicts a great desert. Unlike any you have ever seen in your travels, it nevertheless gives you an immanent feeling of reality.

A strange and pleasing odor strikes your nostrils and soothes you. You feel relaxed, as though you had been plunged into a warm bath. Your whole being is titillated. You deeply inhale this fragrance, unlike anything in your experience. You stand where you entered, gasping in astonishment, until you see that Brother Zuber has advanced halfway down the corridor. You quickly follow him, your footsteps making no sound on the soft elegance of the floor coverings.

Then you confront another door. It is plain, without ornamentation of any kind, of the same material as the floor, and rich in simplicity. Brother Zuber again knocks thrice and loudly. Almost immediately the same response as before: "Enter and learn the truth." There is no latch, no means of opening this barrier, so Brother Zuber stands quietly facing it, his arms stiffly at his sides. You place yours in the same manner, not quite sure whether that is required or not. The way is opened to you both, except for a tall individual who stands just within. He is a man of middle age, wearing a gray gown with a hood like that of a monk, which falls back and down over his shoulders, leaving his head exposed. He wears an apronlike band about his waist. It is brocaded with gold symbols. In his right hand he holds a sword, which he places obliquely across the inside of the threshold, so that you and Brother Zuber cannot enter further.

He is speaking, but you look past him, not heeding his words. You are overawed by what you see. On either side of a spacious oblong chamber there are candelabra. The candle flames are shaded by an unfamiliar, translucent substance, which causes them to radiate into the chamber in a soft, deep purple illumination. In fact, the entire chamber is toned with it. In the center, from a domelike elevation above, is suspended an Oriental metal lamp in which is some kind of illumination--not candles and not oil. In fact, it defies recognition. From the bottom of the lamp is suspended a gold cross, which shimmers in the light which it reflects. Superimposed upon the center of the cross is a huge gem. It is iridescent, one moment a deep red, the next blue, and then the green of jade. You tear your eyes away from this fascinating scene because of the gentle and insistent nudging of Brother Zuber.

"I have vouched for you, Brother," he is saying, "yet you must also reveal yourself."



You give the grip as one in a trance, and mumble the words. This, in addition to the avouchment of Brother Zuber, is apparently acceptable, for you are admitted with

him. As you cross over, the threshold door is closed and the bolt shot with an ominous sound. You recognize the sacred Shekinah, elevated by the three traditional steps, each of a different color, and, you are convinced, of a different substance. Each of the three candles upon the Shekinah gives forth a different colored flame. But most mystifying is the flame of the candle at the West nearest you--it is colorless! If it can be described at all, it is as white as the luminary itself.

A triangular cloth, in the prescribed manner, is draped across the Shekinah, its corners reaching halfway down its sides. To your further amazement, as you approach, you observe that it is of woven metal, its strands as fine as hair, like silver, and yet quite different. You make your salutation. The robed Guardian steps up, and taking you by the left arm, escorts you to a finely polished and skillfully made bench. It is one of several which parallel the North and South sides of the temple--for temple it is--yet unlike any you have ever seen or even conceived.

You continue your observations after you and Brother Zuber are seated. The walls on all sides are inscribed with hieroglyphics you recognize as from the temples at Thebes. Alabaster pedestals stand along the North and South sides of the temple, between the benches. On one is a statue of Isis, and on another, Anubis. You recognize these ancient Egyptian deities, and know they represent mystical and symbolical principles, and not the import which they had to the Egyptian priesthood. Perhaps it is the East of this temple that you will never forget. It is as though you witness some strange theurgical phenomenon, as you look upon it. Perhaps it is, you think.

You grasp the sides of the bench for support, and to confirm that you are in an awakened state of consciousness. "Mon Dieu," you utter under your breath, for the place of the Master's station is dimensionless and amorphous. It is as if you are gazing into celestial space. It has neither height, nor width, nor length, yet it has atmosphere. It is more like the blue haze which rises from the face of the Earth in the sun's heat. It is not a static atmosphere. It has motion, yet being formless, what is it that is moving.

Its stupendous depth draws your consciousness. As you gaze into it, you are in it. "No, more than that," you insist to yourself, you are one with it. There is naught but you--that consciousness of self. You are free--ever so free. All else, all determinate qualities, have dropped away like withered leaves from a tree in the autumn. Self alone remains. Something within you, however, seems to be resisting. You are fettered by some slight bond, which passing time will gradually diminish. Any moment, you expect it to





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cease, then you will be one with eternity. This bond, this restriction, annoys you. Why should it exist to hamper you? Why should it not be completely truncated? Then the realization; this something is the tie of mortal existence itself. You pull back. You seek to return, for you are not ready to make this renouncement. As you do, you feel a sense of inner heaviness like a growth or substance developing. It is more like a taut spring which when the tension is eased recoils, accumulates, becomes bulky. The struggle is short. You are back. You are again on the temple seat. You move your arms, your feet slightly. They feel weighty. Oh, how fatigued you are! You try to suppress your heavy breathing, for fear that others may detect it and not understand.

You have a sense of victory and confidence. You can turn your eyes away if you choose; but you determine to peer again. Your heart bounds in expectation; like a desperate man about to hurl himself from a great height, you quickly turn your head fully facing the East. Most odd--the attraction is not so strong; you are able to restrain the projection of your consciousness. You know, however, that at your volition it could be easily extended into that eternity, but now obeys the bidding of self. The ego remains within you, and calmly you look into the void.

Again you have the visual sensation of an incessant motion taking place there. It is like a vortex, yet there are no particles moving. But wait! Something is occurring! Like a nebula in the heavens, there is a speck whirling from left to right. Faster and faster it revolves, and as it does, it approaches you from the depths of space. It is as though it may finally pass into the temple from the East. No, now it has ceased moving toward you, but its revolutions have been greatly accelerated.

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Faternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



## *Summary of This Monograph*



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- ¶ After preliminary knocking and exchange of signs of recognition, you and Brother Zuber are admitted into a corridor of a large mansion, its brilliantly lighted sumptuous interior in striking contrast to the dark and gloomy exterior.
- ¶ Vouched for by Brother Zuber, you are escorted to a bench in an inner temple after having given the proper signs and made your salutation before the Shekinah.
- ¶ Awed, you minutely observe the symbolic beauty before you, only gradually becoming aware of the strange quality in the East, apparently without form, height, width, or depth, its atmosphere peculiarly in constant motion.
- ¶ Fascinated, your consciousness is drawn into the strange depths of the East. Only by an effort of will is the spell partially broken, and you become aware of a nebula-like formation, a revolving speck in the atmosphere of the East.



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# MASTER MONOGRAPH

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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ Optimism is reflected in a quotation by Arthur Young from the "Tiers Etat of Nivernais." The travels of this observant Englishman have provided reliable comment on the times preceding the French Revolution.



*The complaints of the people have long lost themselves in the vast space that separates them from the throne. This class, the most numerous and the most interesting of society; this class which deserves the first attentions of government, since it feeds all the others; this class to which we owe the arts necessary to life and those which adorn progress; this class, in short, which in getting less has always paid more, —can it, after so many centuries of oppression and misery, count today upon a happier fate? To doubt it for a single moment could be to blaspheme the tutelary authority under which we live. A blind respect for established abuses or for violence or for superstition, a profound ignorance of the social compact, these are what have perpetuated up to our time the servitude in which our fathers groaned. A brighter day is about to dawn. . . . Let us therefore shake off the yoke of ancient errors; let us dare to say all that is true, all that is useful; let us dare to reclaim the essential and primitive rights of men. Reason, equity, public opinion, the well-known benevolence of our august sovereign, all cooperate to assure the success of our complaints.*

—TIERS ETAT OF NIVERNAIS

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

A metamorphosis is occurring! A creation coming out of this nucleus! A city suspended in the heavens of this ethereal space. There are minarets; also domes of mosques. Faintly at first, and then growing in intensity, a chant, the vibrant, plaintive call of the faithful to prayer by the muezzin from his lofty tower. It is all so vivid before your eyes--the marble towers, golden apexes, the brilliant hues of tiles, and the deep red of a torrid Sun. It shimmers like a mirage on a desert, elongates, becomes distorted along its edges, transparent in the center, and suddenly bursts like a bubble, with naught remaining but the great depths of atmospheric space.

You seek to quiet yourself. You must not become a victim of illusion. Alas, you cannot lift your eyes from the scene; some force holds them concentrated on this depth. Again from out this celestial space, another nebula, whirling faster and faster, races toward you. Then from a first sensation of motion, it transforms to one of inertia, but is hardly discernible. From its amorphous center another metamorphosis is in process, this time more rapid. Like the division of a cell, it seems to part, for between each half you can again see the Cosmic ether. A dense forest materializes. Trees, enormous in diameter and height, with foliage so heavy that at their tops they obliterate the sky, form a living canopy of green. Your eyes follow down the trunks, which rest upon nothing, only space. At their lower reaches, thick serpentine vines entwine about them. The underbrush is tropical--palmettoes, and the most beautiful giant, lacelike ferns that you have ever seen. It is inconceivable, yet true, that you can actually smell the dank soil and overpowering aroma of the shrubs. The air is perfumed with the scent of tropic vegetation.

The air has become hot and moist. You perspire freely, begin to feel confined, terrified by all this phenomena. The shrill of birds, the chatter of monkeys, and the occasional cry of some wild beast reaches your ears. The two scenes, the two halves which have formed before your eyes, come together. The space between them disappears. In the immediate foreground a clearing of short cropped grass is formed. It is like a natural arena in a jungle setting. The whole continues to remain suspended in the atmosphere. Again, rhythmic sounds, at first difficult to interpret because of the cries of the birds and beasts. They come closer and closer, approach ever nearer. They are louder now. You recognize them--the drums. They are so loud, you strain to see. They are tom-toms.



The palmettoes and high grasses part! A sole figure emerges into the clearing. He is black--a magnificent human, a giant of a man. He is naked except for a



triangular loin cloth of animal skin. About his neck is a necklace which reaches nearly to his navel. To the necklace are fastened bright plumage of birds and stones or gems of dazzling hues. He claps his hands sharply and the drumming ceases, although its throbbing continues in your brain. Other men appear, nearly as tall as the first. Attired like him except that they have metal armlets and no necklace they carry short, wide swords with carved ivory handles. With their backs to you, they form a semicircle about the chief or shaman.

Two more, tall like the first, enter the clearing, their hair tied in a matted mass atop their heads. Through it protrude stalks of plants, to which cling red berries which dangle as they walk. You half rise as you glance again. There, standing between the two warriors, is a white man, attired in a blue sacerdotal robe. He is rather obese and has a bald pate. He is a captive, though not fettered, for at a word from the chieftain, the two rudely push him into the semicircle formed by the others. He places a small cedar chest, which you had not previously noticed, upon the ground before him. The chief speaks. Most perplexing: The language is strange and guttural, and yet you understand it. If you try to listen with your ears, it becomes incoherent, but if you shut out the actual sounds, then within your consciousness the words become intelligible.

The chief is explaining to the white captive that he is guilty of blasphemy, of defaming the gods of nature. Unless he can demonstrate the power to which he has referred, and to which he claims all things are subordinate, he shall pay with his life for his irreverence. The captive displays no fear. He motions his captors back and then proceeds. He lectures to them in their own tongue. He is most eloquent, yet they remain stoical. One cannot tell by their appearance whether or not they are moved by what he is saying. He explains that the Earth is wedded to the heavens. He tells how the Sun caresses the Earth, and the clouds shed their tears upon it. From this romance spring the living things of the soil. More than this, the ground upon which they stand, the flowers, the bark of the trees, all these and everything are of the same elements as the Sun, the Moon, and the stars. They come to the Earth in the air, and as the drops of rain which sink into the soil, and as the light of days. At this, however, there is an ominous rumbling of voices from the group. Obviously to them these are sacrilegious remarks.

The captive takes a small circular box from the chest, and pries off the lid. You sense a tightening in your solar plexus. You expect some amazing revelation like that of Pandora's box. The captive places the lid upon the ground at his feet. From your position, you cannot see the contents. Again, he reaches into the chest and brings forth something. He holds it in the hollow of his right hand, then



lets it pour into the hollow of his left. It is a reddish powder, not greatly different from the soil upon which he stands. Clenching his fist to hold the powder, with his right hand he extracts from the chest what appears to be a metallic bowl into which he lets the reddish powder drop. Again, he reaches into the chest, and lets a yellow substance slip from his fingers into the bowl.

He now stands and looks about, as if searching for something. The warriors, expecting escape, close in. You follow his gaze to a little depression a few yards distant. It is filled with water. He asks to be allowed to bring some of the water. The shaman tells one of the number to go. The captive remains motionless and the others keep their eyes constantly upon him. He now accepts the water without comment, and places it on the ground adjacent to the bowl. From the chest he removes an article that scintillates in the brilliant sunlight. It appears to be of glass or of a vitreous substance. He uses it to stir the contents in the bowl. You realize it is a pestle. Next, with a slow and deliberate motion, he pours a small quantity of water into the palm of his hand. He has excited the curiosity of his audience. They have relaxed and come closer to look upon the proceedings. With a quick movement of his hand, he empties the water into the bowl. There is a flash of green flame. With startled cries, the warriors lurch back and grasp their spears.

The captive speaks: "Water created fire. Likewise, in all things, everything else exists. There is a brotherhood of heaven, of Earth, of men, and of things. Though the families of nature are many, and different in form and kind, there is but one Supreme Power that is their common cause. Man is a part of all things, because he can understand them if he will. When man understands a thing, it is within his power to make it a part of him. This understanding is a quality of man just as water and the Sun have their qualities. No matter who their forebears, men require food and drink. Likewise, no matter where things grow, or what their substance, they all depend upon this one Supreme Power. Know this power in yourselves, in the grass beneath your feet, in the moons that ride across the heavens, and you will be gods--gods on Earth! I am no magician," he says, placing his hand upon his chest. "I will show you where these elements may be found. Come, you can do as I have done." As he says this, he hands the water vessel to the shaman.

Proud, erect, the giant steps forward, and pours the water into his left hand, and then quickly dashes it into the small vessel. Again the green flash, from which no sound emits. The flame remains suspended a few seconds, covering the entire scene. Then it slowly dissolves, and with it the figures, and all else is gone. Only the deep blue remains --the indeterminate atmosphere that had first intrigued



you. You sigh aloud, bewildered. You know you are not dreaming, for you have tested your sense reactions and found them reliable.

You hear sounds like small bells tinkling, or large ones at a distance. You try to locate them. You turn toward the West. No, for now they appear louder and in the East, and you peer again into the atmospheric, mystifying blue. Now you can tell; they are not bells, they are stringed instruments. They appear to come from immediately overhead. You gaze upward into the semidarkness. Nothing is visible. You have an impelling urge to rise and seek them out. The music swells in a most rapturous way so that your whole being pulsates with it. It seems to come from every direction. A voice from somewhere commands: "Arise, Brethren, and hail the entrance of our beloved Pupille."

Like an automaton, you rise with the others, looking neither to the right nor to the left. You partly close your eyes, staring unseeing, lost in abstraction. You are moved only by the strains of music, the nature of which you cannot determine. Suddenly something swaying rhythmically passes you. It obstructs the light from the candles on the Shekinah. You look up. It is a young maiden attired in a white flowing robe, like the Vestals of ancient Greece. Of course, the Pupille is the beloved Colombe. It is she who symbolizes Light, Life, and Love, and the conscience of the brethren, in every Temple of the Rosy Cross. The delicate perfume of the incense from the censer which she gracefully swings as she walks, reaches your nostrils. Your eyes, ears, and nose are assailed by such harmonious sensations that you experience an unforgettable ecstasy.

An almost invisible ritualistic veil covers the Colombe's face. A few steps beyond you she pauses, and turns toward the North of the Temple in which you are seated. Solemnly and gently she swings her censer. The inexplicable purple glow which illuminates the walls of the Temple now reflects upon her veil, and her previously concealed face becomes visible. You half rise, notwithstanding the restraining hand of Brother Zuber. It is Marie! Marie, the niece of Madame Bouché. You sink to the bench, weak with confusion, your heart pounding madly. Her cameo-like features give no evidence that she is aware of you of your cognizance of her. She turns again and resumes her journey Eastward, her gown swaying with each step that she takes.

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.



Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



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- ¶ **Strange panoramic events unfold themselves in the blue depths of the East of the Temple, emerging from a nebula-like central point and gradually forming into scenes as real as if actually taking place.**
- ¶ **The music of stringed instruments follows the phenomena occurring in the East, and the assemblage rises upon the entrance of the Pupille, or Colombe, who censures the Temple.**
- ¶ **You are startled to recognize Marie, Madame Bouché's niece, as the Colombe.**



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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



The violence of revolution is the eruption of long-smouldering grievances, ignored until pressure becomes more powerful than restraints previously effective. From Arthur Young's travels we are given considerable insight into conditions prevailing in France during the time of our story.



*The capitaineries were a dreadful scourge on all the occupiers of land. By this term is to be understood the paramountship of certain districts granted by the king to princes of the blood, by which they were put in possession of the property of all game, even on lands not belonging to them; and what is very singular, on manors granted long before to individuals; so that the erecting of a district into a capitainerie was an annihilation of all manorial rights to game within it. This was a trifling business in comparison to other circumstances, for in speaking of the preservation of the game in these capitaineries it must be observed that by game must be understood whole droves of wild boars, and herds of deer not confined by any wall or pale, but wandering at pleasure over the whole country, to the destruction of crops, and to the peopling of the galleys by wretched peasants who presumed to kill them in order to save that food which was to support their helpless children.*

*The game in the capitainerie of Montceau, in four parishes only, did mischief to the amount of 184,263 livres per annum. No wonder then that we should find the people asking, "We loudly demand the destruction of all the capitaineries and of all the various kinds of game." And what are we to think of demanding as a favor the permission "to thresh their grain, mow their fields, and take away the stubble without regard to the partridge or other game"? Now an English reader will scarcely understand without being told that there were numerous edicts for preserving the game, which prohibited weeding and hoeing lest the young partridges should be disturbed, steeping seed lest it should injure the game, . . . mowing hay, etc., before a certain time so late as to spoil many crops; and taking away the stubble which would deprive the birds of shelter.*

—ARTHUR YOUNG, 1741-1820

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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

Conscious of self and of your relationship to the Temple, you are yet like one in a stupor. You hear voices, but they have no meaning. One voice in particular pervades the whole Temple. It stirs you even though you cannot gather its import. Brother Zuber shakes you vigorously, whispering: "Stand, you are being addressed." You arise and are yourself again.

From the East come the words: "Advance to know and to be known." The Brother Guardian is at your side, and together you stride to the East. The misty blue of space between its portals is all that occupies your attention. It is strange you have not noticed him before. He stands at one side of the space in which your previous experiences had materialized, a person of no singular characteristic of physique or feature. He is not handsome; yet the sight of him sears itself into your consciousness. You know that wherever he appears among men, he attracts like a loadstone. It is not the man; it is something else--not something visible, but an almost imperceptible pull toward him. You close your eyes and still feel it.

Without your volition, your eyes open. You have to gaze upon him as he looks upon you. He is rotund and of medium height. Two small rolls of hair quite fine and silky in texture frame a wide forehead. His complexion is olive--of Latin ancestry, you conjecture. His nose is slightly upturned, adding a likeable touch to his features. His large, wondrous eyes command your attention. His glance is like a gimlet. It pierces to the bottom of your soul. You feel humbled, like one whose weaknesses, petty faults and innermost thoughts have been exposed to critical examination. There is no harboring secrecy before this man. You let your eyes course over his attire. His robe is of black silk, on which hieroglyphics and geometrical symbols are embroidered in gold. Your attention is caught by an insigne over his left breast. It is a serpent pierced with two arrows, the sign you saw crudely drawn in the volume in the bookshop of Monsieur LeBret.

The Brother Guardian interrupts your reflections: "August Master, a visitor, one of our brothers, appears here in the East, seeking with us the greater Light."

"May he be enlightened," says the strange man before you, "and radiate that Light as he travels in the dark of our troubled world."



You are obligated to make some statement, but your throat is dry; your clenched hands hanging by your sides are moist and cold. The full import of this personality before you dawns upon you. Here is the celebrated

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character of whom Centauri and the others have related wondrous tales. Here is this Master and Adept, from whom all the others in the Café du Cachet have received their Light. He is like the Sacred Flame kindled by the rays of the sun in the Temples of Vesta in ancient Attica on the auspicious occasion of the Vernal Equinox; from which lesser flames in lesser Temples of the land were ignited. But who is he? What is his identity? From whence does he come?

Again he speaks: "To those who inquire, I say I was born in the Red Sea, and brought up in the shadow of the Pyramids, by a good old man who had taken care of me when I was abandoned by my parents, and from whom I learned all I know." You think this is a curious reply to your question--but wait, you have not yet asked that question. Sensing your perplexity, he says kindly: "Your soul has spoken, your Light has shown, no words at this time can augment these sincere inner expressions. Prepare to adjourn, for we shall meet again."

You are escorted to your place in the North of the Temple, and the entire assembly rises. As the August Master passes you on his departure from the Temple, you feel a coolness like a refreshing breeze. The magnificence of the outer hall to which you retire with the others now no longer impresses you. You respond to the brethren who greet you, but it is an objective response only, for in consciousness, you seem still within the chamber. In memory each event of the occasion, as you dwell upon it, like the sun coming from behind a cloud, bears the visage of the August Master. As you concentrate, his features become indistinct and finally dissolve, except the eyes. They remain like two luminous pools, two points of flame in an abyss of darkness. Flame and ice, you think them, for as you gaze into them in memory, they seem to sear, and then to chill your soul.

You have now reached the rue in company with Brother Zuber and are walking in search of a livery. Having remained silent realizing your need to digest your experiences, he now speaks: "We assemble in enneads, because larger numbers might unduly attract the attention of those who oppose us." You nod in the affirmative. You hesitate to speak, lest the sound of your voice shatter the illusion, or awaken you from your pleasing dream. Brother Zuber hails a carriage. The hour is late, and there is no sound but the horses' hoofs upon the cobblestones.

"The Colombe," you burst forth, thinking aloud.



"Yes, our Pupille is truly a living symbol of her sacred office. Most courageous," he adds, "to serve in times like these."



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"I know her," you continue.

"Ah," he adds significantly, "it is good that we know well our conscience; for to the man who does not, it bodes evil."

"No, no," you interrupt, "I mean not mystically. I know her in the profane world. She is the niece of Madame Bouché, of my pension. I met her but a matter of hours ago--which now seem like centuries. Never did I conceive the child of that world as Colombe," you add as an afterthought.

"What was the impossibility of such an assumption?" asks Brother Zuber quizzically.

"The world of my pension and this, that is, these experiences since some power decreed that I enter the Café du Cachet, are so far removed." Your pent-up emotions finally break forth. Thoughts and questions crowd one another for release. "That insigne on the breast of the August Master--the serpent pierced with two arrows--what is it? I saw the same in a volume in the bookstall of Monsieur LeBret. The work, as I recall, was entitled Mizraim, the Land of Aegypt. What does it mean?"

Brother Zuber smiles understandingly. "It is the authoritative seal of the August Master. Whether he inscribed it there when the tome once was his property, or whether it was put there by another, I do not know."

"Must I be kept in further ignorance? Who is the personage in whose magnetic personality I was bathed this night?"

"You observed it?" asks Brother Zuber, looking at you intently.

"Yes," you reply, "the sensations of his presence were as positive as a plunge into an icy stream."

Then, slowly and impressively, Brother Zuber says: "You had the honor to sit in a convocation presided over by one whom the populace calls 'the man of mystery,' but whom we know as our illustrious Brother Alessandro Cagliostro."

"Charlatan or mystic extraordinary!" you murmur in utter astonishment.

"I see the vile, mendacious rumors of the Brethren in Black have reached your ears," says Brother Zuber.



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You hasten to reply. "Centauri told me of the charges against the August Master by those who despise his powers, and also of his miracles, if they may be so called."

Then as the thought impresses itself, you ask in a challenging tone: "The wisdom, the rare knowledge said to be imparted by the August Master, and which the brethren of the Café du Cachet receive and transmit to others, where is it? I heard it not."

"Do you feel your time dissipated?" is the terse rejoinder of Brother Zuber.

You apologize for your abrupt manner: "I meant no offense. I am still quite bewildered by the phenomenon experienced. I only vaguely comprehend what occurred. Certain laws made those happenings manifest, I must believe, but until I know how they occur, and the knowledge made mine, I am hopelessly engulfed in ignorance."

Your change in demeanor softens Brother Zuber, and his voice resumes its kindly and gentle inflections: "Tonight's convocation was not intended to be one of tutelage. Those present were principally of the brothers of Paris. We messengers, however, meet with the August Master in private as disciples and Master. On such occasions words of wisdom reach our ears. The appointed time for me is tomorrow, the same hour as tonight."

"In the Temple?" you ask, displaying your great interest.

"In the same edifice," is the laconic reply.

"I envy you," you burst forth.

"It is best not to," he says solemnly, "for these visits are fraught with danger. An incident before you joined me augurs ill."

"What?" you ask.

"It concerns a rogue by the name of Sacchi."

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



## *Summary of This Monograph*



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- ¶ You are escorted to the East by the Brother Guardian to be recognized by the Master, whose voice and magnetic personality so awe you that you are unable to speak.
- ¶ Your attention is caught by the insigne over his left breast—a serpent pierced with two arrows, identical to the one you saw in the volume in Monsieur LeBret's bookshop. This, you are told later, is the authoritative seal of the August Master.
- ¶ You wonder about the birth and nationality of the Master, and he answers your unspoken question, kindly reassuring you regarding your acceptance and stating that you will meet again.
- ¶ The Convocation is ended and you leave with Brother Zuber, who reveals that the August Master is Brother Alessandro Cagliostro.
- ¶ Your questions elicit the information that other convocations are held for the purpose of tutelage, as disciples and Master, and that such a meeting will take place the following night. You learn, also, that these visits are fraught with danger.





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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



We have been concerned primarily with historical and political aspects of the late eighteenth century period in which our story occurs. It may be well to glance briefly toward the ever-expanding horizon of the sciences.



*In physics the latter half of the century opened with the demonstration of the identity of electricity with lightning by Franklin (1752). . . . In 1760 Black discovered latent heat and in 1765 Watt applied the principle to the construction of the first practical steam-engine. Galvani (in 1789) found electricity to be present in animals and noted its effects in contracting the muscles. Volta in 1792 discovered chemical electricity and invented his battery, or "voltaic pile," to produce it. Rumford by studying the effect of motion in producing heat . . . opened the way for the nineteenth century conception of the conservation of energy.*

*In the latter half of the century Hutton and Smith laid the first foundation in geology by studying the formation of the earth.*

*In astronomy the century ended with a theory of the development of the universe. Lagrange (1736-1813) and Laplace (1749-1827) worked out mathematically the oscillations in the solar system caused by the interaction of its parts and showed its stability. Herschel (1738-1822) discovered the planet Uranus in 1781; found pairs of stars revolving round each other, thus demonstrating that the law of gravitation holds not only in our solar system but in the universe; showed that our solar system seems to be moving in a mass toward the far-off constellation of Hercules, and pointed out that some star clusters seem to consist of dispersed "star-matter" or gases. On these foundations Laplace built his hypothesis.*

*Meantime, toward the close of the century, chemistry had supplied the conception of such gases. . . . Chemistry had begun to grasp the elements of matter, and was on the high road to becoming an exact science.*

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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

You cannot hide your surprise at the acrimonious way Brother Zuber mentions the man Sacchi. He continues detrimentally: "You have heard from Brother Centauri how our illustrious Brother Cagliostro attends the ill, and how his many cures have spread his fame throughout all Europe. So numerous have become those who solicit his curative powers that he has had to provide a hospital for those bedridden who need his ministrations.

"Here Sacchi came, a mendicant ragged and ill. His emaciated appearance made it evident that food had but infrequently passed his lips. He entreated Master Cagliostro to give him food and drink. The Master did this and more. He healed him and found employment for him. He was entrusted to deliver to patients the elixirs which the Master prepared from his knowledge of the secrets of the East. At last, as did another in ancient times, Sacchi betrayed his Master, and for coin surreptitiously offered to the populace the elixir of the Master's, of which he had no knowledge.

"In the name of the Master, he made claims for the elixir which it had not been compounded to fulfill. The unfortunate came from great distances, like ants after a sweet, trusting and hoping, bringing pitiful handfuls of sous to purchase. Sacchi represented himself as agent of Brother Cagliostro, and sold the elixir as a panacea for all ills. Thus it got the name of a nostrum. Such conduct added coals to the fire of hatred kindled by Brother Cagliostro's enemies; but what grieved the Master most was the destruction of the unfortunates' faith in him.

"Tomorrow, I was told, our illustrious Master will have to deal with Sacchi."

"Will he dismiss him?" You ask.

"He was dismissed and personally reproached by Brother Cagliostro some time ago. Now Sacchi demands 150 louis or threatens that he will invent malicious tales, swear them to be true, and carry them to the Crown. Tomorrow he comes for the first payment of his tribute."

"Of course, the Master will not give him a sou."

"On principle, no," replies Brother Zuber with a sigh, "but in any case, great evil will be afoot. Many know that Sacchi was a trusted attendant. His word will be taken and amplified by the Master's enemies. Brother Cagliostro will be made to appear a great charlatan, even fouler than his enemies now make him. He will be made a disreputable character,



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preying upon the weak and ill, instead of the great humanitarian we know him to be."

The carriage stops at your pension. You bid Brother Zuber farewell, descend, and are about to enter when he calls you back.

"My friend and Brother," he says, "my concern nearly caused me to forget that you are to accompany me to the sanctum of the Master tomorrow at twenty o'clock."

"I am grateful," you say, though your voice betrays that you do not experience the joy you would have had had you not known of the serious matter which confronts the Illustrious Master. It is with mingled feelings that you finally, much later, give way to a restless sleep.

You awake determined that the passing hours this day will not find you restive. You will not wander along the rues and be irritated by the lapse of time between the tolling of the bells. Time is but a segment of human consciousness, you muse, accelerated when activities crowd us, retarded when we concentrate upon a desired happening yet in the future. You inform Madame Bouché that you are remaining in your chamber. She looks toward the open window, where a gentle breeze stirs the draperies and sighs: "Such a day calls one forth to flee his duties as the leaves flutter along the boulevard."

You smile. "I cannot be tempted, Madame." With an air of determination, you stamp up to your chamber. Once there, the hypocrisy of your action is quite apparent. What will you do to occupy yourself? Read? Knowledge has an attraction for an open mind always, but today concentration would be impossible. You would be obliged to read and reread each line before its thought would become your property.

Madame was right, the day is enticing: its fragrance assails your sense of smell, stimulating your imagination. You think of the cool depths of a great forest, of the stinging spray of the sea, of people at watering places. You think of adventure and your heart bounds at the word. There is a tenseness in the region of your solar plexus. You go on an adventure again this coming night, but twenty o'clock is still hours away.

You turn your back to the window and stand looking at your simple chamber. Your portfolio lying upon your improvised writing desk holds your attention: "Yes, that shall be it," you say, determined to occupy yourself with your accounts. Putting them in order will not take long, but will at least make the interval till your departure easier to endure. You spread your papers, but find it difficult to



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make the simple additions of the columns of figures. Errors are numerous; repetition frequent. Ordinarily you would reproach yourself as a dullard, but the tower chimes tell you that you have succeeded in dissipating the time.

The day is warming, the afternoon sun causing you to remove your frock coat. Repeatedly you have stood fanning yourself with a packet of your accounts. Finally, you stretch out on your bed and more relaxed, concentrate with greater ease. You hear sounds like escaping steam. Before you are great caldrons from which vapor rises. You put out your hand to touch one near you, and you feel great pain. You jump backward and upward--a tremendous leap. Up you go; then suddenly your acceleration ceases with a violent jar. You throw out your hands to support yourself, and again a sharp pain. You look about you. It is dusk and you are seated on your bed. Your hand smarts. You examine it and find the knuckles quite red. As you massage them, you realize that you have fallen asleep, been dreaming, and have rapped your knuckles against the pillars of the bed.

Then the hissing sound again. You blink your eyes. No, you are not asleep. The hissing is a whispering directly outside the portal of your chamber. Someone is in conversation. You get to your feet quietly, adjust your clothing, and stepping softly, with one motion you unbolt the door and swing it open. You are surprised to see Madame Bouché and Brother Zuber standing there. Both face you, somewhat chagrined.

Madame Bouché hastens to assure you: "Monsieur wished to awaken you. He said it was urgent. I hesitated since you had wished not to be disturbed."

You laugh, the tension relieved. "No one could accuse you of eavesdropping, for your whispers could be heard afar."

Brother Zuber excitedly exclaims: "It is five minutes of twenty o'clock! We shall be late."

Like a wave of the sea, the old excitement engulfs you. The time has come. The Master's discourse! You pull on your frock coat, brushing aside Madame Bouché's entreaties to partake of a little food, and are off. You sight a carriage, and you and Brother Zuber sink into its comfort. The carriage rocks violently through a rue under repairs.

You finally burst out: "All day I waited for this moment. Each hour a century--and then I commit the unpardonable offense of falling asleep. I know not what to say."





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"Offer me no apologies," says Brother Zuber somewhat curtly; "what concerns me is how our Illustrious Master may judge us."

How regrettable, you think, if your delay should be interpreted as the result of only a casual interest. With dismay the thought flashes into your mind: "Suppose I am not permitted entrance now?"

"I think the Master would use whatever means he thought necessary," replies Brother Zuber solemnly.

Both of you urge the driver to hasten, but the wheels of the carriage seem inert in the anxious state of your mind. It is a welcome sight when the high walls and gate of Master Cagliostro's residence and the temple appear. Another carriage, with its curtains drawn, stands before the gate, obliging yours to pull directly opposite on the other side of the rue. As you alight, you remark: "Others are expected? I had presumed you and I were to be alone with the Master."

"So I had been informed," is Brother Zuber's laconic comment.

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



## *Summary of This Monograph*



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- ¶ You are sobered by Brother Zuber's news that Sacchi, whom Cagliostro healed and befriended, has sought to enrich himself by blackmailing him.
- ¶ This threat to Cagliostro's reputation dampens your enthusiasm somewhat when you learn that you are to accompany Brother Zuber the following day to receive personal instruction from the Master.
- ¶ The hours until the appointed time pass slowly, suspense and tension finally being relieved late in the day by a fitful sleep.
- ¶ Chagrined, you find you have overslept when Brother Zuber arrives to accompany you, and you reach the mansion's gates late for your appointment.



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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ Seeds of revolution mature slowly, and the student of history is privileged to watch this gradual ripening in his consideration of events preceding the apparently spontaneous outbreak. Again, we consider forces contributing to the French Revolution.



*The ideas that eventually led to the Revolution began to take force in France some fifty years before it. The great advances made by natural and social science helped to bring in the spirit of criticism in government and tolerance and a mild skepticism in religion. The ideas of the Bill of Rights and Locke on natural rights, the supremacy of the people and toleration, and the first revolt against the mercantile theory of trade under Petty and Locke, both had great influence among intelligent Frenchmen of the nobility and upper middle classes. Voltaire became the champion of toleration, the foe of the hard-bound church system that enveloped France. Montesquieu (1748) gave the impulse to criticism in government that would soon be applied to France. Rousseau took up the English idea of the social contract and argued for the entire supremacy of the people and the equality of all (1752). The Encyclopedists, such as D'Alembert and Diderot, exalted natural science and disparaged the church system, and in political economy helped develop the physiocratic theory of free trade and a tax only on land. All these ideas were at work among the professional classes and the nobility, few of the latter at least realizing whither they led.*

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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

As you cross the rue to enter the August Master's dwelling, you observe that the great gates stand ajar. As Brother Zuber reaches out to open them further so that you may pass into the court, they swing violently wide. A figure rushes out, colliding with you and nearly throwing you to the flagging. You both recover in time to watch him enter the carriage, which starts off almost before he is seated.

Your glimpse was fleeting, but he was short of stature, of heavy build, and his rotund swarthy visage was deeply furrowed. His cape was closely gathered about his throat. Your whole impression was of a man of perhaps two score years and a cruel character.

"What think you of this?" you whisper to Brother Zuber, as you await the acknowledgement of his triple knock upon the inner portal across the courtyard.

"I suspect evil," replies Brother Zuber.

"Enter and learn the truth." The familiar but muffled salutation from within prevents further comment.

The door opens quietly. You are again greeted by an amazing brilliance of illumination and the splendor of the floor and wall furnishings. You rub your eyes to accustom them to the excessive light and look at the individual standing silently before you. You do not recognize him as the one here formerly. He is tall, perhaps of middle age, with a mat of unruly, bluish-black hair. His ruddy face radiates health, though at the moment it is devoid of expression. His eyes in this light are exceptionally light blue, but strong and steady in their gaze. His attire is like one of the Orders of Monks, a hempen rope about his waist, one of the dangling ends having three equally spaced knots tied in it. You have no further time to scrutinize this interesting character, for he now says in a low firm voice: "You have come to confer with the August Master?" Brother Zuber and you nod in affirmation. "I shall guide you," he says, his features immobile, not revealing any trace of emotion.

You prepare to walk forward, but instead he passes between you and out through the portal which you have just entered. You both turn and follow him into the courtyard.



It is a delightful night, warm and tantalizingly refreshing in the open, the full Moon hanging close to the housetops. The center courtyard and facade of the residence are bathed in moonlight--a setting bewitchingly appealing. The high walls cast inky shadows, contrasting strikingly with the pools of moonlight.



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You walk the length of the courtyard looking upward. At the highest gable of the roof, a dormer projects far out from the front of the edifice. Its lower portion has a platform about which there seems to be a railing. You cannot determine whether a small door or window just high enough for a man to stand erect in it opens upon this platform. Your observations are interrupted by your guide, saying:

"Messieurs, kindly stoop as you enter."

The three of you are now at the opposite end of the court, before three stone steps which lead down to a small, narrow door, hardly the height of your guide. The stones are hollowed from much use. The portal even in the moonlight is not an attractive one. The door itself is battered, the abrasions upon its surface quite visible. Your impression is that it is the entrance for domestics or to storage quarters. Its neglected appearance is in obvious contrast to the pretentious one by which you originally gained admission and from which but a moment ago you had taken your departure.

Neither you nor Brother Zuber make any remarks as the guide fumbles beneath his robe. Finally, he brings forth a large key attached to a cord--a key so simple in design that you think almost anyone could fashion a duplicate. The key is inserted, making a harsh, grating sound, for some inexplicable reason alarming to you. It shatters the silence and your sense of security. You look furtively about like an intruder, but Brother Zuber displays no sign of agitation.

Far more disturbing than the key turning the bolt is the shrill, piercing squeak as the door finally opens. The interior is not inviting. You peer into the obscurity. The light of the Moon does not penetrate it, and the darkness is so heavy that nothing is visible.

Though you do not speak, apparently Brother Zuber is conscious of your feelings, for he turns and looks at you reassuringly. After all, you are not a coward, and you step forward so boldly that you even crowd Brother Zuber against your guide. Softly, in a voice to quiet your excitement, he says, "We shall take each other by the hand so that none may stumble on the way." Then, as if anticipating your unexpressed query, he says: "Here one must be extremely cautious. We do not wish to identify our nocturnal activity with these particular quarters. Lights here might cause tongues to wag."



This, then, is an entrance to a section of the great domicile, which was not supposed to be occupied at night. For some reason, it was thought best not to attract

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attention to it. A few steps and you come to a narrow, steep stairway. Cautiously, you extend your free hand and touch a smooth surface, apparently the wall. You support yourself against it as you climb the narrow steps. The whole experience is eerie. Though you climb slowly, your excitement causes labored breathing. It seems an eternity before a landing is reached where you can pause to recover your breath. Ahead, near the floor, is a horizontal, thread-like illumination--light penetrating beneath a door from a chamber beyond.

Approaching the door, your guide slowly and deliberately gives the triple knock upon it. It is a heavy barrier. No sign of life is apparent. All is quiet and dark, except the light emanating from the threshold. You start as the bolt is shot. The door is quietly opened part way so that it is impossible to see anything or anyone within. However, the light has now made your immediate surroundings visible. You are standing in a narrow corridor, not much larger than necessary to accommodate a broad man. The ceiling, however, is quite high. One wall toward the top slopes inward, narrowing the ceiling more than the floor. Possibly, you think, the exterior of that wall comprises a portion of the eaves or one of the gables of the edifice. The place is clean, but the walls are much stained, as if they have been exposed to ill-burning lamps. You are not permitted a further survey, for there again is the command from within the chamber: "Enter and learn the truth."

You thrill because you recognize the resonant voice of Master Alessandro Cagliostro. The three of you enter, the guide standing to one side as you pass. The August Master extends his hand and you exchange the grip. He then makes the sign of devotion and dedication to service, and you return it as well. No word is spoken. Your attention, however, is drawn to a sound behind you. You turn and find that the brother guardian has departed and closed the door. Brother Zuber and you are now closeted in secrecy with the Illustrious Master of your beloved Order--France's man of mystery. This celebrated mystic speaks, his voice soothing, yet vibrant with power. He is addressing his remarks to both of you, but his gaze seems for you alone.

"This night absolute unity must prevail among us. We are not divided in purpose; we are not divided in spirit, but neither shall we be divided in interest. Superficial matters must be quickly dispensed with, for moments like these are far from inexhaustible. Each may herald the end."



You look in wonderment at Brother Zuber, whose expression for the first time shows traces of alarm. Anticipating your thoughts, the Master continues: "We are in no immediate danger of cessation of our present conclave." His emphasis on "present" has an ominous sound.

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"Therefore, you may spend a brief interval in scrutinizing my alchemical laboratory so that your minds and attention may later be given solely to our more important concerns."

"Alchemical laboratory," the words resound again and again through your consciousness. Is this, then, the "Devil's Workshop," where the superstitious have rumored that the Master invokes supernatural forces and communes with Satan himself to gain the knowledge to accomplish his miracles? This, then, must be the undisclosed source of his great wealth, which the members of Court and the nobility have sought to discover. Moreover, this must be the place where truth stands naked before the consciousness of a great mortal while he captures her beauty in precept and law and reduces it to a tangible form that others may perceive it as well. The workshop, yes, but more than that--the arena, where by sheer strength of intellect and will a man of great ability and discernment wrests from nature the treasured secrets of her manifestations.

(To be continued)

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Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER





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- ¶ A fleeting glimpse of a cloaked figure, departing at the moment of your arrival, fills you with foreboding as you knock at the gates of the mansion.
- ¶ You and Brother Zuber are escorted to what appears to be domestics or storage quarters at one side of the courtyard.
- ¶ Your entrance is furtive; no light assists you to mount narrow steep stairs to the Master's alchemical laboratory.
- ¶ The August Master warns of possible dangers, but permits you to examine his laboratory.



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# MASTER MONOGRAPH

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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ Benjamin Franklin, sage, philosopher, scientist, and noted political figure, was America's first Ambassador to France. Beloved by the French, he was sometimes villified by his own countrymen. Yet he moved serenely through the troublous times in which our story takes place.



*How easy it ought to be to evoke the figure of Franklin in a setting of old Paris, that picturesque decoration of leprous, out-of-plumb houses, whose dark silhouettes cut the sky in bizarre fashion! A little imagination and a little trouble to search them out should bring the picture to us precisely as the "first" American saw it. The narrow streets, with cobblestone pavement, the cul-de-sac, the impasse, the gloomy, ancient hotels that have persisted for half five hundred years. . . .*

*Throughout his stay Franklin saw many changes and great increases of population. He might have predicted many more. Yet progress was here and there retarded. When he went to pay a call on Mirabeau who lived in a house shaped like a rotunda in the rue Caumartin, he used to watch the walls of the Madeleine going up snail-like. The church had been started before his first visit to Paris and when he looked on the city for the last time these walls had attained only fifteen metres in height. Franklin could not prophesy a Revolution, a Directory, a Consulate and an Empire before the church's completion. But he did easily foresee the future immensity of the city.*

—WILLIS STEELL

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

In the Illustrious Master's alchemical laboratory, you look about you eagerly, drinking in each object. The Master, now oblivious to you, has seated himself in a corner and labors over a parchment, quill in hand. The chamber is a section of the garret beneath the gables. The rough, blackened timbers overhead slope at angles which give the whole a Gothic appearance.

The stone walls, once covered with a white substance, are now quite soiled, and parts are bare. The heavy planks, hollowed with use, creak as you walk about. Near where you entered is a retort. You feel the radiation of heat through its glass sides, and between the crevices of the small iron container which holds the retort, you see a flame dancing within. Random-sized planks, fastened to wrought-iron brackets set into the stones of the wall, are both shelves and laboratory tables. Their surface is pitted with small holes, their edges stained blue, green, brown, and yellow. There are pestles, crocks, pelicans, all the traditional alchemical paraphernalia and accoutrement, the like of which you have never seen before outside the old tomes of alchemy. There are also row after row of little earthen jars, inscribed with hieroglyphic words foreign to your knowledge of science.

As you bend over some vessels, the odors of their contents slash at your olfactory sense as though they were sabers. Certainly, you think, some of these have the feter of Hades. Others compel you to sniff them again, with increasing pleasure. Along the floor, against another wall, beneath a massive bench, are strung out iron and copper coffers. In some are unrefined metals, like stones, gray and green, which to the uninitiated would seem worthless. Somehow you sense that they have a tremendous intrinsic value.

There is another chest. It appears as of pure ivory. You stop and run your fingers across it. It must be ivory, but you have never seen such a large expanse, such a great surface of this rare material. The chest is fully as large as the others. You look into it. The spectacle so startles you that you crack your head against the under side of the bench as you rise. Your curiosity is not to be abated. You are like a small child. It is full of gems! In your astonishment, you let the gems sift through your fingers like grains of sand. No lover of material wealth, these riches do not arouse any cupidity; rather you are amazed at such a collection left in such a careless way in a vessel, as a peasant might store corn, without the adequate protection ordinarily demanded.



Brother Zuber's curiosity is thoroughly aroused by your gasp, and he gazes wide-eyed at your discovery.

There is so much that you may never have the opportunity of seeing again, so you pull yourself away from the chest and continue your observation of the numerous other things in the laboratory.

You are now attracted to a large granite mortar on a corner of the same workbench. Some yellowish substance still clings to the bottom of it. Next to it is a cabinet. It is antique and constructed of some imported hardwood which you do not recognize. You notice that it is badly worn, but traces of the original surface remain. Its hinges are metal and of a delicate filigree design, but time has dulled them badly. You vigorously rub a corner of one hinge with the tip of your finger. To your amazement, you find that they are of a precious metal--gold. In themselves, these delicate hinges constitute a treasure in such times. The two small doors to the cabinet are ajar. You can see a portion of the contents within. There are several shelves, upon which in orderly fashion have been arranged a number of exact-sized glass containers, each having a different-colored porcelain stopper.

Each vial is marked with a peculiar symbol at its base. You do not recognize the inscriptions. They appear to be Chinese characters; yet they are not. Most of the vials contain opaque liquids of brilliant hues. The consistency of some appears to be thin. Some of the contents, if the vial is moved, flow freely, but others have the slow and sluggish movement of heavy liquid. You ask yourself: "Are these the renowned elixirs, the quintessences, which have relieved so many persons and caused those envious of the August Master to malign him as a 'dabbler in God's work'?"

In the center of the top shelf are three containers slightly larger than the others. Their contents are quite different. Two contain a liquid that resembles slightly discolored water. They have inscriptions which you cannot possibly decipher. Some solid substance seems to float midway between the bottom and top of the receptacle.

As you study the vials closely, you are convinced that this floating substance is organic--membranous. It appears like a portion of the viscera of some small animal, possibly a rodent or reptile. The fluid is evidently an excellent preservative, for the substance contains the coloration of living organisms in its configurations. No deterioration of any kind seems existent. The left of the three vials also contains an organism of some kind. It looks like a number of small tissue sacs attached one to the other by a tenuous cord, and the whole covered with a matrix of veins having a venous blue, as though blood were still in them.



The middle receptacle, alike in form to the others, is at first less intriguing. Its contents are detritus--a pebblelike substance like fragments of iron that have



become exposed to water and encrusted with rust. The back exterior of this vial is covered with a sheet of what seems to be lead. It is so attached that only a narrow front portion of the vessel is not shielded with it. This exposed section, you discern, is facing slightly to the left, and toward the vessel containing the organism, of which you have just completed your inspection.

Now that you concentrate upon this obviously intentional arrangement, you discover that the minerals in this center vial, if that is what they are, are arranged in a triangular pattern. Especially is this so in that section of the vial turned toward its unshielded companion at its left. This triangular arrangement consists of three stony fragments having an angle, or their apex, pointed toward the middle portion of the vial at the immediate left. You see that the texture of the stony substance comprising this apex is smoother and its coloring unlike that of the other two portions.

You probe the vial with the detritus contents so that you can study the material which shields it. You begin to turn it by prodding it with your index finger. The organism in the left vial is moving, its liquid now agitated. You must have touched it with your hand and thus disturbed the contents. As you continue your slight turning of the vial with the mineral contents, there is again a movement of the organism in the adjacent vessel.

You hold your hand perfectly rigid. You want to ascertain whether it is touching the vial containing the organism. You study the position of your hand carefully--absolutely no, your hand and your fingers, by no stretch of the imagination, could be declared to be touching or to have touched the other vial, nor had the vial you moved actually touched the other. Your mouth opens in astonishment. You feel your throat becoming dry and a tingling in your spinal region. You are weak with the thought, for there, there before your eyes, this organism now has a rhythmic pulsation like the diastolic and systolic action of the heart. Every three or four seconds it flutters, its regular rhythm interrupted; and the organ would seem, by its movement, to be in a kind of distress, as though it were experiencing some struggle to maintain the constancy of its rhythm. Not only is motion evident by this pulsation, but locomotion as well, for the organism has contracted. Its heterogeneous substance has gathered into a kind of knot and has slowly revolved in the liquid. As you look, it crowds toward that side of the vessel which is nearest the vial having the triangular formation of particles, and which you have been pushing with your finger.



Is this thing alive? What is the relationship between this substance, if it is alive, and the inanimate particles in the other vial against which your finger now

rests? Some essence, some radiation, is emanating from these minerals to the organic substance, imbuing it with a motion, which at least visually seems to have the properties of life. You have disturbed the animation by widening the space between the two vials. Moreover, you now notice that the organism has adjusted itself so that the apex of the triangle is pointed toward the center of its bulk. It is as though it has, with intelligence, sought this relationship.

You deduce that whatever the discharge from the mineral-like substance, the radiation attains its greatest efficacy at the apex of its triangular arrangement, and that is why it is aimed toward the organic matter. The questions foremost now in your mind are: Did this organism possess life when it was first placed in the liquid, and has its vitality been kept constant by these minerals, or was a kind of animation conferred upon the organism, causing it to have a resemblance to living tissue? Then again, what is the significance of the triangular formation of the minerals? Does that really add to their efficacy? Are you gazing upon the satisfactory culmination of a centuries-old quest--the philosopher's stone, the key to life?

Whatever the substance is, it seems alive--it fairly bounces toward you like a small black cloud. You rub your eyes; but the black cloud continues to advance, not only to advance, but to expand. It now is beginning to whirl rapidly. The whole room, the chests, workbenches, everything are spinning into a virtual vortex --and then oblivion.

(To be continued.)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



## *Summary of This Monograph*



Below is a summary of the important principles of this monograph. It contains the essential statements which you should not forget. After you have carefully read the complete monograph, try to recall as many as you can of the important points you read. Then read this summary and see if you have forgotten any. Also refer to this summary during the ensuing week to refresh your memory.

- ¶ **You and Brother Zuber are permitted to inspect the August Master's laboratory, and you move about freely examining curious and wonderful things.**
- ¶ **Unguarded enthusiasm and curiosity prompt you to indiscretion, for you probe the contents of a vial about which you know nothing.**
- ¶ **The consequences of your action are drastic; violent reaction is experienced and then you lose consciousness.**





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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ The impending evils, spoken of by the August Master in this monograph, threaten not only himself and the Order he represents, but a whole society. Others, too, as the following quotation indicates, had deep misgivings.



*The memorials of 1789 will remain as it were the will and testament of the old French social system. The last expression of its desires, the authentic manifesto of its latest wishes. In its totality and on many points it likewise contained in the germ the principles of new France. I read attentively the memorials drawn up to the three orders before meeting in 1789. I say the three orders, those of the noblesse and clergy as well as those of the third estate, and when I come to put together all these several wishes, I perceive with a sort of terror that what is demanded is the simultaneous and systematic abolition of all the laws and all the usages having currency in the country, and I see at a glance that there is about to be enacted one of the most vast and most dangerous revolutions ever seen in the world. Those who will tomorrow be its victims have no idea of it, they believe that the total and sudden transformation of so complicated and so old a social system can take effect without any shock by the help of reason and its power alone.*

—M. DE TOCQUEVILLE



To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

A pleasing sensation sweeps over you in periodic waves, each wave increasing the intensity of the indistinct sounds. Your blurred vision gradually makes out a form—a nose, a mouth. Consciousness returns and you recognize the features of a human face—that of Brother Zuber. You are seated upon a stool and he is refreshing your face with cool water. The Master stands before you, and in an indulgent voice says:

"Partake of this potion."

He holds out a small tubelike receptacle. You drink, making a wry face as you swallow the liquid. It is quite bitter, but almost instantly there is a titillation in your extremities, and a flow of strength creeps throughout your whole being. Brother Zuber restrains you as you attempt to arise, and admonishes:

"It is best you remain relaxed for a brief period."

Feebly you ask: "What has occurred?"

"You experienced an accident," replies the August Master.

"Accident?" you exclaim, with evident alarm in your tone.

"But that the Cosmic decreed otherwise, it might have been fraught with dire consequences," the Master answers. "Observation is an integral part of complete experimentation, but one should observe thoroughly before experimenting. You were permitted to observe the furnishings and equipment of this establishment, but your natural bent for inquiry took you into the realm of experimentation before you were properly prepared, and consequently you experienced your mishap. The efficacy of the contents of the vial," he said, motioning toward the ivory chest, "may destroy, in the sense which we humans use that term, as well as create. Disintegration is one of the natural laws, as well as integration. It is well that you lost consciousness when you did, and the contact of your hand with the vial was broken, or this occasion might have been an initiation for which no proper preparations had been made."

You feel contrite. With remorse in your voice, you say: "August Master, I beg your forgiveness for my ignorance and my lack of self-discipline. I am deeply grateful for your ministrations, and I refrain from asking the nature of that which struck me down."



"No apology is required," he says kindly. "Your penalty for an unwise moment has been quite sufficient. I am pleased that you refrain from questions as to the cause of your

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accident, for at this time I would be disposed to decline an explanation. But come, are you able now to join us in the true purpose of our conclave?"

"Quite," you say, and arise amazed and pleased at your own quick recovery.

"Then be at ease," the Master says, motioning each of you to tripodlike stools covered with excellently tanned leather. "We begin late."

"Again I am at fault," you say, "for the tardiness of our appearance was my commission."

"Had you been punctual, you would have been obliged to await my pleasure this ill day." His visage displays a sternness you have never before seen.

"Ill day?" you and Brother Zuber ask.

"Just before you arrived, an enemy of our cause departed to put into effect a nefarious plan," explains the Master.

"It was Sacchi!" bursts out Brother Zuber.

"We shall not forget our meeting with him," you explain.

"You met him?" queries the Master.

Half apologetically, Brother Zuber explains that he had told you of the circumstances and intentions of Sacchi. Then you add: "As we were about to enter the outer portal, in front of which a carriage waited, an individual plunged out, nearly throwing us to the flagging, and without a word of apology was off at once. From the glimpse I had, he had the appearance of evil. It was, of course, conjecture that this individual was Sacchi."

"It was," responds Master Cagliostro. "You know, of course, that he has attempted extortion, asking of me 150 louis, or he would defame me later at court. The money is a pittance, but I cannot bow to the bestial elements of man's lower nature, no matter what it may cost my reputation. If I were to do otherwise, I would brand myself a charlatan, belying the very principles which I have been directed to promulgate. Tonight Sacchi came for his final answer. I refused him. He then read me a portion of what he will swear before His Majesty to be true, as a former employee and an associate of mine. Never have I listened to such a cunningly woven fabric of lies. The statements were made with satanic shrewdness. They were prepared with the intention of instilling fear and hatred of



me in the mind of the Crown, and of giving our enemies the final authority they need for my—for our extermination.

Brother Zuber and you lean forward anxiously. You clench your knees so firmly that your knuckles show white from strain. The August Master continues: "In this perfidious epistle, the villainous fellow claims that I am the son of a monarch of a neighboring and rival state, though not disclosing the identity of the power. He says that I was reared in such surroundings and given such training as would prepare me to undermine the Crown of France, and open the way for revolution and the seizure of the Throne by this monarch who is said to be my father; that all I do in France is for the purpose of confounding the people, winning their respect, and making Louis XVI appear as an avaricious, abusive, and ignorant ruler by comparison.

"Already, so Sacchi puts forth in this vile paper, it is whispered in many circles that if the man of mystery were upon the Throne, the people would know the joys that their land rightly affords them. In the wording of his monstrous plot, this neighboring state could not hope to conquer the Throne by military might, but it can succeed by intrigue and the spreading of false concepts, and that I am the instrument behind all this. Further, Sacchi contends that the wealth I display, and which in all humility I say I have often given for good deeds, was acquired by the exploitation of the people of the state I am supposed to represent, and that it is used for pretensions by myself to succeed in the plan which the monarch, said to be my father, conceived.

"Knowing the mind of Louis XVI as I do," continues the Illustrious Master, his voice indicating his reflection and deep concern, "he is wont to believe this vicious tale, being all too conscious of his many limitations and aware of the hatred which surrounds him internally and beyond his borders.

"Further, Sacchi seems to have some alternative offer about which he was not clear, for he said to me in his obsequious manner when departing, 'My good friend, if you would tell me of your royal lineage, perhaps the monetary requirements for which I now make demand might be made less severe!'"

"What did you answer the rogue?" asks Brother Zuber vehemently.

"I said," the Master answers, "'What difference does it make whether I am the son of a monarch or a beggar, or by what means I procure the money I want, since I regard religion and the laws, and pay everyone his due?'"



For a moment there is silence. Neither Brother Zuber nor you is inclined to break it. You observe a strange look in



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the August Master's eyes. They lack the usual piercing, commanding quality, as though they were focused on a distant object, perhaps concentrating upon the future, you think. In the quiet, a great deal of time seems to elapse. You want to say or do something to end the mounting suspense. You hear the distinct clatter of a horse's hoofs on the cobbles of the rue below. You welcome the sound. It gives an external realism to the scene. It links you to the outside world. You know by it that all which surrounds you is not a dream, not just a figment of fancy. Whether the Master likewise hears, you do not know, but he does change from a sphinxlike immobility to his dynamic self again.

Brother Zuber rests his chin in the crook of his hand, his elbow upon his knee. His feet are widely spread to support his doubled-over body, as he gazes in abstraction at the worn planking. Apparently he, too, had become momentarily unaware of his surroundings, for he is startled as the August Master again speaks.

"Enough of this. Have we so little of import to discuss that we must babble about such an unfortunate personality as Sacchi?"

"Unfortunate!" Brother Zuber retorts indignantly. "Certainly no compassion should be shown the scoundrel!"

"All men are our Brothers," replies the August Master reproachfully. "We admonish them if they err, and we can and should valiantly defend ourselves against them and their machinations if they be our enemies. It avails us nothing to vilify them because it robs them not of their virus and adds nothing to our own self-esteem. Again, I say, let us direct our thoughts along channels of inspiration."

You and Brother Zuber nod in the affirmative. Your leg has become cramped and you flex it several times and adjust yourself for a period of intellectual refreshment. In fact, you virtually drink in the occasion. You allow each word, each visual impression to linger in your consciousness, so that you can gain from it the utmost gratification. You partake of the experience like a connoisseur letting a rare wine he is tasting for the first time trickle past his palate.

(To be continued.)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER

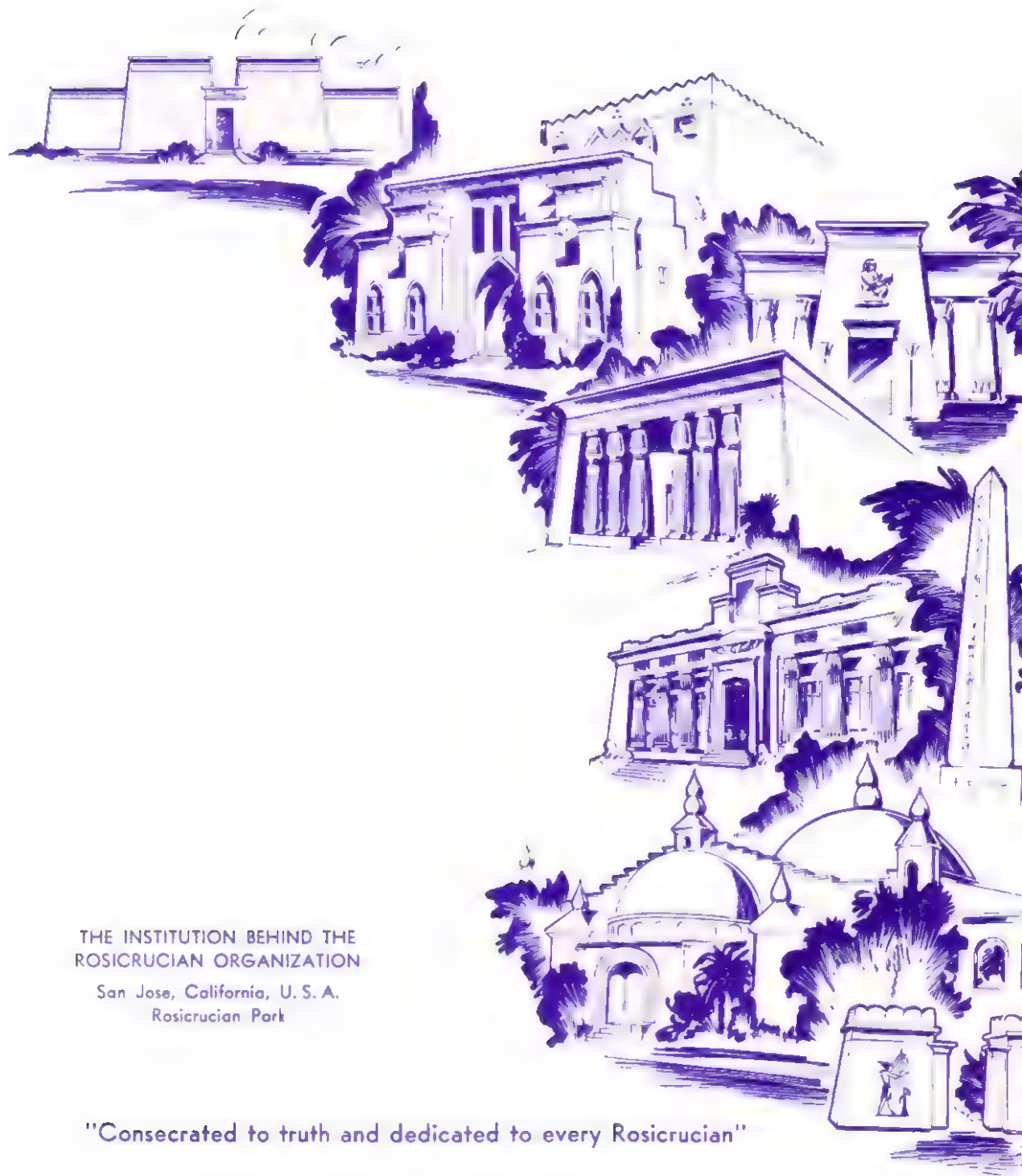


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- ¶ After your unfortunate experience resulting from undisciplined curiosity, you are told by the August Master that observation is an integral part of complete experimentation, but one should observe thoroughly before experimenting.
- ¶ You and Brother Zuber are told of evil influences surrounding the August Master and plans by his enemies for his extermination.
- ¶ "All men are our brothers," says the August Master. One must defend himself against his enemies but never vilify them.



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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ Momentous events in history are apparently preceded by identical psychological factors regardless of country and different racial characteristics. Pre-revolutionary days in France remind us of times preceding periods of crisis in our own twentieth century. Our quotation this week is from H. G. Wells' *The Outline of History*.



*Up to 1788 the republican and anarchist talk and writing of French thinkers must have seemed as ineffective and politically unimportant as the aesthetic socialism of William Morris at the end of the nineteenth century. There was the social and political system going on with an effect of invincible persistence, the king hunting and mending his clocks, the court and the world of fashion pursuing their pleasures, the financiers conceiving continually more enterprising extensions of credit, business blundering clumsily along its ancient routes, much incommoded by taxes and imposts, the peasants worrying, toiling, and suffering, full of a hopeless hatred of the nobleman's chateau. Men talked—and felt they were merely talking. Anything might be said, because nothing would ever happen.*

—H. G. WELLS, 1866-1946

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

Sacchi and his evil intentions are forgotten as you, Brother Zuber and the August Master engage in the following exchange of ideas:

August Master: There are two conditions which are a part of life. They are with us when we are conscious and when we are not. We put much dependence on them; yet they are not real. What are they?

Brother Zuber: Are you propounding a riddle, August Master?

You: May I first ask, "What is real?"

August Master: A most proper approach, my Brother. The nature of reality has engaged profound minds for centuries. To serve our purpose at this time, we shall say that that which is real is what we perceive to have as much existence as ourselves. Further, it is that which we perceive through one of our peripheral senses.

You: Perhaps, August Master, you refer to time and space.

August Master: I do, Brother.

Brother Zuber: But do we not perceive them by the very means by which you have said constitutes reality, and therefore would they not be real?

August Master: Time and space are illusions of the mind, Brother Zuber, and it is an error in our thinking that we perceive them as we do those other conditions and particulars of our world which we are accustomed to accept as real. Time is not dependent upon any one of our peripheral senses for its seeming existence to us. Time is an extension of the human consciousness, rather the duration of its persistence. Consciousness has no existence apart from that of which it is conscious. Consciousness, therefore, has two general qualities. First, consciousness is the nature of that of which I am aware. At this moment it consists of the thoughts I am expressing. Yours is, I hope, of the ideas which I put forth. If it is agreed that our consciousness is not more than this at this moment, then if I stop thinking and talking and perceive nothing else, and you stop listening and perceive nothing further, what would occur?

You: Most certainly, Master, with neither internal nor external impressions, we should not be conscious.

Brother Zuber: I cannot altogether concur, my Brothers. When I look upon yonder glass vessel can I say





that because I realize it, my consciousness is the glass vessel? If I hear the tramp of Louis' legions in the rue, shall I declare that my consciousness is the feet of his soldiers? Has a mirror no substance of its own? Is it always just an image of that which it reflects?

August Master: Brother Zuber, you compel me to present my thought with greater perspicuity. You are familiar with the skill of magicians and their entertainments consisting of optical illusions. They frequently so arrange their mirrors in a setting of black cloth that as one peers at the arrangement he seems either to look into a dark void, or to actually see some images there. The images are reflections upon the skillfully concealed mirror. If one did not know of the existence of the mirror, he would think some images were immured within the recesses of the black curtains. So it is with the consciousness. We agree that as a function it exists, but it is not known to us in its absolute state, so consequently the nature of our state of consciousness is that which it images.

As I have said, consciousness has also another quality, its persistence. As I gaze upon you, I am aware of you; you then are the elements of my consciousness. I can vary consciousness; that is, as different impulses come to me through my senses, they are my different realizations. They are respectively my different states of consciousness. So rapidly may I vary my consciousness that it seems as though I am at times aware of several things simultaneously. Again, at other times, our consciousness may appear to be arrested, occupied with but a single experience.

You: I understand. The second quality of consciousness then is the extent of its periods between changes.

August Master: A correct summation, my Brother. It is the period of consciousness or the persistence of an experience that man has come to designate as time.

Brother Zuber: As you have said, August Master, this duration of consciousness, or the passing of time, can exist to us with our eyes blinded, with our ears stopped, even if all of our peripheral sense faculties were suspended.

You: We may count to ourselves and measure as time the duration of an experience which we but recollect from memory. It is true, then, time is independent of our sense faculties, and yet it has no reality of its own, so we must conclude that it is but an illusion.



August Master: Space, the bosom companion of time, and most generally accepted as the condition of nothingness, is also a false concept had by man.

Brother Zuber: I do not think that we can apply our previous reasoning to space in its entirety.

You: Think you, Brother Zuber, that space has some quality of reality?

Brother Zuber: I am not certain yet as to what my views are, but I do not think the previous corollaries may be fitted to the problem of space. Space appears very real, even when we cogitate upon its content. We say that space exists between you, August Master, and me. How do I perceive that space? Is it not by the same means as I perceive you? Consequently, it follows that this condition of space, as something in which matter has no visible existence, is as real to me as that which is definable as substance. If, as we agreed in the beginning, reality is that which has an existence as real as ourselves and is perceived through our senses, then most certainly space is not an illusion.

August Master: Let us first agree on minor principles before we advance to major ones. I hold that space, as such, is an illusion, but not that that which is said to be space has no reality. If a man were to tell you that Louis XVI were Satan, you would not deny the reality of the often malevolent conduct of the Crown, but you would declare it an illusion that he was Satan.

You: My understanding is that we affirm that space, as a void, as a condition of nothingness, is the illusion, and as such it has no reality. On the other hand, that to which the term space is assigned is very much real, in the sense which we have defined reality previously to serve our purpose.

August Master: Excellent, my Brother.

Brother Zuber: In this explanation, Brothers, I also concur.

August Master: And why can there not be space? I answer my query by affirming that there can be no holes in the universe. If there were voids in the universe, conditions of absolute nothingness, what would this imply? First, that things were created and put into something, a something which is called nothing or space. If things were put into nothing, then the space must have had existence before that which is. Second, if there are things in space, as a state of nothingness, then there is no unity in the universe. If here is an object, and there is another, and an absolute void or space exists between them, they can have no true relationship, nor can they influence each other. Certainly we must agree if anything can pass between objects, even as an effect or influence, then they are not separated by space in the sense of a void. We connote from



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our daily observations, however, that bodies in so-called space do affect each other by magnetism and other terrestrial and celestial forces.

Brother Zuber: In fact, is there one who has ever been able to demonstrate a perfect vacuum existing between objects?

You: It is tenable then that all that is was, and there is nothing else but that which is. Something, no matter what appellation we give it, if it is so positive in nature that we must take it into cognizance, is as real as anything else. If what we call space persists alike with that which we call matter, then the former has as much existence as the latter.

August Master: If the universe were created out of nothing, in fact, it would be created out of something--namely, that which is called nothing. In fact, therefore, the universe has never had a beginning, for nothing is the absence of something. You cannot have the absence of reality before there is anything. I shall, therefore, posit the statement that that which is commonly termed space as a void is the result of our inability to perceive what exists within it.

(To be continued.)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Faternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER





## Summary of This Monograph



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- ¶ The nature of reality is discussed. Time and space are illusions of the mind, the August Master says. Time is an extension of the human consciousness, rather the duration of its persistence.
- ¶ Consciousness has no existence apart from that of which it is conscious; as a function it exists but we do not know it in its absolute state.
- ¶ Consciousness has two general qualities: the nature of that which is being imaged, and its persistence—the extent of its periods between changes.
- ¶ Space as a void or condition of nothingness is the illusion, but that which we term *space* is very real.
- ¶ That which is commonly termed *space* as a void is the result of our inability to perceive what exists within it.



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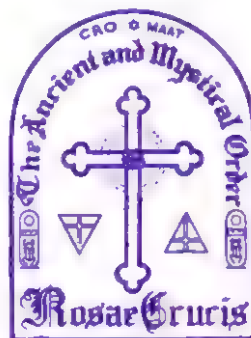
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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ Thomas Carlyle, in his history, *The French Revolution*, had much to say of the decadence and decline in spiritual values prevailing in France during the years just prior to the Revolution. We quote briefly from Volume I of that monumental work.



*It is Spiritual Bankruptcy, long tolerated, verging now towards Economical Bankruptcy, and become intolerable. For from the lowest dumb rank, the inevitable misery, as was predicted, has spread upwards. In every man is some obscure feeling that his position, oppressive or else oppressed, is a false one: all men, in one or the other acrid dialect, as assaulters or as defenders, must give vent to the unrest that is in them. Of such stuff national well-being, and the glory of rulers, is not made.*

—THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795-1881

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

"If I may venture an analogy," says Brother Zuber, continuing the discussion of Time and Space and their relation to reality, "it is like one looking at a distant horizon and believing that it constitutes the limits of the land because he can see no further. When we extend ourselves, move ourselves to that point that was the former horizon, however, much more is revealed to our sight. Likewise, if we extend consciousness with instruments, such as telescopes, microscopes, and other such devices, we discern that what we once designated as space is quite filled."

August Master: I venture to proclaim that substance, extended matter--namely, the finite particles of our world--are also but illusions.

You: I presume, August Master, that you mean by finite particles, the everyday things with which we are familiar, such as trees, stones, and clocks?

August Master: Quite so. The multitude of things that make up our world of extended matter as we perceive them have no true actuality.

Brother Zuber: All matter, then, is an illusion, as we have agreed that space as a vacuum is? Frankly, this leaves me in a quandary. It appears paradoxical, in the light of our foregoing agreement. We found that space, as such, does not exist, that in fact where space is ordinarily designated to be there is some kind of reality. Now we arrive at a point where we declare that we have no true reality. If there is no reality, then there is nothing. Yet, previously we held that nothing, if it persists, was in fact a reality equal to that which we call something. Brethren, the question now revolves to whether we have something in our universe, whether we are, or whether we are not.

You: At first I believe I followed you, August Master, but now, as Brother Zuber has put it, the problem becomes confusing.

August Master: Brethren, you are guilty of taking too lightly the terminology of our discussion. I did not declare that matter has no reality. Rather, I said that the multitude of things that compose the extended matter which we see and hear have no true actuality as we perceive them. I would not make the absurd affirmation that not only are the conceptions we have of things false, but also their causes as well. Such a statement would not be good reasoning.



Our fellow countryman and Brother of the Rosy Cross, Descartes, in his doctrine of causality, said that for

every effect there must be a cause of equal reality. If this were not so, then we would have effects arising out of nothing. He meant by this, I believe, that for any single idea we have, the cause of which does not exist solely within our minds, there must be a commensurate cause for it outside of ourselves.

Brother Zuber: Then, August Master, it is your proposition that our concepts of matter, insofar as their forms are concerned, are illusionary; that is, no such forms have actuality. Nevertheless, there is some reality apart from our minds that causes us to have consciousness of it. If this is your meaning, then I apologize for thinking that you had led us into a paradox.

August Master: Your comprehension is correct. It can be easily proved that the forms of matter and their qualities are dependent upon our sense organs and our interpretations of impulses brought to our consciousness.

You: By sense qualities, August Master, I presume you mean hot and cold, wet and dry, soft and hard, sweet, bitter and sour, fragrances and fetor, as well as extension?

August Master: Your assumption is right. There is something beyond these immediate experiences that prompts them. The idea that there is something beyond the effects we experience does not arise in our consciousness. It is the result of an external influence on our minds.

Brother Zuber: Then, the cause of what we choose to call matter, is an actuality apart from our mind and is as real, at least, as we think we are ourselves? How difficult it is to comprehend matter. It is a reality, a very definite one, but not as we experience it. All we can say is that something is there in the universe around us. We know that, but the reflection we have of it is distorted.

You: It would appear that our minds or our peripheral senses, or perhaps both, are like those imperfect mirrors often exhibited for amusement, which so distort an image as to make it appear ludicrous, if not entirely unlike the actual object.

August Master: An excellent analogy, Brother. Matter's absolute nature is not directly realized by us, but it does affect our consciousness through the medium of our physical senses. It is this reliance on forms, on things, as actually composing a distinct pattern or substance in the universe as matter, that has caused man so much confusion. He acquires by it a false sense of his perfection. He accepts things as his senses make them appear, and accordingly adjusts his living and





thinking to them. Their inevitable change and variations in his sense organs and his interpretations may be so gradual that he notices them not. Suddenly, when the unanticipated occurs as a consequent result, he believes some external theurgical power has intervened, and is altering his fate. Superstition and fear are thus fastened upon him, and he shifts from one series of material realities to another to avoid them.

Many of the disagreements between men can be accounted for by this complete reliance on matter. Both persons in a controversy concerning the nature of a material thing may be wrong, for no man has ever known by experience the true nature of matter.

We have, therefore, arbitrarily divided our universe, our state of consciousness, if you wish, into two realities. At least we consider them realities. One is matter, or the natural world; the other is the intangible things of mind, thought, and soul.

Brother Zuber: May it not be said to be divided into three realities--namely, matter, mind, and God?

August Master: You may, if you prefer, Brother Zuber, say so but that is only subdividing the intangible realities of the second group to make another. In general, I think we agree that there are but two such divisions. However, just because two modes of the universe, as thoughts and things, are entirely different in their expression, we should not assume that they are also different in their essence.

Brother Zuber: And why should we not assume it, especially if there is nothing to suggest any unity between them or that they have any dependence upon a separate cause?

August Master: A tactile and an auditory impulse may appear extremely different--sensations of touch and of sound may seem quite divergent. If you were to strike a metal rod with a hammer, our ears would hear the vibrations from the blow, for they disturb the air about us. If we put our fingers to the rod immediately after the blow was struck, we would feel through our sense of touch the same vibrations as caused the sound. Do you not agree, Brother, that at the source they would be fundamentally the same, even though their quality or expression to our consciousness would be different?

Brother Zuber: I must concur.



August Master: However, if neither of you made such a test or knew to do so, you might rest content in your assumption that there was no relationship between the sensations of touch and of hearing.

Brother Zuber: That is patent, August Master.

August Master: Now, man is continuously evaluating one of these two modes, that is, either thoughts or things, as the supreme, and the other as the inferior. One, he likewise terms finite. He does so because he imagines that he is able to perceive the limits of matter's expression; consequently things or the particulars of which matter is said to consist, he declares, are finite.

Conversely, thoughts, mind and its functions (and in this sense we relate mind to those qualities said to be of soul as well) he calls infinite. This he does because the manifestations of mind are not entirely within man's grasp. There are no limits to which thought may soar, or to which profound inquiry may go. These qualities appear as limitless as the Cosmos itself; thus, man conceives them as of the infinite.

(To be continued.)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



## Summary of This Monograph



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- ¶ **Consciousness extended reveals that that which was previously designated as space is filled. Also, substance or extended matter is equally an illusion—or rather, our concepts of matter are illusory.**
- ¶ **The cause of what we choose to call *matter* is an actuality apart from our mind.**
- ¶ **Because *thoughts* and *things* are different in their expression, we should not assume they are different in their essence; the source is one and the same.**
- ¶ **Man terms matter *finite* because he feels he can perceive the limits of matter's expression; thoughts, mind, and soul qualities appear limitless and are conceived of as *infinite*.**





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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



It is emphasized in this week's monograph that action is relative, and some particulars of our world seem not to change because of the acceleration of their action. This would apply to events in history, as well. Few in France recognized the symptoms of impending revolution; yet the seeds of that chaos grew naturally.



*The oak grows silently, in the forest, a thousand years; only in the thousandth year, when the woodman arrives with his axe, is there heard an echoing through the solitudes; and the oak announces itself when, with far-sounding crash, it falls. How silent too was the planting of the acorn; scattered from the lap of some wandering wind! Nay, when our oak flowered, or put on its leaves (its glad Events), what shout of proclamation could there be? Hardly from the most observant a word of recognition. These things befell not, they were slowly done, not in an hour, but through the flight of day: what was to be said of it? This hour seemed altogether as the last was, as the next would be.*

THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795-1881



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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

The August Master's remarks about man's classification of things as finite and infinite lead you to ask: If we say that man imagines matter to be finite only because there are physical limitations to his powers of perception, is it not logical to presume that he also errs when he conceives mind and soul to be infinite: Is it not possible that they, too, may have limits which his weak powers cannot discern? Would it not be a travesty upon man's thinking for centuries, if matter were found to be infinite and mind finite?

Brother Zuber: Perhaps it would be an even greater oddity if we discovered that there is but infinity, and that the finite, like space, has been the illusion man has zealously perpetuated throughout the ages.

August Master: Enough, Brothers, on what may be revealed. Let us find what exists. Man exerts his mind and strains his imagination about the cause behind so-called realities. Since he cannot see or hear, or in a physical way experience them, they have an unreal quality to him; yet he cannot wholly deny them a kind of existence. Therefore, he calls these infinite qualities of the universe and of himself God. This God, to him, is a mind, a teleological force. I am speaking of most men. There are exceptions, of course. Man may personalize his God. He may conceive Him as embodied in form--to be anthropomorphic; yet, to him, God is or has an infinite mind.

You: What does the average man conceive this Divine Mind to be? What is its constituency?

August Master: To most men, my Brother, the mind of God is a series of edicts, of commands, or fiats, if you will, which have always been and are immutable laws existing and functioning everywhere.

Brother Zuber: Then if a God exists, man knows Him not direct, but rather by the function of His mind.

You: Then, man's nearest approach to God would be through an understanding and a direction of those laws said to be the content of His mind.

August Master: Brothers, our inquiry must be logically linked. We must not advance beyond ourselves, or we may find ourselves in a position where we can neither progress nor retire without confusion. Let us, therefore, return to our problem of a series of immutable laws as existing in the universe.



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Since laws are intangible and immaterial, man finds it difficult to fit them into a consistently comprehensible plan of the universe. The laws of the natural world, with which man is familiar as causes, have results which he can weigh and measure, and thus direct. Obviously, insofar as what he conceives to be the inner workings of his mind and of his soul, this is not so.

Brother Zuber: Then, August Master, to most the universe must remain wholly disunified. A number of parts such as matter, mind, soul, and God are left disconnected though in themselves they may appear understandable. These all persist, some by understandable laws, others by imagined and undemonstrable ones. Therefore, by our definition of reality, there are certain realities in the universe and also certain presumed ones. This separation seems to cause them to oppose each other, adding to man's unhappy state in life.

August Master: An accurate interpretation of the prevailing conditions, Brother Zuber. But now let us presume that we do not have these different conditions, these opposing factors of matter, mind, and soul. Rather let us conceive that there is just one substance, one reality in the universe.

You: This assumption would then, of course, include ourselves, would it not, August Master? Heretofore, we have held that reality was that perceived through our physical senses, and having equal existence to ourselves. If now we affirm that there is but a sole reality, then we no longer exist as entities, separate from the moon and stars, and Mind or God. By such reasoning, individualism is gone, submerged in an abstract substance.

August Master: Wait, my good Brother, I have not yet submerged that separateness which things seem to have in human experience. I have only given them a common origin and basis--in other words, a sole reality. If you recall in our original simile of the iron rod struck by a hammer, the vibrations caused by the blow on the rod produced different sensations, as sound and as touch, to the consciousness. These sensations had their common origin in those vibrations caused by the rod which had been struck a blow.

I did not ask you to deny the distinction of the sensations of touch from the sensations of sound when I asked you to admit that they had a common origin. Therefore, we do not deny the different aspects of experience, namely, what we conceive as our bodies, their functions, and material things, or the impressions of our mind. We admit such experiences, and that they seem to have a separate reality. Yet, I think you will agree that they may at bottom all be of one and the same substance.



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You: Brother Cagliostro, we say the flowers, the sand, and stars, for illustration, are matter, even though quite different in form and in what is said scientifically to be their material substance. Thus, to an extent, in our daily lives or thinking we already generalize the particulars of the world. If I am correct in my comprehension of your remarks, your purpose is that we drop all of the distinctions which our senses and inner consciousness have established for the world within and without us, and unify them into one single, all-inclusive substance.

August Master: That is an able statement of what we shall consider.

Brother Zuber: And what shall we call this primary and sole substance from whence all else comes, and of which everything is?

August Master: We shall name it Cosmic Law.

Brother Zuber: But is that not merely taking the name given one group of conditions--Divine Mind or God--which men say manifests as law, and applying it to all else?

You: Might we not as well include the conditions of matter, God, mind, and so on, under the appellation of matter, if the name of one or a group is to be taken to apply to all? I cannot see how the nature of a single substance is made clearer to our understanding by resorting to such procedure, August Master.

August Master: Brothers, there is a justifiable reason for saying that all that is perceived by man, as well as that which is not, should be united under the one banner of Cosmic Law. Suppose a man were to come upon reptiles for the first time. He has merely heard of or had an ambiguous conception of the nature of life, and therefore decides to name such reptiles living things, as distinguished for example from stones. Further, in his travels, he comes upon birds in flight. These are also the first he has ever seen. According to such observations as he makes, these birds appear quite different in form, that is shape, coloring, and in certain functions from the reptiles.

Consequently, not being well versed in the nature of life, he reasons that birds should not be included in the category of living which he has assigned to reptiles. If, later, a student inquiring into these species of reptiles and birds and having an understanding of the elements of life, decides to include birds under the same appellation as reptiles, and declares that both are living things, would you accuse him of applying the term of one kind to another and resorting to circumlocution?





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I still concur with what we agreed on previously: Certain phenomena are grouped under the appellation, Divine or God, and that most men say that it manifests as the result of immutable law, and that this is not a sufficient explanation. I know that even if we can point out the operation of such laws, we are still obliged to explain what is law, not merely pronounce it as the mind of God. For analogy, I may point to the courts, the royal palaces, and to the jails, and say to you, "These are of the state and for the state," and yet I will not have explained to you just what is the state. And so I am prepared to show that Cosmic Law is a term properly applied to this single substance.

Brother Zuber: So we are agreed that substance, the basic source of all, regardless of how it may manifest to us, is what we please to term Cosmic law.

You: Then, I presume, August Master, that with a comprehension of the nature of Cosmic Law, all reality, all things at their bottom will be understood by us.

August Master: That is the hope of our present inquiry; but now as a point of departure for our future considerations, I shall adduce the statement that law is the essence of action. We must analyze this statement, for I do not wish anything to be accepted as a dictum merely because it has been uttered. All things in nature are in action. This action is inherent. For an even more positive declaration we can say that nothing is static. This action, however, is relative. In other words, some particulars of our world seem not to change because their action is of such acceleration that we cannot perceive it.

(To be continued.)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



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- ¶ The August Master's lesson continues.
- ¶ Different aspects of experience—what we conceive as bodies and their functions, material things, and mental impressions—seem to have a separate reality yet they are of one and the same substance.
- ¶ This primary and sole substance is termed *Cosmic Law*.
- ¶ *Law is the essence of action*; all things in nature are in action; nothing is static. The action is relative, however, and some particulars of our world seem not to change because their action is of such acceleration that it cannot be perceived.



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# THE CONCURRENCE

**This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion**



¶ That law is the essence of action is true not only of matter, but applies likewise to the affairs of men. The symptoms of revolution are recognized by the few only, yet they are the manifestations of a systematic process. Thus it was that the French Revolution presented aspects of a spontaneous eruption, whereas actually it was the culmination of years of steady growth.



*What are the symptoms of revolution? There is one such system upon which nearly all students are agreed. It is to be found in the 'transfer of the allegiance of the intellectuals.' By intellectuals are meant those whose function it is to form and guide public opinion and they include such men as journalists, lecturers, preachers, teachers. Of this general group, creative artists and authors of the higher ranks are the most important for purposes of diagnosis, for they work in a freer spirit and are less likely to be attached to organizations or sects. They cease to give their support to the existing order and transfer it to the oppressed or underprivileged classes. The more conservative public unconsciously serves notice that such defection is taking place by the frequency with which it designates members of the intellectual class by 'opprobrious epithets' like parlor socialists, parlor bolsheviks, muck rakers. At the same time it scornfully dubs the class itself the intelligentsia.*

—CHRISTIAN GAUSS



To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

Into the midst of the discussion of the nature of Cosmic Law, the August Master has made the statement that law is the essence of action. Action, however, that is relative; some things because the action is too rapid to be perceived seem to be at rest. To this, Brother Zuber says: "Would not the opposite of this condition deceive our senses even further? If all things were of an action which we could perceive and which was continuous, no such condition as inertia would exist to our consciousness. More precisely put, if we could detect the action of some things, only those whose action could not be detected would seem at rest. However, if all things seem to be in action, the mind does not even conceive such a state as rest."

August Master: You are correct in your assumptions, Brother. Inertia is easily proved to be an illusion of mind. No man who thinks, however, ever conceives that action is an illusion. One may stand where all is as still as death, yet his consciousness will be active; this will be sufficient to cause him to be aware of such a phenomenon as action.

The developing or forming of many things is quite observable in our lives. Grass grows. True, we do not see its continuous extension; that is, we do not see it actually elongate itself, but by comparison with objects which seem fixed to our senses, we perceive that grass has grown. Conversely, the rapidity of a spinning top causes it to appear inert. We are also accustomed to associating action with events. Such events are changes in our personal conduct or our routine behavior; so to us, they constitute action.

We, therefore, say a thing is in action when we are conscious of its transition in space, or when we perceive that a change in its form has taken place. For example, we perceive action occurring when ice begins to thaw before our eyes. Such is a change of form. We are also conscious of action when a stone rolls down a hill. Such is a change of position.

Brother Zuber: It is difficult, is it not, to think of action as an independent agent in the universe? Perhaps I should say that I cannot conceive of action as a free force. To me, it must be related to something which is said to be in action.

August Master: You are anticipating our cogitations.

You: Is not the action of a thing, such as a wheel turning, for example, as real as the wheel itself? Both have existence to our consciousness; namely, we see the wheel, and simultaneously we observe that it turns.



August Master: A well posited idea. However, this action of the wheel turning, of which you are conscious, is like space. It has but a negative existence to us. Such



action is formless, apparent to us only because it is so unlike all that which seems to be the real, or in your example, the wheel. In other words, my Brother, you are conscious of two conditions, one of which has form, which you identify as substance—the wheel, in fact. The other is action, the revolving of the wheel. It is entirely unlike the wheel, therefore it does appear to your consciousness as much an independent reality as the wheel.

However, I will not rob you of your perception of the action of the wheel. I will go even further. I will say that the wheel and its turning are both action—that all substance is action.

Brother Zuber: Has our inquiry not become a strife of words? First, we reduced all things and thoughts to a single substance; then, we declared this sole reality, from which all things spring, to be Cosmic Law. In endeavoring to determine the content of Cosmic Law, we ascribed to it the appellation of action. Now we proclaim that all substance, the nature of which we are seeking to learn, is action. Which, then, is the primary substance—Cosmic Law or action?

August Master: My good Brother, one negotiates a flight of stairs step by step, if he wishes to attain the top with certainty and with safety. We cannot plunge from the common view of our world to a cogent final analysis. We must advance by gradual progression. At this moment we affirm that substance is action. You will recall that we were not content to rest with the assertion that all substance is Cosmic Law, for we were not certain what law is. We began with the assumption that law is the essence of action. This must be accepted before we can continue.

Brother Zuber: Forgive my impatience. Do proceed, August Master.

August Master: What we commonly discern as matter is the rapidity of this universal action. The variations of its pulsations arouse within us the qualities of our senses. It is that pulsation of the universal action which causes us to experience such sensations in taste as sweet, bitter, and salty, and which likewise causes us to become conscious of color and of visual forms. Man has made the mistake of making action a condition of things as though it were an effect of which matter was the cause. Man has done this because he did not recognize matter itself as action. To use our brother's example of the wheel turning, the action of the wheel always seems dependent upon it. However, we must not think in terms of what is producing action, or what is acting upon us. We must not think only in the limited terms of finite things, but rather that there is action from which the idea of things arises.

You: Then, when we perceive a thing and likewise observe that it is in action, as, for example, a stone rolling down a hill, we must not say that there is a stone and there is its movement, and think of each as separate realities, and that one is subordinate to the other. Rather, I take it from your words that we should accept them as two kinds of phenomena,



both having the same underlying cause—action. Further, that the movement of the stone, its rolling, is no more action than the stone itself.

August Master: An excellent summation of my remarks, Brother.

Brother Zuber: What, then, is the true nature of this universal action, if all things which develop out of it are not as they appear to be? If the wheel and its turning are both action, and if the stone and its rolling are also action, and yet they are perceived by us to be unlike, what is the absolute content of this action? Where and how can we perceive it in its pristine state?

August Master: The absolute nature of universal action is what men generally refer to as the laws of nature and the Cosmic. These laws, as we know, are experienced in the phenomena which we direct, and in those which seem to recur independently. When we plant a seed in a soil prepared for it, an expected grain comes forth. We witness the recurrence of the seasons; these, and multitudes of other examples, are said to be the consequences of nature's laws. We only know these purported laws by means of their manifestations. Concisely, from experience, a law seems a dependable cause of something or some condition which we have come to perceive. However, let us understand, Brethren, that this universal action into which we are inquiring has no pattern to follow. In other words, it does not strive to become the things we objectively perceive, or even those things which we do not discern.

Brother Zuber: This universal action then is not purposeful; you mean it has no ends which it is seeking to attain?

August Master: My good Brother, if this universal action had any quantitative nature, that is, if it were composed of things or sought to have them, then the aggregate sum, the total of all, would be its nature. It, therefore, would not be infinite; instead it would be limited. Permit me to offer this simile as further explanation. A tub has a certain capacity. Its very existence denotes that it is to contain something. The extent of its capacity is the end of its purpose. If such a tub had a mind and sought to attain its end, namely, to fill itself, would we not say that its mission was limited? No matter how voluminous the tub, it would be limited by its capacity. In no sense would its purpose be infinite, as we think of that term. Thus these natural laws, as we are wont to call them, are not infinite causes. They are not part of an established system, whereby they exist for the effects which seem to follow from them. Therefore, though these laws are the essence of universal or cosmic action, they are not so eternal, so stable, that a sum of them would be the equivalent of the total substance of the Cosmos.

Brother Zuber: If I interpret your words rightly, Beloved Master, those laws in nature to which man refers are not like beads of a necklace, which, if it were possible to count or to know them all, he would thereby have



a complete knowledge of the Cosmic. The whole of what we call the laws, even those not yet so designated, would not be the whole of this primary substance, of which we say everything is.

August Master: That is what I expound. Further, it is generally conceded that the purported laws of nature and of the Cosmic are immutable. Is not this so?

You: So we have been taught.

August Master: Yet cosmic action is sometimes this, and sometimes that. Could it be anything else but changeable without becoming static? Daily experience discloses to each of us that certain phenomena do repeat themselves time and time again. That would appear to be a contradiction, and would seem to prove that laws are fixed causes. That suggests the crux of our inquiry.

You: It is a confounding problem. We say that law is the essence of action, the very nature of it. The word action, as we have seen, connotes change in position or in form; conversely, law is commonly accepted as an unchangeable cause. How can we reconcile these two extremes?

August Master: Let me ask you, by what do we measure the constancy of this cosmic action since we have said that all things are of action? What causes us to perceive such a condition of immutability of rest in this universal action that we have the conception that such are laws? I will endeavor to answer my own questions: We measure the universal or cosmic action by the illusion of our consciousness, namely, time.

Brother Zuber: I concur with you, August Master. We say a law exists because a phenomenon repeats itself in time, as, for example, the periods of the moon. However, some of this phenomenon has consistently repeated itself as long as the memory of man. Such certainly would appear to be constant, to be quite immutable.

August Master: Ah, my Brother, you are again thinking in finite terms. From the time man became a conscious being until now is but the tick of a clock in the timeless existence of cosmic action. A million years is like a second, for there is no beginning and no end—no period of duration in the eternity of cosmic action. Recurring phenomena from the advent of man until now seems a law, but it is only relatively unchangeable. If you were to watch a pendulum for only one minute and during that interval it made but one complete oscillation, that is, swung outward from its stationary position and returned to it, and then depart, you would never know whether that oscillation could or would recur. Certainly you would not think it so repetitious and constant as to be a law. Suppose, however, that during the minute you were observing it, the pendulum made twelve such complete oscillations of equal length and rapidity. What would you surmise after you had departed?





Brother Zuber: I would believe that such repetition was not by chance. I would conclude that since the oscillations recurred twelve times in one minute, I was perceiving a law.

August Master: Yet, in both instances, the lapse of time was the same, just one minute. The fact that the action was more rapid during one minute, and caused more manifestations than the other, caused you to proclaim the rapid one a law.

A natural law is, therefore, that essence of action which persists, of sufficient duration as to seem to be an eternal cause of what our senses experience as a thing or as a condition. When in man's conception of time a phenomenon repeats itself again and again, we think it a law, a fixed cause. We do not realize that a whole interval of a million years, during which there seems to be a continuous recurrence of phenomena, may be but a single flash of action, which we have subdivided within our minds into recurrences and into eons, ages, and years.

Brother Zuber: But, August Master, does this not rob the Cosmic of its majesty, of its glorious dependability, of its magnificent order? What remains to make us feel contiguous with the Cosmic so that we can say, to ourselves at least, there is eternity, there is the great absolute in which I and all things are as one? Truly, I feel like one out on a limb. I have slowly backed away from all individual things and terms, from all commonplace realities, in fact. Logically, I have pruned them, one after another, and now I have severed the very limb upon which I hung; consequently I am plunged into oblivion.

August Master: Our first association with abstraction often engenders such a state of mind, but we are not so desolate as you imagine. Though the idea we have of law is a false reality, the cause of the idea is nevertheless of true being. Though law does not exist as we conceive it, the cause of the idea is the absolute essence of the whole cause of the universe. It is of the one substance.

To be more cogent, what we term a law is not such; that which provokes the idea is that essence of cosmic action, which, so long as it persists, no man can deny or revoke. It matters not how polemic the discussion among men as to the content of phenomena, it is that which seems a law that constitutes man's true glimpse into the Grand Substance of the universe.

You: If there were but some simple means of graphically portraying the import of these conclusions!

August Master: The hour is late and my tasks are many tomorrow. We must adjourn; but come again three days from now when the clock strikes the hour of twenty, and perchance we may participate in an exercise to demonstrate some of the principles of our conclusions.



You arise, extend your hands to one another, and give the grip. Then you and Brother Zuber pass from the chamber. As you go along the corridor, you look back. There the August Master stands on the threshold facing you. Against the light his figure is silhouetted, his eyes alone of all of his features being visible. They appear as two great luminous balls.

(To be continued.)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



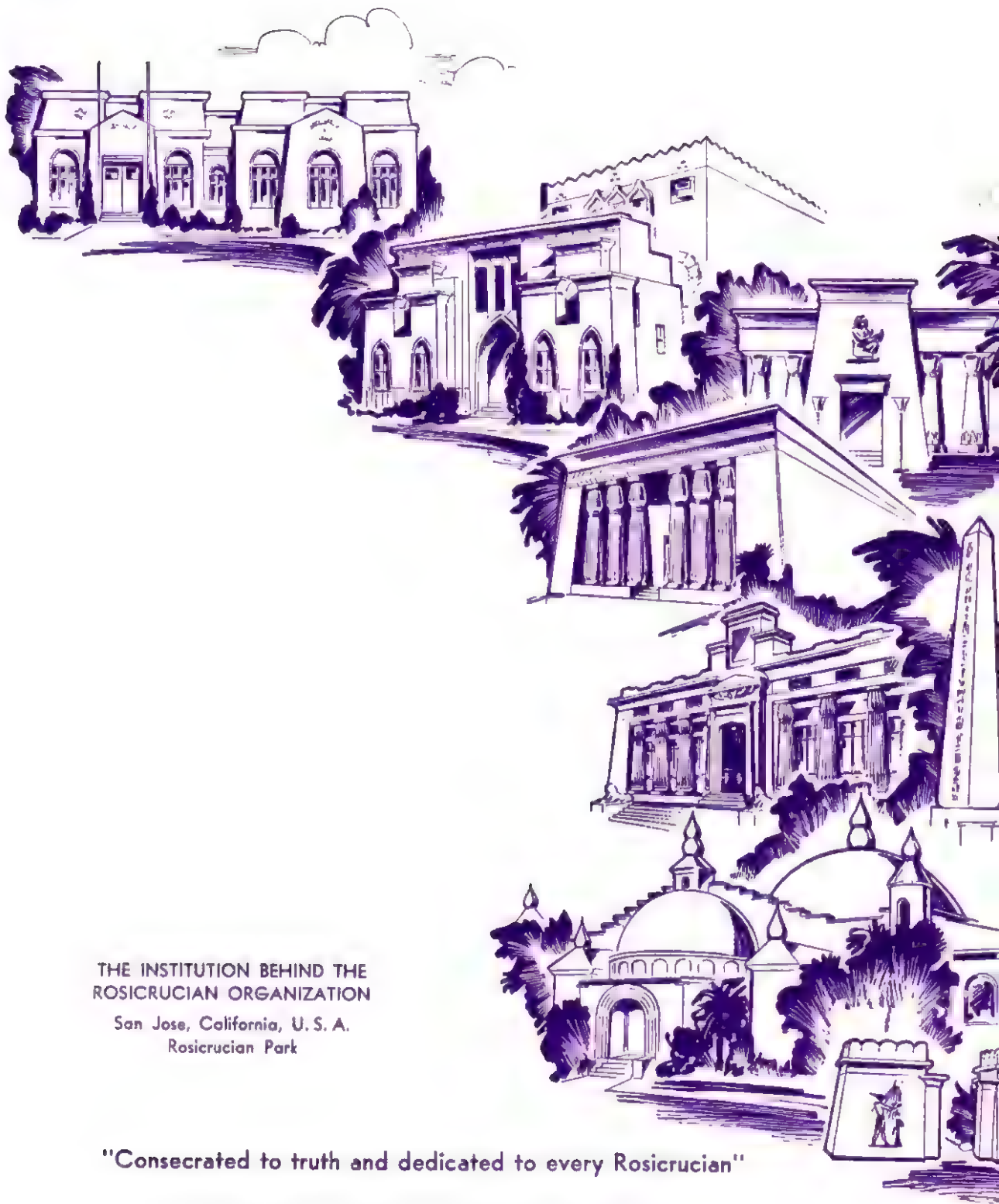
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- ¶ The August Master's lesson continues.
- ¶ Inertia is an illusion of the mind.
- ¶ All substance is action.
- ¶ Law is the essence of action; what we commonly discern as matter is the rapidity of this universal action.
- ¶ We must not think only in the limited terms of finite things, but rather that there is action from which the *idea* of things arises.
- ¶ The absolute nature of universal action is what men generally refer to as the laws of nature and the Cosmic.
- ¶ We measure the universal or cosmic action by the illusion of our consciousness, namely, *time*. Certain phenomena appear constant, and therefore immutable.
- ¶ Although the idea of law is a false reality, the cause of the idea is nevertheless of true being. Though law does not exist as we conceive it, the cause of the idea is the absolute essence of the whole cause of the universe.
- ¶ That which seems a law constitutes man's true glimpse into the Grand Substance of the universe.





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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ In critical periods of history there are those outstanding personalities whose influence steers the course of human events. Benjamin Franklin was one of these. He moved serenely through the tumultuous years of the late eighteenth century, revered at home and abroad for his practical application of mystical principles. As Rosicrucians, we are especially gratified by comments such as the one we quote.



*A reviewer for Le Moniteur remarked that no other of the distinguished men of the century was accorded a more universal veneration by the French nation than was Franklin. No one else of this period who had passed upon the theater of the world had revealed such perfect harmony between his practice and principles, 'had done so many great things with a more simple air, had offered in his demeanor, patriarchal and venerable, a more striking or useful contrast with our futile and corrupt manners, had more greatly advanced, although indirectly, our political regeneration.' Franklin's principal claims to glory and to the gratitude of the French people, according to this reviewer, were his contributions to American liberty, and by indirection to French, the influence of his presence and conversation, and the popularity and concreteness he had given to truths that others had rendered remote and abstract.*

—ALFRED OWEN ALDRIDGE

(Permission to quote granted by New York University Press, publishers of *Franklin and His French Contemporaries*, by Alfred Owen Aldridge.)



To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

The eventful day for your second visit to the August Master's laboratory has come, but it has been tortuously slow. You seek to suppress your excitement as you dine with Madame Bouché, but apparently she senses it. She says:

"Monsieur, did you have an ill night? You appear so restless this beautiful day."

"Tonight presages an event of importance in my life," you reply. Observing her puzzlement, you add, "I am to meet friends who will impart information of the utmost importance to me."

Remarks hardly sufficient, but you decide against further comment. You glance at your timepiece, and arise abruptly, and excuse yourself. A few minutes later you are on the boulevard. The sun has set but the skies virtually drip a rosy afterglow, which tints trees, structures, and humans with a monochrome. A few deep breaths of the heavily perfumed summer breeze and you are steadied. The vital essence is like a mysterious elixir. Your spirits lift. Perhaps life is not so harsh, our troubles and cares not so adverse as we are often inclined to think.

With the thrill of excitement pounding in your heart, you virtually bounce along to your rendezvous with Brother Zuber. Ah! there you see him beneath the tower clock. He is conversing with a vendor, apparently unmindful of your approach. You stand listening to their conversation about the trivialities of the day. The vendor notices you and a captious look spreads across his coarse features. He assumes you are an eavesdropper and is about to reprimand you when Brother Zuber turns and greets you vociferously. You are surprised at his attitude and remark as you walk away, "You are in especially jovial spirits this evening, my good Brother."

Immediately, he stiffens and becomes stern. "Because I exchange a few banalities with a poor vendor while waiting for you, you presume that I wear a frivolous air."

Formerly you would have presumed that you had offended him. Now you feel you know him well enough to know that his demeanor is a mask, and so you chuckle. He stares at you, and then chuckles himself. He knows you have glimpsed his true personality, and is happy about it. You feel a deep affection for him and sense that he returns it.

Finally, you hail a carriage. As it clatters along, you say with a tone of expectancy: "It is with great anticipation that I look forward to tonight's revelations."

"To me, it is like climbing a high Alpine peak," Brother Zuber answers. "With each turn in the path, new wonders are disclosed to us, but when we reach the apex, there lies a tremendous panorama."



From then on both of you are wrapped in your own thoughts. You are shaken from your reveries by the sudden halt of the carriage at your destination. Shadows are gathering as though a soft, deep-gray curtain were being pulled invisibly across a sky streaked with blue and patched with rose. You both stand a second before the gates, like swimmers poised collecting themselves, flexing their muscles, before making a high dive.

You have an overwhelming urge to look in the direction of a rue lamp a short distance away, and there in the collecting shadows on the opposite side of the rue is a solitary figure. His large black chapeau is pulled low over his brow, concealing his features. Though the night is warm, his cape is closely wrapped about him. He observes you staring in his direction, and slinks into the deeper shadows. A suspicious character, you think, though you cannot be certain there is justification for your belief that he is watching the entrance to the Cagliostro edifice. Fear grips you. Is he a subaltern of Louis seeking facts to distort into evidence against Brother Cagliostro? Perhaps he is one of the conspirators against his life. Cagliostro's enemies are many, and they have execrated him from high and low positions in society.

Shaking you by the arm, Brother Zuber is saying in a low voice: "Bestir yourself. It is within that our meditation begins." Apparently he had not detected this suspicious figure and you do not mention it as you quickly cross the courtyard. After the triple knock, which Brother Zuber gives upon the portal, you hear the familiar salutation, "Enter and learn the truth." Your ears are cheered by it. Once within the brilliantly illuminated corridor, which excites your imagination each time you visit it, you are met by an unmasked brother of jovial features. You later learn he is in the domestic service of the August Master, and most trustworthy.

Silently and in single file you climb to the alchemical laboratory in the high garret. Your guide, the brother whose name you have not obtained, silently motions for you to stop. You detect low voices. They are indistinct. One sounds like that of Brother Cagliostro; the other is a woman's. The brother gives the beat upon the door and the signal is acknowledged in the unmistakable resonant tones of the Master's voice. Brother Cagliostro throws wide the door, standing within the portal. He greets you with ritualistic salutations and the time-honored grip. None of you speaks; the guide quietly retires.

Your eyes are now fastened upon the other person in the laboratory. It is a woman. She stands near the chest of minerals with which you had your previous unpleasant experience. She is, you think, the most beautiful woman you have ever beheld, but the word beauty must be qualified. Her beauty is not merely the freshness of youth, the unsophistication and vivacity of a wholesome young girl, like Marie, for example. This woman is a living example of the philosophical definition of beauty. There



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exists visual harmony—grace, symmetry of form, poise, and evidence of culture; but as you gaze upon her, you also find your esthetic ideal. Here is one, you think, whose words and thoughts as well as whose grace and smile will enrapture one. About her there seems a magnetic effluence. Though conscious of attention, and not unaware of your stares, she is free from self-consciousness and unspoiled by any vanity.

Only two words of Brother Cagliostro's formal introduction impress themselves upon your consciousness, "Countess Cagliostro." This, then, is the wife of the August Master. The glowing descriptions of her which you have heard have not done her justice, you think.

She moves forward to greet you and Brother Zuber, extending her hand. Her movements are sylphlike; her features delicately chiseled. Her skin is extremely white yet healthy, not the faded whiteness of the anemic or anchorite. Her voice does not have the girlish trill of Marie's but is firm and exquisitely modulated. It comes as though but passing through her to her listeners.

"And now, Brothers, I introduce as well the Grand Mistress of the Isis Lodge of our august Fraternity." With these words, the August Master bows slightly and makes a gallant sweep of his arm in the direction of the Countess, who acknowledges the gesture with a smile and a bow of her head. She, then, is a Mentor of one of our Rosicrucian temples, Isis Lodge. Brother Zuber and you each profusely acclaim her and extend the fraternal grip.

"Brethren, duty calls me elsewhere," she says softly, as she passes the threshold. You three bow her out.

"A charming prelude to this evening's conventicle," remarks Brother Zuber.

"What further must precede our evening's work will not be so pleasing," says Brother Cagliostro, his voice revealing the seriousness of his thoughts.

"What is amiss?" both you and Brother Zuber ask in alarm.

"This is the Thirteenth day of August. From this time on, you must convene here with me nightly. Time is of the essence for our future, and for that of our beloved Order Rosae Crucis. A tremendous transition in our affairs is pending—but days away. I am not certain of the number, but they are few."

Feebly and apologetically, you inject the question: "This transition will be beneficial?"



"It augurs evil," Brother Cagliostro replies solemnly. "The Rosicrucian philosophy constitutes a quest, motivated



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by one principal desire—that of finding the Philosopher's Stone. Since the time of the alchemical researches attributed to Hermes Trismegistus in early Egypt, through the time of the Alexandrian school to the present, the Philosopher's Stone has had many meanings attributed to it. To Rosicrucians it has always had one ultimate, simple import, and that is contentment—Peace Profound. In the material realm, the quest for the Philosopher's Stone consisted of a search for these elements, those manifestations of universal action which we call laws, which would give man some direction of the forces of nature and prevent him from being helplessly buffeted by them. In the mastery of such physical existence would come an aspect of that contentment which is the end of our search. No man is happy and free who is at the mercy of powers which bring him misery and pain.

(To be continued.)

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Fraternally,

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- ¶ As you and Brother Zuber approach the August Master's dwelling, you become aware of a sinister figure in the shadows. evidently someone set to watch the gates.
- ¶ Tonight you are introduced to the Countess Cagliostro and are impressed both by her physical beauty and that intangible something that gives evidence of spiritual beauty as well.
- ¶ You learn from the August Master that a transition in the affairs of the Order is pending. Coming events portend evil, he says.
- ¶ You are told that time is of the essence and that nightly visits will be necessary hereafter.



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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ From a description of the opening session of the meeting of the States-general in the palace of Versailles, we can see how confusion predominates during periods of crisis. King Louis XVI's intentions were good, his motives altruistic, but it was too late. The long-germinating seeds of revolution were ready to burst.



*Never did political assembly combine so great a number of remarkable men without there being a single one whose superiority was decided and could command the respect of the others. Such abundance of stars rendered this assembly unmanageable, as they will always be in France when there is no man conspicuous in authority and in force of character to seize the helm of affairs or to have the direction spontaneously surrendered to him. Fancy then the state of a meeting of impassioned men, without rule or bridle, equally dangerous from their bad and good qualities, because they nearly all lacked experience and a just appreciation of the gravity of the circumstances under which they were placed; insomuch that the good could do no good and the bad, from levity, from violence, did nearly always more harm than they intended.*

—M. MALORIET

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

The August Master, having spoken of the thirteenth of August and the shortness of time remaining for necessary preparations, has begun to speak of the Philosopher's Stone and the reasons for man's search for it.

"Noetic and spiritual aspects of the Philosopher's Stone must also be considered. We must find some satisfactory explanation for the universe, for our own beings, for all things everywhere. In our minds the universe must become a unity. We must fear no thing because we do not understand it. One under the yoke of superstition and fear dwells in ignorance, and experiences no contentment. And so the Philosopher's Stone also consists in a knowledge of man and of the universe. At least, this is the Rosicrucian's quest, and it is motivated by a paramount desire for tranquillity and security. No life is worth living without tranquillity, and no tranquillity can be lasting without knowledge of the ways and means to secure it.

"The Rosicrucian Brotherhood will continue, no matter what may come, for this quest and this desire are the essence of the consciousness of enlightened men and women everywhere. The Order may be stricken down time and time again. Its physical structure may be broken and its parts cast to the four corners of the Earth, but its spirit will collect them and it will rise again phoenixlike. When that for which it stands is no longer, then mankind will have ended its spiritual career. Tomorrow, the Order may still be known as the Rosicrucians, or as in the past by some other name, but it will always be identified by the quest of its members."

The Master rises, reaches beneath a bench in the Laboratory and places a large tome before you and Brother Zuber. It is ornate, with esoteric symbols, its pages of heavy parchment yellowed with time. They are covered with notations, each prefixed apparently with a date. "This, Brethren," says Brother Cagliostro, "is the register of archives of our Order in this and other countries of Europe. Every great convocation, session, and conventicle of a Temple or Lodge, or authorized assemblage of officers, is entered here by date and place." Pointing to a line of hieroglyphs, he asks: "Know you what is meant by this?"

"It is a communication in the Rosicrucian secret alphabet," you reply.

"All entries concerning the nature of the convocations, the business transacted, the disposition of the mysteries, the statutes of the Order existent at the time, secret teachings and symbols discourses upon, and principal speeches have been reduced to this alphabet to





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preserve such knowledge from falling into the hands of those who might profane it." He turns the heavy pages in search of something in particular. At last, pointing to a page, he says: "This begins the annals of our Rosicrucian convocations in Paris. You will observe from the inscriptions that it was known at first as the Illumines, or the Illuminati.

"The prolegomenon informs all who can read it that the result of the labors of the Rosicrucian brethren in Paris will be sent by special messenger to the Lodge of the Order in Milan, Italy. Paris was the Mother Lodge of those in Italy. In Milan a great archive of the statutes and teachings is kept. It is a strong depository, like a vault, with three keys to its lock. One alone will not unlock it; all three are required for such a purpose. One is with the Master of the Lodge in Milan; another is with the Grand Master of the Order Rosae Crucis in Germany; the third is in my possession." He unbuttons his waistcoat, and pulls from within a small oilskin pouch attached to a small gold chain, which hangs about his neck. From the pouch, he removes a long strange key of a highly polished bluish metal with which you are not familiar.

He holds it aloft, pointing to its end, and says: "These projections engage those of the other two keys when the three are turned simulataneously in the lock. When thus turned within the lock they form the vertices of an interlaced equilateral triangle. Until such a triangle is mechanically made by these keys, the archives cannot be opened. One therefore must not only have the key, but also must know the symbol it forms. Further, all three keys must be inserted and turned precisely at the same time. This key," says the Master, removing the supporting chain from his neck, "I now bestow upon you."

To the astonishment of Brother Zuber and yourself, he places the chain about the neck of Brother Zuber and gives the key and pouch into his hand. To you, with great solemnity and an emotional tremor in his voice, he says: "You are the sole witness to this act. It must remain immured within your consciousness, unless called forth in the defense of our beloved Order Rosae Crucis."

"I am bewildered. Why should the key be entrusted to me? Who should more rightly possess it than you? I am but a Neophyte, even though there are many Degrees of our Order through which I have passed. Please enlighten me," Pleads Brother Zuber.

"Have faith in my judgment," says the August Master. "I am of the impression that there are left but a few days before a tremendous transition will affect our Order in this land --days of great danger. This key must not be seized by one who might seek to misuse it, if he could learn its



purpose. My life will not be in danger, but my liberty will be. This key could be easily found upon me. I dare not conceal it because it must be available for those who will rightly use it. You must not wear it upon your person, as you now do, until the autumnal equinox. When you return to your abode this night, conceal it well. It is known by our enemies that you both visit here. Their wrath, however, will be upon me. Your molestations will be slight. After the autumnal equinox, you will be able to wear it as now, and with immunity to the machinations of our enemies."

As the Master speaks of enemies and impending dangers, there surges into your consciousness the sickening thought that their work is already under way. You recall the character in the shadows across the rue. You burst forth, "Even now we are under surveillance."

"What mean you?" Brother Zuber sharply retorts.

"You recall my delay in entering the gate?"

"Yes."

"I observed a figure, his chapeau pulled low, and his black cape drawn tightly about him, standing across the rue, watching the gates of this edifice. When he saw he was observed, he darted back into the darkness. I made no mention of this to you lest it disturb you or our August Master, but now I relate it as a warning."

Brother Zuber speaks, as if prophetically. "The events close in about us. Again, August Master, what are my duties with the key, aside from guarding it with my life?"

"I cannot tell you the identity of those who possess the others, but they shall be given your name, your description, and your present whereabouts. At some time--I do not profess to know when or how--they shall make known to you that they are the guardians of the other two keys and that you should meet with them at a time to unlock the archives of which I have spoken. There is nothing more I can tell you about the key."

"What of this register of archives?" you query. "It may be seized."

Brother Cagliostro replies: "If it is destroyed, no harm is done; the results of the events are all safely transmitted to places a great distance from here, as I have explained. No mortal can force me to decipher the hieroglyphs of the Rosicrucian alphabet, which are inscribed within it. Further, they would only relate that dossiers on this and



that subject had been prepared and had been taken away to a foreign land by a Rosicrucian messenger. If and when this place is wrongly entered, there must remain something to satisfy the curiosity of the invaders. This tome will suffice. In appearance, it is too important to be left indifferently behind, so it will seem a great find. If it were not here, they would demand to have something like it disclosed. But, come, come, remove the moribund expressions from your faces! These things may never come to pass."

Within your heart, Brother Zuber and you know, however, that Brother Cagliostro is as certain of their coming to pass as he is of the cycle of life and of death.

\* \* \* \* \*

The actual experiment will begin with our next monograph, and you will be instructed just what you can do to personally participate in it.

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER





## Summary of This Monograph



Below is a summary of the important principles of this monograph. It contains the essential statements which you should not forget. After you have carefully read the complete monograph, try to recall as many as you can of the important points you read. Then read this summary and see if you have forgotten any. Also refer to this summary during the ensuing week to refresh your memory.

- ¶ **The August Master speaks of the Philosopher's Stone as the object of every Rosicrucian's quest, motivated by the desire for *tranquility* and *security*.**
- ¶ **The Order will always be identified by the quest of its members although its name may change from time to time and its physical structure be broken.**
- ¶ **The August Master entrusts Brother Zuber with a key, one of three necessary for opening an archive of the Order in Milan.**
- ¶ **He speaks of enemies and impending dangers.**



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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ Wrongs must eventually be righted, and imbalance brought to equilibrium. In writing of the French Revolution, Thomas Carlyle reiterated the inevitability of the events following social injustices that for centuries kept a peasantry oppressed.



*For all is wrong, and gone out of joint; the inward spiritual, and the outward economical; head or heart, there is no soundness in it. As indeed, evils of all sorts are more or less of kin, and so usually go together: especially it is an old truth, that wherever huge physical evil is, there, as the parent and origin of it, has moral evil to a proportionate extent been. Before those five-and-twenty laboring Millions, for instance, could get that haggardness of face, which old Mirabeau now looks on, in a Nation calling itself Christian, and calling man the brother of man,— what unspeakable, nigh-infinite Dishonesty (of seeming and not being) in all manner of Rulers, and appointed Watchers, spiritual and temporal, must there not, through long ages, have gone on accumulating! It will accumulate: moreover, it will reach a head; for the first of all Gospels is this, that a Lie cannot endure forever.*

—THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795-1881

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

Dismissing the previous conversation with an air of finality, the Master continues, "Let us be about our business. In our last session we decided upon this occasion to try to prove, by physical phenomena, the existence of some of the principles brought out by our inquiry into the nature of universal action. Man is so constituted that he seems to perceive two worlds, one of which, unfortunately, appears to most much more definite than the other. The physical senses, the nervous system, and objective consciousness give the mundane world a great substantiality, a sort of definite realism. Men, however, dream of first causes. This is the very essence of metaphysics. They have cravings, sentiments, and emotions which are formless, yet as much a part of their consciousness as the things they see or hear, although more vague and intangible. These vagaries, within themselves, are the world which men call the Cosmic, or the fiats of God, or the attributes of soul, and a multitude of other designations expressed in metaphysics, occultism, philosophy, and religion.

"It is as difficult to cause the average man to deny the existential nature of these inner states of consciousness as it would be to try to persuade him that he does not see the sun or smell the perfume of a flower. Thus, man is constantly searching for the bond between the two purported worlds, the finite and the infinite, or the material and the spiritual. Consequently, he dissipates much energy of mind in looking for that which does not exist. There is no bond, for basically the world of reality, the nature of our everyday existence, is an aspect of that which man designates the Cosmic. When man concentrates on those factors which he thinks constitute this nexus between the so-called worlds of the finite and the Cosmic, he makes no progress. He chases an illusion.

"There are other extremes to which man resorts. There is the impractical philosopher who seeks to mitigate his objective impressions entirely, who not only rightly questions the accuracy of what his physical senses convey to his consciousness, but also eschews the belief that there is anything at all behind the impressions of the world which he has. Such men are often known as ascetics. To them, self, and their conception of what they please to call the spiritual world, are the only real.

"Conversely, we have the extreme material scientist. He is often acrimonious in his references to the soul life or the spiritual aspect of the Cosmic. Such radical material scientists espouse the idea that the psychic aspect of man is either an illusion of his mind or the direct result, in some manner, of the same physical causes revealed beneath the microscope. They will not concede that the Cosmic can consist of a great universal



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action, unified, but that the variations of its nature may account for the phenomena we perceive objectively, and, likewise, that which we perceive subjectively.

"When the mystic declares by contrast: 'As above so below,' he means that the so-called finite and infinite worlds are integrated. They are not separate realities in competition with each other. The lower notes of a musical scale, for example, are separated from the higher ones only in the realization of our consciousness. Fundamentally, there is a mathematical relationship between them. How erroneous it would be for a musician to deny the existence of either the low or the high notes, or to evaluate some as more important than others.

"When we study the material world through the medium of one of the sciences, it should be with a dual purpose in mind. First, to learn what man chooses to call the basic laws, namely, the duration of that universal action which causes the physical manifestation, so that he may live in accordance with them and thus master his environment. Second, in inquiring into every phenomenon, whether it is the configuration of his own body, or the crystal formations of a mineral, or the content of a star, to do so with the purpose of finding some parallel manifestation of the same universal action in that sphere which man calls the Cosmic or spiritual world. Man should be led by one to the other, for one always reflects the other.

"When our consciousness is trained upon a material reality, that reality is the object of an image of that higher aspect of the universal action corresponding to it which is in our consciousness, and which we know as the Cosmic. Likewise, when we meditate upon those sensations within us—the relative inner aspects of the Cosmic—they then become the object which has its corresponding image in the material world outside of us. Until we discover that flux or flow of the one into the other, we live a disunited life—a half-life.

"All of this is demonstrable with this single-plane mirror. I shall stand it on edge so that it is perpendicular to the surface of this bench. (Illustration A.) Now, I shall place a lighted candle in front of the mirror so that its reflection may be clearly seen. (Illustration B.)

"You will observe that the image (the reflection of the candle) in the mirror appears to be some distance behind the mirror. As we move the object, the candle, closer to the mirror, the image likewise appears to come closer to the plane (surface) of the mirror. As we move the object farther from the mirror, the image also seems to withdraw, always appearing to be at a distance behind the mirror equal to the distance of the object in front of it. You will also observe that the image in the mirror is of the same size as the object.





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"Now, let us suppose this mirror to be the human consciousness, in which all experiences of the human are reflected. When the consciousness is directed toward the external world, we become aware of things, such as this lighted candle, for example. The more we conscientiously inquire into the nature of this physical world, the more contiguous such objects become to our consciousness—that is, the more complete and intimate is our understanding of them. It is like moving the candle closer and closer to the plane of the mirror.

"We have also seen that the closer the object is moved, the closer to the mirror the image appears. Consequently, with greater comprehension of our material existence, we bring the workings of the entire Cosmic closer to our consciousness. The more the scientist understands physical phenomena, the more he appreciates those experiences which men attribute to their spiritual nature.

"Since we have supposed the mirror to be our consciousness, instead of concentrating upon the object in front of the mirror, let us assume that the reflected image is an object; that it is the impressions and experiences of our inner mind. The closer we bring that image (spiritual experiences) to the plane of the mirror (our consciousness)—the more do we come to know of the workings of the Cosmic, as they are manifested in our everyday affairs. The action in the so-called two worlds is always the same. The object and its image, representing the two conceived worlds, are always an equal distance apart from our consciousness. We can bring them together or separate them, depending upon how much effort we put forth to understand them. The more we comprehend one, the more adjacent is the other to our consciousness.

"Let me offer proof of the correctness of the contention: We draw a chalk line across the center of the bench, placing the mirror upright upon it. We place the candle on the bench in front of the mirror. Looking in the mirror at the reflected candle, we make a dot with our chalk on the bench in line with it. Farther away from the mirror, we make a second dot in line with the first. Shifting our position slightly, we make two more dots in the same manner. We remove the mirror, and with a ruler connect the first two dots and extend their line some distance behind the mirror. We repeat this process with the second two dots. We discover that our two lines come together at a point behind the mirror. Their coming together marks the position of the reflected image. (Illustration C.) We now draw a line with our ruler from this point behind the mirror to the point of the candle in front. Thus we have erected a triangle,

a triangle which the mirror seems to divide evenly. With ruler and compasses we measure the sides and angles of the two triangles and find those behind the mirror agreeing exactly with those in front of it. The line from the candle to the



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mirror is of the same length as the line from the mirror to the point of the reflected image. Thus the candle and its mirrored reflection are proved to be equidistant from the mirror.

"Again, in order to establish the fact that the reflected image is of the same size as the object itself, we draw a triangle with our chalk on the bench in front of the mirror. From each of the points of the triangle, we draw perpendiculars to the mirror line. We extend these perpendiculars behind the mirror line a distance equal to their length from the points to the mirror line. Connecting these points behind the mirror, we discover we have erected a triangle of the exact size of the one in front of the mirror. Measurement with ruler and compasses will prove this to be true. (Illustration D.)

"Think of your consciousness as being at a point represented by the base line of the mirror. Consider the candle the objective, the mundane or so-called finite world. Think also of the image behind the mirror as that which is called the Cosmic. You will see that the two are at all times proportionately related, and that your consciousness is always poised between them. You can bring these two—the object and the image—closer to you or spread them so far apart that in your consciousness they diminish so greatly that their nature is not clearly discernible.

"That will be sufficient, my Brothers, for the present. You will return each night for further instruction. Our first task is the assimilation of knowledge; digestion must come later."

With this, the August Master dismisses you and you depart.

(To be continued.)

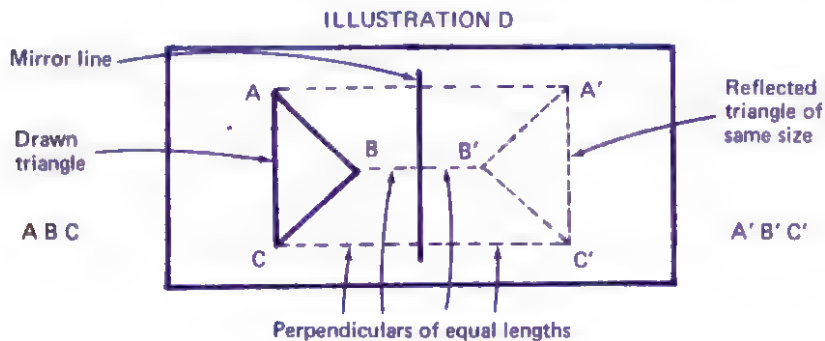
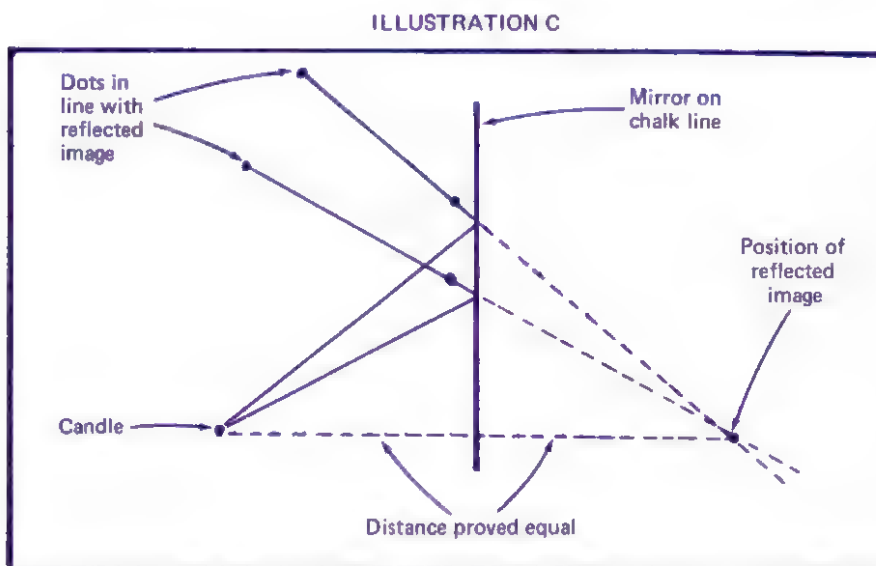
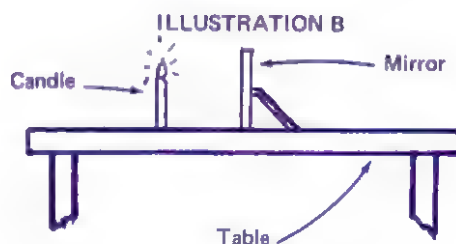
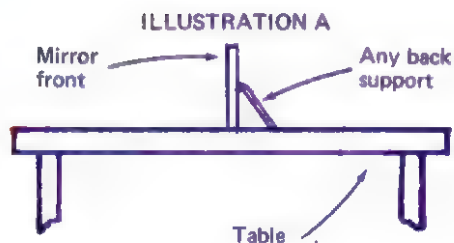
May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



**NOTE TO MEMBER:** You are to participate personally in this experiment. It will require a mirror at least 9 inches wide by 7 inches tall. Any heavy object may be used to hold the mirror upright. It will also require a 6-inch candle, a 1-foot ruler, and a piece of chalk. Any table or bench may serve if there is as much distance behind the mirror as in front of it.







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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

Brother Zuber and you arrive at the August Master's residence promptly at the hour set for your appointment. There has been a recent heavy rain and the sky is still overcast. Pools of water in the inner courtyard have to be skirted carefully to reach the portal dry shod. Your signal is answered immediately and as before you are guided to the garret laboratory where the August Master awaits you.

You enter quickly and stand blinking in the comparative brilliance of the illumination. The Master stands at the opposite end of the chamber with his back toward you. He seems engrossed in a chart on the wall before him. Finally, speaking as though his mind were quite distant from his words, he turns slowly and says:

"I find happiness in sharing my thoughts with you, for I know you will treasure them, not because they are mine but because of their substance."

He proffers stools and motions you to be seated. This you do simultaneously, like two schoolboys awaiting instruction from a tutor. This amuses Brother Zuber, and he smiles broadly. The absolute silence of the three of you, the Master, concentrating on the mysterious chart, and your insatiable curiosity make a matter of seconds seem an inestimable length of time. Finally, with a deep sigh, Brother Cagliostro turns and faces you more like his usual self. He greets you again, to your surprise, as if he has just discovered your presence. Your attention is riveted to the chart on the wall.

"The design is not strange to you, you know it well," says Brother Cagliostro.

You look intently at the geometrical symbols, and say: "It is a schematic design of our solar system."

"That is the correct deduction," replies Brother Cagliostro.

"But there is more," says Brother Zuber. "Those symbols: the squares, cubes, the mathematical equation. You have been contemplating a problem in astronomy, August Master."

"I have, Brethren, but not in the manner you imagine. This is our known solar system, with the Sun and its planets designated.

Their relative sizes are not accurate, for the space available does not make that possible. The symbols and equations are calculations on the laws of that eminent astronomer and crusader for knowledge, John Kepler. As





you know, he was the first to prove a unity in the universe which we perceive. He established for the first time that each of these heavenly bodies is not a power, a force, a law unto itself; but all are united by common phenomena. This proof he accomplished after great experimentation."

Brother Zuber interrupts: "Was not this done by comparing the cubes of the relative distances of each of the planets with the squares of the times? I mean, did not Illustrious Kepler discover that the squares of the times of revolution of the planets are proportional to the cubes of their distances?"

"That was the method," you remark sagely, "and it was a glorious revelation. This unity of distance and time between these heavenly bodies gave relatively uniform standards by which to measure and explore further the workings of this vast solar universe."

"But--," began Brother Zuber inquiringly, only to be silenced by a wave of the August Master's hand.

"Let me anticipate your query," he said. "You were about to inquire why these astronomical laws now so well known should be reviewed by me at this time, were you not?"

Both you and Brother Zuber nod in the affirmative.

"I was using Kepler's theory as an example, in fact, as a further means of demonstrating the law of affinity."

"The law of affinity?" you ask. "Is it an astronomical law?"

"It is not limited to any branch of knowledge. All may apply it and profit therefrom," replies Brother Cagliostro.

The three of you are standing--Brother Zuber with his elbows on a workbench, and you with your back to the chart.

"Brethren, if you will resume your seats," says the August Master, "I will relate a mystical principle of the ancients. It still retains all the efficacy it had when first employed by man. Wherein would you say that man displays a mastership?"

Brother Zuber: You mean what virtues or powers a man must have before he may be thought of as being masterful?



August Master: Precisely.

Brother Zuber: I should say that if a man disciplines himself and keeps the three parts of his nature in their

proper relationship, he then is most certainly a master. As Aristotle expounded, "If man's mind, his reason and spiritual self, are the ruling elements of his nature, and if his will, as an intermediary, enforces their commands, and if, further, his appetites and passions obey them, certainly such a man is a master of the complexities of his being.

You: Man should display, I think, a certain intelligent control of his environment, of the forces in and around him. In almost every religion and in many philosophies, man is proclaimed to be made in the image of his Creator. Since the first--or as metaphysics often calls them, the final--causes of the universe, are held to be the power of God, then man as His image should likewise be causative. He should be able to focalize the forces and elements in the universe so as to shape his immediate world, his environment, into a pattern which corresponds to the perfection of the Cosmic. Unless man can do these things to some extent, he is not masterful. Can a man be called masterful who merely keeps himself spinning in circles of perfection, that is, rotating his powers of control just over his own nature? Such would be like preserving a chemical formula within a book. Unless the formula is made to cause certain effects, its preservation is useless.

Everything has its function; if it did not, its existence would mock the intelligence of the Cosmic. To preserve the function, without the exercise of it, would defeat the very purpose of being. I conclude, therefore, that it is not sufficient--devotees of some religious sects to the contrary--for man to retire to the seclusion of a mountain fastness to perfect his nature, and remain there so that nothing may disturb such perfection. Such is not true mastership, for until men in the world apply themselves to directing its forces, they are not fulfilling a purpose. Certainly we do not think of the world alone or of men alone, but of both, and we are cognizant of a relationship between them. Therefore, if man is to be termed a master, he must display direction not only of his own nature, but of his world as well.

August Master: We must concur; therefore, let us now concern ourselves with man's mastery of the world of nature. Since men physically are products of the same forces and elements as are all material things, all men are materially united, just as they are spiritually united by the soul force which flows through them. If a man resorts only to that perception which his physical senses afford, he is figuratively putting himself on an island in the great sea of nature; he is excluding himself from all that beyond the immediate range of his objective senses.



If there is a human on the opposite side of this Earth with whom I must immediately communicate, must he

be denied such information because he is beyond the audibility of my voice? What kind of masters of our existence would we be if, realizing that all between us was really a part of us, we yet did not know how to use such a medium to convey our ideas? Since our voices cannot physically traverse the Earth by material means as yet, we must admit that man must be possessed of some faculty to traverse the substances between him and his fellows.

Brother Zuber: I presume we are approaching a consideration of mental communication, the projection of thought from one individual to another.

August Master: We are. The mind has an effluence which carries each thought outward like concentric rings spreading on the surface of a pond into which a pebble has been dropped. All minds, as we know from personal experience and experimentation, do not receive such transmission of thought. Their failure to do so lies in the fact that they lack such balance as will permit the infinitesimally delicate energy of the thought to move the consciousness to experience a realization of the ideas being sent forth. This may be illustrated by a simple analogy of physical phenomena.

(To be continued.)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER





## *Summary of This Monograph*



Below is a summary of the important principles of this monograph. It contains the essential statements which you should not forget. After you have carefully read the complete monograph, try to recall as many as you can of the important points you read. Then read this summary and see if you have forgotten any. Also refer to this summary during the ensuing week to refresh your memory.

- ¶ **The August Master speaks of the mystical principle known as the Law of Affinity.**
- ¶ **He asserts that man is possessed of some faculty for traversing the substances between him and his fellows.**
- ¶ **The mind has an effluence which carries each thought outward like concentric rings spreading on the surface of a pond into which a pebble has been dropped.**
- ¶ **Failure to receive transmissions of thought indicates lack of balance for permitting the delicate energy of thought to move the consciousness to experience a realization of the ideas being sent forth.**



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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ The reaches of the mind are today only suspected, for psychology is only in its infancy. Mystics have long known, however, that man's thought can traverse great distances and communication be established with others without physical means.



*For if, as you know to be the case, a visible man can call another visible man to him by a word, and force him to do what he wants—when a mere word, without the aid of arms, can effect so much, much more can it be that an invisible man can do this, since he commands both the visible and the invisible man, not by the aid of a word, but by the direction of his thought. . . . So, then, you will easily come round to our opinion if you settle it that the interior or invisible man is a kind of constellation or firmament. For he remains latent in the senses and thoughts of the exterior, visible man, and discloses or reveals himself.*

—PARACELSUS, 1493(?)–1541





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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



**N** In the chaotic times immediately prior to the French Revolution, no personality looms more commandingly than Gabriel Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau. The last of a rugged, individualistic family, who from generation to generation had proved indomitable, intense, stubbornly perverse, Gabriel Honoré perpetuated the family characteristics.



His was a life of varied experience—from dissolute extravagances to highest achievement. He fought, loved, hated, wrote; and as Deputy of Aix in the great National Assembly, he became the great voice of the Revolution. His indefatigable efforts brought about an untimely death, and all of France mourned his passing.

*One can say that, had Mirabeau lived, the History of France and of the World had been different. Further, that the man would have needed, as few men ever did, the whole compass of that same 'Art of Daring, Art d'Oser,' which he so prized; and likewise that he, above all men then living, would have practised and manifested it. Finally, that some substantiality, and no empty simulacrum of a formula, would have been the result realized by him: a result you could have loved, a result you could have hated; by no likelihood, a result you could only have rejected with closed lips, and swept into quick forgetfulness forever. Had Mirabeau lived one other year!*

—THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795-1881

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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

August Master: In this matter of mental communication, let us consider now the recipient rather than the transmitter. He may not objectively know that you are attempting to communicate with him without physical means. He may not be visualizing you at all. In fact, his mortal consciousness may be engrossed with another idea, quite unrelated to you or such a phenomenon. Under such circumstances, he definitely would not be in balance with your mind, but rather, like some of the stakes driven too firmly into the lake bottom, would not respond to the waves coming against them.

Brother Zuber: We agreed, did we not, that the Cosmic Intelligence existing in and between all men acts as a medium for thought transmission as well as for other phenomena? If the transmitter is successful in reaching the consciousness of the one desired, why then would not that recipient be aware of the idea transmitted to him?

August Master: The water of the lake in our analogy spreads out to all of the stakes. Each stake driven into the bottom penetrates the waters of the lake. The agitation of the surface causes the waves to spread out, as we have said, and to reach every stake. Some oscillate in harmony with the waves; but some are so engaged to the lake bottom as to prevent them from being in balance with the waves, and thus are not moved.

You: You mean, then, that there must be some way of freeing the objective consciousness of the one to whom we attempt to transmit a message--a way to cause his mortal mind to disengage itself from other interests and enter into harmony with its own inner consciousness where the transmitter's idea has been received?

August Master: Quite so. If we are to master these principles we must be able to direct them at will. There is no advantage in being able to transmit if the recipient must first make arrangements to receive the message, and must know of another's intention to transmit it.

Whenever you succeed in reaching another's inner consciousness, he must be made aware objectively of a message for him, whether or not he knows in advance that you are to communicate with him.

Suppose a parcel containing something of great value had been sent unknown to me by a special messenger from the distant land of Egypt. Perhaps after many weeks in reaching this city, the messenger deposits the parcel in one of the rooms of this edifice without announcing that he has done so. The parcel, then, is in my possession in the sense that it is on my premises; yet I have no knowledge of it. Consequently, it has a nugatory value. The messenger must find some way of attracting my attention to its delivery. So, too, in the





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transmission of thought, the recipient's objective consciousness must be made aware of the idea that has been implanted in his inner consciousness by the transmitter.

You: If the thought sent forth is given enough impetus by visualization and concentration, it would seem that the objective consciousness of the recipient should be aware of that which he has inwardly received. On the other hand, I know from my own experience that this is not always accomplished.

August Master: We agree, then, that ultimately the transmitted idea must enter the objective consciousness of the recipient for it to be realized by him. A thought originating within an individual's objective mind can obviously more easily command his mortal mind than one which exists only within his inner mind. The latter is of a finer and more delicate constituency, and it is difficult for it to supplant an idea which is already in the objective mind. When one is in a receptive state, not seeking to concentrate his objective senses upon anything in particular, it is comparatively simple for the impression transmitted to him to pass through into his mortal consciousness and for him to become aware of it. Men, however, are infrequently in such receptive states; yet at times it is most urgent that thought be directed to them even though they may be preoccupied. Therefore, it is apparent that something is needed to arouse them objectively to make them aware of that which resides within their inner consciousness. This needs to be done if we are to become true masters of this phenomenon of projection of thought.

The Law of Affinity makes this possible. It may be applied in two of the senses of time; namely, the present and the past. First, I shall explain its use in the present. We mostly possess evanescent thoughts. Like waves breaking against a sea wall, the impressions of most of our daily experiences are thrown back from whence they came. We are objectively conscious many hours each day. Myriad impressions come to our eyes and ears and our other receptor senses. But when the day is done, how many of them can we recollect?

Brother Zuber: Few; but then, are we not fortunate that such is the case?

August Master: Yes, for our minds would be in an even greater confusion of diversity. Yet there are those experiences of the day, and those thoughts which have come forth from our reasoning, which have such efficacy as to greatly arouse our emotions. They cause the sentiments of our beings to respond to them, and they finally become deeply impressed, registered if you will, in the subliminal mind. Sometimes they are commendable ideas, creative and inspirational; at other times they are perplexities, aggravations, and often motives of fear. Whatever ideas are firmly implanted in us, the consequence of



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our experience and thinking, are dwelt upon frequently, and therefore become an intimate part of our whole being.

Each of us knows that a profound thought surrounds itself with the psychical and emotional qualities of our beings. It dominates our mental and psychic selves. No one can have such a mental activity as will recur in his objective consciousness from time to time, and yet be free of any feeling or sentiment related to it. Only recollect those thoughts--pleasurable or not--that you occasionally harbor of past incidents, or your dreams of the future, and you will realize that when they are a part of you, your consciousness, they are contiguous to your whole being. Such thoughts firmly implanted in your inner mind are an intimate part of yourself.

Brother Zuber: To follow your thought, August Master, presume I have a cherished ideal. This consists of many elements--the things which compose its nature. When I perceive or recollect any single one of those elements there is brought into association with it all of that which constitutes the whole ideal. It follows, then, that the elements of my ideal are separately as intimate to me as the entire ideal itself, for one always touches upon the other. Further, whatever may be related to the elements of my ideal will frequently find their way into my consciousness by the simple fact that the ideal is something to which I often turn for pleasure. An open channel between these firmly implanted, recurring experiences and my objective mind is therefore established.

In my opinion, we are all objectively more sensitive to favorite ideas or deeply entrenched experiences than to any other. Certainly a man who has a great love for a particular study, the knowledge and memory of which has been built up for years within his inner consciousness, would have his objective mind more responsive to impressions coming from such a source than to the ordinary events of the day which he might discern externally.

August Master: You have followed me well, Brother Zuber. You recognize the intimate affinity between the objective mind of man, and those thoughts and sensations which have become integrated with his personality. Some thoughts are cast off easily. They merely pass through the objective mind without leaving a lasting impression. Others are assimilated and shape our character and our personality. They have thus become a part of us. Now, if I wish to transmit my intelligence to the mind of another without his knowledge in advance, and have a greater certainty that he objectively will become aware of it, what would you recommend in the light of our discussion?



You: I would humbly suggest, August Master, that we do more than visualize the personality of the one whom we wish to reach with our projected thought. I would include in my procedure holding in my mind some experience,

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thought, plan, or purpose which I knew to be an affinity of the personality, the inner self of the person to be reached. Thus my thought, the idea I wished to transmit, would become an affinity of the intimate consciousness of the distant personality. When, therefore, he recollected or allowed these impressions of his inner mind to enter his objective consciousness, my message would accompany them.

Brother Zuber: I think this analogy might serve. I wish to converse with an important personage and do not know when he will be at home or have leisure to receive me. I may knock upon his portal many times, only to find him absent or unable to give me ear. If, however, I make my intentions known to a very beloved friend of his, he will invite me to accompany him at the proper time to the home of the one I seek. Thus by the Law of Affinity, by associating myself to that which has an affinity with that which I wish to make contact, I am successful.

August Master: An admirable explanation, Brother! I must admonish you, however, that the Law of Affinity cannot be applied for any nefarious purpose. If one had in mind an injury to another, physically, morally, or materially, through the transmission of thought, such an idea could not, by the Law of Affinity, be related to intimate impressions of the self of another. This inner self would repel any thoughts which sought to enter the inner consciousness and become a part of it, and which were immoral or improper. It is a guardian of each of us. It will not permit destructive thoughts to become a part of itself, and thus harm the individual. We may, by our individual thinking--and we often do--affect our own welfare by our thoughts; that is, we obstruct the evolution of our personality. However, that is according to the Law of Compensation. We learn, and through our learning, grow.

The Law of Affinity does not subject our development to interference by others. Let us be cautious, therefore, of the thoughts we attempt to project according to the Law of Affinity, or they may never enter the objective consciousness of the one for whom they are intended.

(To be continued.)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER





## *Summary of This Monograph*



Below is a summary of the important principles of this monograph. It contains the essential statements which you should not forget. After you have carefully read the complete monograph, try to recall as many as you can of the important points you read. Then read this summary and see if you have forgotten any. Also refer to this summary during the ensuing week to refresh your memory.

- ¶ Cosmic Intelligence existing in and between all men acts as a medium for thought transmission as well as for other phenomena.
- ¶ Through the Law of Affinity, the recipient may be made aware objectively of a message reaching his inner consciousness by the transmission of an idea, thought, or plan known by the transmitter to be emotionally important to him.
- ¶ The Law of Affinity cannot be applied for any nefarious purpose. It does not subject our development to interference by others.



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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ We continue our glimpses of conditions producing the French Revolution, upon the eve of which the events in this series of monographs took place.



*The French nobleman exacted only certain rents, either copyhold quit-rents or feudal services, from the tenants on his ancestral estates. His tenants were in no sense his serfs; they owed him no personal service, and resented the payment of the rent substituted for such service. The patriarchal feeling of loyalty to the lord had long disappeared, and the French peasant did not acknowledge any subjection to his landlord, while the Prussian and Russian serf recognized his bondage to his master.*

*These considerations help to show why the Revolution, which was after twenty-six years to inaugurate modern Europe, broke out in France. It was because the French peasant was more independent, more wealthy, and better educated than the German serf, that he resented the political and social privileges of his landlord and the payment of rent, more than the serf objected to his bondage. It was because France possessed an enlightened middle class that the peasants and workmen found leaders. It was because Frenchmen had been in the possession of a great measure of personal freedom that they were ready to strike a blow for political liberty, and eventually promulgated the idea of social equality.*

—H. MORSE STEPHENS, M. A.

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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

August Master: Let me now reduce these principles for projection to a simple procedure. When you wish to transmit a thought to another, first analyze the nature of the intelligence. Is it constructive and morally proper? Is there anything about it which offends your own conscience? If not, then you may be assured that you will not be violating Cosmic principles by your endeavor.

Second, exclude from your consciousness all external interests and distractions. Be certain that the message is of a simple nature. Reduce it to the least number of ideas.

Third, visualize a white screen before the eyes, and proceed as an artist to paint upon it the physical form of the individual whom you wish to reach. Make your picture so complete that you can see all the physical characteristics of which you have knowledge. Try to be aware of the light in the individual's eyes; see him breathe; see the color of his complexion.

Fourth, and now we come to the application of the Law of Affinity itself. Think, next, of the dominant thought, idea, ideal, or experience which you know has become an intimate part of the personality whom you are attempting to contact. If you have heard him relate a plan, an idea or a concept, recollect it carefully and then try to visualize its elements as another picture on the same screen before your consciousness. You will, therefore, have two principal images--the physical form of the personality to be reached and the picture of his dominant thought.

You must then intently and objectively concentrate upon them. You must try to feel what he feels when dwelling upon them. By the Law of Affinity you bind your thoughts to his. After a few seconds have elapsed, inwardly feel these thoughts of the other individual to be as close to you as you believe they are to him; then you are ready for your final step.

This final step consists in substituting for the other's thought the message you wish to convey and upon which you have been concentrating. This is done by dismissing his thoughts or experiences, and holding in mind your own message for another two or three seconds.

Then, dismiss the entire experiment from your conscious mind. Thus you release your thought into the Cosmic through your own inner mind. However, your thoughts are related by the Law of Affinity to those which are a vital element in the personality of the other. By this method you have attached your thoughts to those already established in the inner consciousness of the recipient. The force of the thoughts



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within his personality will cause yours, with them, to enter his objective mind where they will simultaneously be realized.

Brother Zuber: How will the recipient experience my transmitted thought? In what manner will it impress him?

August Master: If the recipient permits himself objectively at any time to entertain those intimate recurring thoughts of his own, your message like an intuitive voice will be related to his objective consciousness, and at that time he will also realize that the message came from you. By this Law of Affinity, you have, therefore, brought the objective mind of another into harmony with your own thoughts.

You: Suppose, August Master, that I have no personal knowledge of the intimate thoughts and ideas of another, by which, through the Law of Affinity, my transmitted ideas may be carried into his objective mind with great efficacy?

August Master: Then, my Brother, the way is more difficult, but as heretofore, you must follow your past procedure and hope that eventually you reach the recipient at a time when he is in a passive state.

Suppose you had a material message, an epistle to transmit. If you did not know the individual's whereabouts, the task would be most difficult. You would seek to acquire such information, if possible, in advance of the delivery. Again, we may look upon the matter in this light: Most times, we do not need to reach mentally another whose personality we do not know; so, in most instances, you will have sufficient information at your disposal to be able to apply the Law of Affinity.

Brother Zuber: And how may it also be used in relation to the past?

August Master: Why do you presume, Brethren, that men throughout the centuries have been so deeply concerned with immortality? Why have they been so eager to learn whether a life follows this one--here or elsewhere?

Brother Zuber: The interest, I believe, has been prompted by a number of reasons, some admirable, others due to the weaknesses of human nature. Primitive men most often fear death, and so do those whose thinking is as elementary. Death seems a complete cessation of life and all things associated with it. Instinctively every animate thing, even a plant, strives to preserve its life; consequently men, unless motivated by some intense desire that makes them for the moment impervious to the effects of death, vigorously oppose it.





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Life is part of man's daily conscious state. Men may not agree on what life is, but every man can say of what it consists for him. No man yet has ever explained death so as to cause his listener to have the same intimate realization of it that he has of the life he lives. Death, as a state, can be rationalized; its purpose and conditions made logically acceptable. But life is something we demonstrate to ourselves each conscious moment. Life, therefore, is an immediately known state, and death is an unknown existence. In knowledge, there is confidence; but of death each of us personally knows nothing so far as our own objective realization is concerned. Death intrigues the imagination, and like the anticipated but unknown, engenders fear.

The love of life follows from man's nature by necessity, as light follows from a flame; and most men have found, in their existence, conditions and experiences which they would like to have recur. Such experiences are loved for their own sake. Most men believe that happiness rests entirely upon their powers and abilities to shape, find, or seize it.

What may follow death appears, by contrast to the possible happiness of life, quite illusionary to most men. If death means, then, the absolute end of all of the ideals, all of the loves which have endeared life to man, it is no wonder that both the savage and the unthinking person of today shun it as a terror.

Immortality would not even exist as a doctrine if men did not conceive, in their own nature, some element which could endure the change of death. We are led to believe that some condition exists within the living body that is of an intangible nature, which is separated from the body at death, but not destroyed. It is a cogent deduction.

Here is something which is a living body. It breathes, thinks, moves, expresses itself. Next, it is incapable of any of these acts or functions. Examination shows only almost imperceptible changes in its form or substance. Whatever caused it to perform previously as a living being, becomes to our mortal reasoning an intangible essence of some kind. In our thinking it is a corollary that such an intangible essence must have left the body. Since we cannot see it, even though it has great power, in our minds we associate it with other invisible and almost intangible forces of nature, such as the air, magnetism, and electricity.

These forces are relatively eternal and indestructible. To man, they are immortal in their realm. It follows, then, that man conceives this essence, which is thought to have departed from the body at death, to be also immortal. If this is so, and it carries the weight of probability to most men, then in immortality men hope to find salvation



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from the futility of an absolute death, and even some justification for their very birth. It gladdens men's hearts to think that in another life, either here or on a plane beyond, rewards may be given for that righteousness they have conceivably lived, and an opportunity to make amends for wrongs.

You: I would say that men strongly desire to live, because a single mortal life-span seems all too short, and men search and pray for a way to lengthen it.

August Master: Your words, Brethren, are convincing. These truly are the reasons men cling tenaciously to the doctrine of immortality. Why, however, should men content themselves with a period of mortal consciousness only threescore and ten? Why should they not have a period of consciousness that includes a century, perhaps thirty centuries, before they seek or actually enjoy a life in another realm?

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



**NOTE TO HIERARCHY MEMBER:** During the ensuing week, you should personally test the Law of Affinity described in this monograph. Select some individual whom you know well, one whose personal interests or favorite studies are familiar to you. Choose some particular subject intimate to that individual, and visualize it in connection with the message you wish to project to him in the manner set forth. Do not advise the person that you are doing this. Later, determine whether he received any impressions of you or of your message at the time of your experiment.

You may, if you wish, report your results with this experiment.

## *Summary of This Monograph*



Below is a summary of the important principles of this monograph. It contains the essential statements which you should not forget. After you have carefully read the complete monograph, try to recall as many as you can of the important points you read. Then read this summary and see if you have forgotten any. Also refer to this summary during the ensuing week to refresh your memory.

- ¶ **Use of the Law of Affinity for transmitting messages consists of five steps:**
  - 1. Analysis of the nature of the message**
  - 2. Exclusion of all external interests and distractions from the consciousness**
  - 3. Visualization of the person to whom the message is being sent**
  - 4. Concentration upon some dominant thought, ideal or experience known to be intimately significant to the recipient**
  - 5. Substitution for the other's thought the message you wish to send and concentration upon it for two or three seconds**
- ¶ **The Law of Affinity may also be used in relation to the past, making possible in the physical realm a period of consciousness extending over centuries.**





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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ The bourgeoisie or The Third Estate had emerged from the peasantry by a continuing process, and by the end of the eighteenth century occupied an influential position in the social structure of France. Although they presented an extreme diversity of condition, it was they who shouldered the financial crises of the government. The upper bourgeoisie of finance and commerce were, in fact, scarcely to be distinguished from the aristocracy. It was the bourgeoisie who assumed the leadership of the Revolution.



*The bourgeoisie put its emphasis on earthly happiness and on the dignity of man; it urged the necessity of increasing the former and elevating the latter, through the control of natural forces by science and the utilizing of them to augment the general wealth. The means, it was believed, consisted in granting entire freedom to investigation, invention and enterprise, for which the incentive was to be personal gain, or the charm of discovery, struggle and risk. The conception was dynamic, calling upon all men, without distinction of birth, to enter into a universal competition from which the progress of mankind was to follow without end. The ideas appeared in a confused way in the France of the Renaissance; subsequently Descartes inaugurated a new humanism by opening up a magnificent perspective, the domination of nature by science; finally, the writers of the eighteenth century, encouraged by English and American influences—here we must note Voltaire, the encyclopedists, the economists—set forth with spectacular success the principles of the new order, and the practical conclusions that it seemed fitting to deduce.*

—GEORGES LEFEBVRE

(Permission to use the above quotation, from *The Coming of the French Revolution* by Georges Lefebvre, has been granted by the publishers, Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey.)



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**PAGE ONE**

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

Brother Zuber: There must be a reason for your asking, August Master, why man contents himself with a life of only threescore years. Can he do otherwise? Your suggestion that he might enjoy a consciousness of a century or more makes me think so. Yet that would seem to hark back to the false dreams of the Alchemists. Certainly you do not have in mind any Elixir of Life to aid man in the process?

August Master: I do not, for such would be contrary to those cycles of life of which we Brethren of the Rosy Cross have a special knowledge. Allow me to explain: Time is but the measure of a period of consciousness. An incident of consciousness on one occasion might transpire in but a few seconds. At another time, the same incident might take an entire year. Incidents, for example, that have taken several hours for us to realize in an awakened state, have later been realized in a few seconds when we were dreaming.

Now, what is it we cherish in life the most--years, or that of which we can be conscious? No one would want to live for eternity and not be conscious. As one of the philosophers said--a Stoic, I believe--"Where we are, consciousness is. Where consciousness is not, there we are not." One man may live years and have little change of consciousness. Another may live but half this period but experience more of life than the other would in two centuries. The fullness of life, then, is found in the fullness of our consciousness, not in the minutes, hours, or years of our mortal existence. The extension of consciousness for the average man is but from childhood until his death, or the so-called normal span of three-score and ten. The orbit of his consciousness is the times and events, the happenings of just his immediate world. Consequently, his life is no greater than the actual years that he has existed on Earth.

You: How can a mortal live longer than his span and yet not exceed the average number of years spent on Earth? This seems paradoxical.

August Master: I will answer by saying that if in my consciousness I can step into the period of the building of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, approximately 2900 B.C.; if I can feel the intense heat of the desert Sun beating down upon me; if I can feel that I must brush the flies from my face; if I can see thousands of men hauling from rafts moored along the Nile great stones which have been quarried at a distance; if I can see the massive edifice partly completed with laborers and craftsmen alike swarming over it; if, further, all else for the



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moment is erased from my mind but that single scene, I am there, am I not?

Brother Zuber: Your consciousness is there, so you must be--if our Stoic philosopher is to be believed.

August Master: Again, if I can join with other votaries in the moonlight as they move through the Ishtar Gate and along the Sacred Way of ancient Babylon toward the Temple of Bel; and if I can see the red flare of the giant censers, and smell the fragrance of the incense as it billows heavenward, and hear the faint, plaintive call of the priest from the tower top; if these experiences are of me, and nothing else occupies my consciousness, in realization, then, I--the self, the real me--am in Babylon, regardless of what year the calendar may proclaim or where people may see my body stationed.

Brother Zuber: You would most assuredly be, for as I understand it, if your body were in Babylon and you had no realization of it, then your ego would not be there. Conversely, if your consciousness is in Babylon, then you are there, regardless of where your physical body may rest.

August Master: Could I not, then, be with Moses on Mount Sinai, with Caesar when he crossed the Rubicon, with the Master Jesus when he addressed a multitude? What limits me? Is it not just my inability to make incidents, happenings, realities of other periods an intimate part of my immediate consciousness? The more I make the past as familiar to me, and as much a part of myself as the present, the more then is that past as much my life as the experiences of others are to them during their threescore and ten years of existence.

In other words, Brethren, if I can integrate historical events and thoughts of three thousand years ago as experiences in my consciousness, and give them as much realism as something that I now perceive just beyond this window, then my life does not consist of a few paltry years, but actually extends back thirty centuries. I live where I am in consciousness. The greater the extension of my consciousness, the greater the length of my conscious existence.

You: Certainly this is not accomplished by a mere reading of historical accounts. The average cultured citizen has read ancient and medieval history, and yet he feels his life is just the actual span of years he has resided on Earth.



August Master: That is true. Knowing of the past, and being of it are two vastly different states of mind. Most historical events are composite, so related as a whole that we do not experience the elements of which they

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are composed when they are told to us, or when we read of them. It is like perceiving a symbol without a realization of its meaning. For analogy: One person may look upon a cross and see only a vertical line with a shorter horizontal line bisecting it. Another may look upon the same symbol and see in it, with responsive feeling, the meaning of the various concepts associated with it. The latter individual feels each of the human experiences associated with it, at least to some extent. Consequently, the difference between these two persons is that one has just a general consciousness of the entirety of that of which a thought is composed, and the other has a progressive realization of what goes to make up the thought. The latter gradually assimilates it into his consciousness. It is the Law of Affinity again, which permits us to relive the past in such a manner that our lives, our consciousness, is extended far beyond the normal span of years allotted to us.

Brother Zuber: But how is the Law of Affinity to be applied in such case?

August Master: By reading the words of wisdom, the sentiments, hopes, and aspirations of the characters of that time which you want to make a part of your life. It is not sufficient to read a historian's account of what occurred during a period unless that historian was a contemporary of the times he relates. This is understandable if we consider ourselves. Usually when we speak or write each of us is in the mood of the emotional stress and influence of our immediate environment. Our words are shaped by our experiences, our impressions of the events that come through our senses, or are the result of our conclusion. Thus, unless we are mimicking another, our words reflect our mental and psychic selves as they have been influenced by our sensations, our feelings, and our sentiments. If I say something is good, unless I am deliberately mendacious or hypocritical, it represents my idea of the content of good, and such pleasure as I derive from such good. The way I phrase my words portrays my mind--even my personality; therefore, if in all earnestness I repeat to myself a solemn pledge, a song of gratification, or a fond hope, originally uttered in equal sincerity by another, I will invariably cause that person's original sentiments to recur within me.

Our daily experiences furnish an example of this. Why is it that an oration full of faith and conviction moves a multitude? It is because the ideas of the speaker become the multitude's own and stir within them the same emotions as if the words had originated within themselves. By the Law of Affinity, the listener's self is bound to the speaker by the common bond of the words spoken.



You: Almost everyone has experienced this; that is true.



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August Master: I am sure you have been moved to feel what Socrates believed and understood when you read his words at the time of his execution, related by Plato in the Phaedo. You have felt deeply for Galileo when he made his plea for knowledge before the Inquisition. If you would be a part of the times of antiquity and have a life enduring centuries, being able to return to any period at will, then select the writings of a character of the age you prefer, and read them with fervor. Read them as your own. Do not look upon them as the words of another. Feel them to be your own. The incidents surrounding his life will become so vivid that you will actualize them. You will be there in his period and times. In your consciousness there will be such an affection for these things, and they will have such a familiarity as to seem to have happened to you personally.

There are many great advantages, my Brothers, in the use of this Law of Affinity. Men frequently tire of life and its limitation. When they cannot change their circumstances as readily as they would like, they often resort to acts such as suicide that degrade and retard the development of their soul personalities. If one can resort to the Law of Affinity, he can be the true master of any such situation. He does not need to live in the immediate year of the calendar. He can live, in consciousness, in any period from which he can acquire the knowledge which will give him confidence in meeting the problems of today.

To the multitude, today is new, so extremely new that they do not know how to meet many of its circumstances. Yet nothing is really new. What happens today, has happened in the past, insofar as human nature is concerned. Men have often had to confront similar situations. By the Law of Affinity we can feel what men of the past have felt, get their understanding, their viewpoint, and carry these back into the so-called present. Let us fortify ourselves. Instead of being one man, one personality, we can by this method really be all the great personalities, and profit by their experience and their breadth of knowledge.

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



**NOTE TO HIERARCHY MEMBER:** During the next week or two, try the Law of Affinity as many times as possible in regard to the past. Select some period and some notable character and proceed as has been outlined. It is not necessary to use the period with which these monographs deal. Use any period of the past which appeals to you.

You will acquire a tremendous inner growth, a satisfaction, a poise, and a vision. Your mental vision will not be just of the time of your childhood, or the present years, but from the time of the limits of history to now. Report your experiences with this mystical principle if they are outstanding.

## *Summary of This Monograph*



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- ¶ **Where we are, consciousness is; where consciousness is not, there we are not.**
- ¶ **The fullness of life is found in the fullness of our consciousness, not in the minutes, hours, or years of our mortal existence. The greater the extension of consciousness, the greater the length of conscious existence.**
- ¶ **The more we make the past as familiar to ourselves as the present, the more that past is as much a part of life as present experience.**
- ¶ **The Law of Affinity permits us to relive the past, extending our consciousness far beyond a normal life span.**
- ¶ **This law may be applied by reading the works of contemporaries of periods in which we are interested.**
- ¶ **By application of past events to present circumstances, problems in the present find their solution.**



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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ That the French Revolution put into motion those actions that have resulted in modern Europe as we know it today is now generally recognized. The great thinkers of the day played their important role although so subtly that their influence has come to be appreciated only from the vantage point of time.



*The great French writers of the eighteenth century exercised by their works a smaller influence on the outbreak and actual course of the French Revolution than has been generally supposed. The causes of the movement were chiefly economical and political, not philosophical or social: its rapid development was due to historical circumstances, and mainly to the attitude of the rest of Europe. But the text-books of its leaders were the works of the French thinkers of the eighteenth century, and if their doctrines had little actual influence in bringing about the Revolution, they influenced its development and the extension of its principles throughout Europe.*

—H. MORSE STEPHENS, M. A.

To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

The ideas of last night's discourse seem strangely remote in the restlessness that has overtaken you today. Your mind is not at ease, but you cannot account for it. It cannot be your health. The moment your mind becomes passive, a haunting fear persists. The afternoon among the bookstalls of Rue Caumartin has done nothing to change it.

The last ten minutes before the time of Brother Zuber's arrival are the most difficult. You fling yourself upon the bed and lie there staring at the ceiling.

A voice below startles you. You do not hear what is being said; but you do recognize the voice. It is Brother Zuber! In a stride, you are through the door and fairly flying down the steps. "What is the cause of your alarm, Brother?"

Brother Zuber has never appeared as you now see him, his hair disheveled, beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead. His waistcoat is torn and soiled. Seeing you, he tries to regain his composure, but his lips quiver with intense emotion.

"The Tuileries palace guards have fired upon the people, killing five. A riot ensued. We must be off at once!"

Your own heart pounds, but you force an air of calm. Instinctively you feel that your sense of depression throughout the day has some relation to what he has to tell. He takes your arm and actually propels you along the virtually deserted boulevard. Suddenly his grip tightens and he pulls you into concealment behind a pilaster. From surprise you say reprovingly, "Why these methods?"

He puts his finger to his lips. You stand with your backs to the stone facade, but are able to peer around the pilaster into the boulevard. A squad of palace guards with bayonets fixed approaches. Across the boulevard you see similar squads. One poor fellow is felled with the stock of a musket and is being dragged away unconscious.

For several minutes you neither speak nor move from your position; then Brother Zuber cautiously steps out and glances up and down the boulevard. He motions to you to accompany him, and you both walk rapidly along within the deepening shadows. Thoughts are surging through your mind, but you dare not risk conversation.

Brother Zuber avoids the well-lighted rues and finally comes to stop in the shadow of an abandoned hostelry. You both pant from your exertion and excitement. You recover first and blurt out hoarsely:





"Enlighten me! What evil is extant?"

"It is no news that the Crown subjects the people of France to insult and abuse," Brother Zuber begins. "The subalterns merely reflect the contempt which Louis himself expresses in Court for the people. Conflicts are increasingly frequent, and this one today was more violent than any of which I have knowledge. This patrolling of the rues and the driving of the people from them as if they were miscreants is proof enough of that."

"But your appearance?" You point to his apparel and the absence of his chapeau.

"It was not by accident that I was involved. I went there intentionally." Noticing your astonishment and that you are about to speak, Brother Zuber with a wave of his hand silences you and continues: "Know you Brother Anthony Fayette? He sat in the conclave at the Cafe du Cachet when you took your vows sub rosa. You had an introduction to him, but may not recall his name because he spoke not the entire evening. He is strong of mind and endowed with a keen intellect, but extremely morose and given to violent displays of emotionalism when the social and political evils of our time are discussed.

"It is rumored that his young sister, a talented musician, was engaged as a tutor in the Tuileries Palace. A few years ago she was violated there by a member of the Court. She never disclosed the man's identity for fear her brother might forget his vows and slay him, and then himself be put to death. Rumor relates that King Louis had knowledge of the act and commented upon it facetiously. That cannot be proved, but it has preyed upon Brother Fayette's mind. His sister never recovered from the shock, secluded herself and finally contracted a severe ailment, from which she recently passed through transition.

"After a valiant conflict with himself, Brother Fayette had succeeded in disciplining his emotions; however, the transition of his sister was too great a strain on his reserve. Today he vowed to a neighbor that he would avenge her death, and likewise execrate Louis before the very gates of his own palace. This neighbor knew he had some tie with Brother Centauri; so he ran breathlessly to relate what Brother Fayette had avowed, hoping he could be stopped before he was slain, or put upon the rack.

"The Cosmic decreed that I be present at the Cafe du Cachet and in conversation with Brother Centauri when the gentleman came. Brother Centauri counseled with me and I persuaded him to let me go. I took a carriage to the Tuileries, and as we approached, I saw a large gathering without the gate. Arms were waving, people shouting, and



others were running from various directions to the congregation. I was forcing my way through the milling crowd when shots rang out. I could not see who fired or what was the result, for in the melee, I fell.

"There was a moment of silence; the mob was motionless. Then with a roar of oaths from the multitude, missiles began flying, bludgeons made their appearance from nowhere. The people surged forward. I was swept along; I could not have withdrawn had I desired.

"Strangely I had no fear nor did I have any anger. My mind was working furiously as to how I could rescue Brother Fayette if he were there. I was pushed within the gates, as again and again shots rang out--fired by mounted carabineers who had rushed to the scene. Screams rent the air and the crowds began to disperse. In the retreat, I was knocked to the ground. I recovered and rose shakily to have a fleeting glance of Brother Fayette's being carried along the garden road, suspended between two mounted carabineers. Each had him by a wrist and armpit, and his feet were dangling in the air as he struggled to free himself.

"Involuntarily I cried out to him, but in the commotion he could not hear. An elderly man, wearing a tradesman's apron, his face smeared with blood, whispered, 'Retreat now, that tomorrow you may advance.' As we watched, I could see friends and sympathizers carrying away those who were mortally wounded. The crowd had now reformed at a safe distance and were hurling stones and imprecations at the gates.

"I kept saying, 'Poor Brother Fayette,' over and over again, until the man at my side queried, 'The prisoner is a personal friend of yours?'

"'A brother,' I replied, not caring whether he knew I meant fraternal or not.

"'It does not bode well for those of whom he spoke,' said he, looking inquisitively at me.

"'Of whom and what did he speak?' I asked excitedly, my voice betraying my feelings.

"He looked me straight in the eyes, and said with deliberation, 'I am a humble cobbler across the way. Most of my trade comes from the Palace servants. I was attracted by loud talking. Looking out, I saw the one you call Brother Fayette gesticulating wildly before the gate, and a sentry ordering him away. He refused to leave. My curiosity drew me out of my shop to within earshot. This Fayette was crying out against the indignities the people had suffered from the



base conduct of the Crown and its subalterns. As the guards stepped beyond the gates and seized him, Fayette cried so that all could hear, 'My voice is weak, but the voice of Master Cagliostro and his appeal for justice and for mercy for the people will be heard in the remotest parts of this continent. He and the Brethren of the Rosy Cross will redeem humanity and liberate it from the tyranny of that monster Louis.'

"'Methinks,' the old man went on, 'that the man Fayette spoke for himself, but many--including the soldiery, I fear--believed him speaking for the great Cagliostro and for the followers of the Rosy Cross.' Then, as if warning me, he concluded: 'It is well they be alert or their bodies will be crushed on the wheel.' With that he was off in the direction of his shop. I then hurried to you."

"But our good Master's life is endangered!"

"Alas," said Brother Zuber, "and so is that of every one of the brethren who has been publicly identified with our beloved Order. This incident will not be overlooked as an impulsive act of a bereaved person like Brother Fayette. Most assuredly, Louis will consider it a thrust at his Throne by our August Master. To be a Rosicrucian now will require more than assurances of courage and devotion. Brother Cagliostro will become the immediate target for their nefarious plans. We must warn him at once and offer ourselves for whatever the cause may require. We risk our lives not just for self, but also for those principles more important than our individual lives."

You both look up at the sound of a horse's hoofs. "The Cosmic has favored us this night, for here is a carriage."

With a sigh of relief you both sink into its cushions and the carriage speeds to the rue St. Cloud. The journey is short and, halting the carriage several dwellings past your intended destination, you walk back in the shadows to the now familiar courtyard. You cross it quickly and Brother Zuber gives the triple knock on the door. From within is heard the encouraging response, "Enter and learn the truth."

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER





## *Summary of This Monograph*



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- ¶ **A restless uneasy day on your part preceding your next appointment with the August Master proves to be premonitory, for Brother Zuber calls for you in a disheveled state and reports that palace guards have fired upon the people.**
- ¶ **He gives a detailed account of the incident, reporting that inadvertently through emotional stress Brother Fayette has endangered the lives of Brother Cagliostro and all the membership.**
- ¶ **Together, you and Brother Zuber proceed to your appointment with the August Master.**



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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ All men are engaged in the quest for happiness; yet none can define it except in terms of his own good. It remains a nebulous, changeable goal in most cases; or becomes confused with arbitrary standards that prove false when they are finally grasped. Our quotation is taken from the essay, "Experience," by Ralph Waldo Emerson.



*To fill the hour,—that is happiness; to fill the hour, and leave no crevice for a repentance or an approval. We live amid surfaces, and the true art of life is to skate well on them. Under the oldest mouldiest conventions, a man of native force prospers just as well as in the newest world, and that by skill of handling and treatment. He can take hold anywhere. Life itself is a mixture of power and form, and will not bear the least excess of either. To finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours, is wisdom.*

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1803-1882

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**To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!**

As you and Brother Zuber enter the August Master's laboratory after your race with time across the city, the Master has his back to you. A vapor is pouring forth from a condenser before which he stands; his hands rest on the workbench, supporting his frame.

August Master: Brethren, you bring ill tidings.

Brother Zuber: Then you have learned? Others have preceded us?

August Master: I have seen no one but those of my household, but your auras are messengers of your thoughts, Brethren. Please be seated, for I am of the opinion that our discussions shall be lengthy and of great import.

You: It is true, August Master, that events bode evil. This day Brother Fayette execrated Louis before the main gates of the Tuileries and was roughly handled. A mob gathered and sought to attack the soldiery. Several were slain. Brother Fayette is a prisoner, perhaps even now on the rack. The evil is that he spoke of you and the Brothers of the Rosy Cross as the liberators of France from the tyranny of the Crown. Your life and those of the known brothers are in great danger.

Brother Zuber: Any moment Louis' henchmen may invade the sanctity of this shrine and seize your person. August Master, we have come to help you flee.

August Master: I am deeply moved, Brethren, but there is something which you must understand. Thousands of men and women, not even brethren of the Rosy Cross, have come to look upon me as a symbol of the better life they hope and pray for. It would put too great a strain upon their faith if I were to disappear suddenly. They could only interpret it that I had fled because of fear of danger to myself. I must remain and give them no cause for further confusion.

Fear not, though, Brethren, that I shall be seized today for treason against the Crown and fomenting insurrection. Such would obviously make me a martyr. It is the wish of Louis' advisors to divorce the sympathy of the people from our cause, which I champion. To do this, it is necessary that I be in some way personally discredited. They will charge me with some crime, which will defame my character and at the same time rob both me and the Brethren of the Rosy Cross of public support. Whatever the plot they instigate, it will take some little time to develop. I am safe for today, but you, Brethren, momentarily are not in so secure a position. Your departure and return here must never again be known to anyone but the members and the staff of this edifice.



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You: How can such be accomplished, August Master? After to-day's happenings, this edifice will be secretly watched by the agents of the crown. We could not possibly enter or depart without being detected.

August Master: When the time for departure comes, Brethren, I assure you that you will not be observed even if the Crown's entire army stands outside my courtyard.

You: I am grateful even though I regret the need to measure my happiness in such a fashion.

August Master: Happiness would be an excellent theme for this occasion. We shall therefore devote ourselves to it. As an introduction, "Why are happiness and abundance apparently so confined and limited, while sorrow, strife, and lack are so widespread?"

Brother Zuber: This might be answered briefly by saying that happiness and abundance are a positive acquisition, and sorrow and strife are an undirected and inevitable effect. I realize that is not altogether comprehensible, but I do not feel capable of enlarging upon it.

You: What do you mean by happiness being a positive acquisition?

August Master: I believe I can define the Brother's terms simply. Let us think of human activities as a number of small stones thrown into the air. If we place a certain value upon some of these stones, calling them happiness, and wish to catch them, it will require concentrated effort, which amounts to a positive action on our part.

Brother Zuber: Certainly, it is more difficult to catch the stones in mid-air than to permit them to fall to the ground. The law of gravity will bring them down and upon us if we are in their path, whether we want it or not. If we wish to control the fall of some, though, or to arrest them, that, as said, would require our positive mental and physical exertion.

August Master: Then, for the moment, it is agreed that happiness is a state of mind and a kind of pleasure—depending upon our personal definition of it—which we seek to acquire. We desire to convert some of our experiences into happiness. We try to direct natural influences and conditions to shape themselves into happiness, by various means, some more, some less intelligent than others.

Obviously, that demands an effort on our part; however, other conditions of our environment as well as those acts of ours which we do not attempt to supervise, bring about results which we may not favor.





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It is not that natural law, uncontrolled by the human mind, is going to work to man's detriment. There is no good or evil in the function of natural law. These values are placed upon them by man, in accordance with how they affect his welfare. However, when we are ignorant of nature's laws, the possibilities of their affecting us unfavorably are greater because we inadvertently oppose them. Since most men in pursuing their own aims give little thought to nature generally, they find that life consists of a greater amount of "sorrow and strife" than it does of "happiness and abundance."

You: It would seem then that the more man sought to transmute the experiences of his life into that state called happiness, the less would become his sorrow and lack.

August Master: Yet the opposite is often true. Some men devote all of their energies to reach a single goal, which they define as happiness. In doing so, they neglect health, moral standards, and disrupt proper relations with their fellow humans. The consequent penalties for such violations are disease, sorrow, and the hatred of those envious of such successes as they have. These, in turn, rob what they finally achieve of much of the happiness they expected.

Happiness, which remains the ultimate aim in the lives of most men, sought after so extensively, is nevertheless an abstract ideal. No two men conceive it exactly alike. There is no fixed happiness, no one state by which the other kinds of happiness can be measured. Happiness is as diversified as the minds of men. It might almost be said that whatever we like and want more of is happiness.

You: Might not the moralists disagree? They would not want to concede that the satisfaction of greed, for example, and the appetites in general, is the happiness of which the poets sing.

Brother Zuber: Where is the distinction to be made, my good Brother, between the gratification of a miser counting his coins and that of an artist painting the tints and penumbra of a sunset? You cannot remove the pleasurable content of happiness and still call it such. Whatever constitutes the ideal of pleasure to the individual, that is his happiness.

August Master: There is, however, the utilitarian aspect of happiness, Brothers, which must not be overlooked, if we are to weigh one against the other. The constancy of happiness is a quality that is preferred. Those who seek happiness want it to become a permanent condition of their lives, not an evanescent one. Consequently, a happiness that is apt to dissolve with circumstances would have a lesser value than that which does not. Plato tells us in his Dialogues that mental pleasures are



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true happiness. He reasons that the philosophers—having had the opportunity to experience both kinds of pleasure—bodily and mental—choose the latter, and by so doing proclaim it the more satisfying and enduring.

Brother Zuber: Epicurus defines happiness as pleasure, but he holds it to be of two different kinds, positive and negative. The pleasure most seek is negative in nature, only a freedom from pain. Such a pleasure increases proportionately to the diminished pain. In the classic simile, it is like the pleasure that comes from scratching an itch. One must first have an itch, and only to the extent that it becomes disagreeable can pleasure be had in scratching it. Positive pleasure, to Epicurus, consists in avoiding pain and seeking pleasure as an agreeable state, in its own right, and not merely as the effect of eliminating something not wanted.

August Master: Well said, my Brother. It is better to indulge a general, temperate state of pleasure than to experience one intense and of limited duration. A life where peace of mind prevails, and daily existence is free from worry is preferable to moments of great ecstasy, alternating with intervals of strife.

You: Such happiness, August Master, is unlimited. Each such pleasure inspires a still greater one. Thus man lives physically in accord with nature, and mentally and spiritually in accord with the Cosmic Mind, and from each he enjoys pleasure without conflict. A happiness of this kind may not be the final happiness, but at least it is one which has no ill consequences.

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

**YOUR CLASS MASTER**



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- ¶ You and Brother Zuber inform the August Master of the day's events and the possible threat to his safety and that of the known Brothers. He refuses to flee, however, stating that danger to himself is not imminent since he must first in some way be personally discredited in the eyes of the people.
- ¶ Happiness is the theme of this discussion. Real happiness, it is concluded, is a positive acquisition.
- ¶ Whatever constitutes the ideal of pleasure to the individual, that is his happiness.
- ¶ Happiness that dissolves with circumstances has less value than that which is constant.
- ¶ Epicurus defines happiness as pleasure, but of two kinds—positive and negative; the avoidance of pain is positive, and the elimination of pain or that which is disagreeable is negative.
- ¶ Philosophers, having the opportunity to experience both bodily and mental pleasure, choose the latter as more satisfying and enduring.





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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ The period preceding the French Revolution was characterized in Court circles and among the literary men of the day by skepticism in moral and religious fields. These leaders of thought were deeply moved by the spirit of the age, and did much to bring about the results of the next century.



*But the great effort of that age of free-thinkers, in the way of systematizing their philosophy, was the Encyclopédie. Voltaire, who did not wholly sympathize with its founders, declared that it was built half of marble and half of mud. It was, indeed, a sort of Tower of Babel. Its authors were of various shades of revolutionary opinion and held different degrees of skeptical doctrine. Their theories were not harmonious. Besides the troubles caused by their own divisions and discrepant views, their essays as fast as published were vehemently assailed from without. Still, the work was finally published, in twenty-eight volumes, with a supplement, later on, in five volumes. Biography and History were deliberately excluded. The topics which found admission were discussed with greater originality than any compilation of the sort had yet shown, and the articles were prepared with great ability. It was received with immense enthusiasm. D'Alembert traced the plan, and Diderot in the main charged himself with the task of editing. The chief writers in it were, besides the editors, Grimm, Rousseau, Voltaire, Dumarsais, D'Holbach, and Jacourt: D'Alembert's preface was considered a master-piece.*

—CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON



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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

The discussion of happiness has so engrossed you that the consciousness of time has been completely lost. You are surprised then when the August Master arises suddenly and says: "We must not let the interests of mind completely blind us to our physical requirements. To serve the intellect and house the soul, the body must rest. It will soon be cockcrow. You, Brethren, should return home, for it is imperative that you assemble with me here again at the same hour the night of this new day."

You are about to go, when he says: "Have you forgotten that this place is under constant surveillance? Follow me, for you must not be seen leaving."

He leads the way to the courtyard. The eastern sky is now streaked with gray, and on the horizon a suggestion of the summer's sun soon to rise. The August Master steps into the shadows of the portal to see whether anyone is peering in through the outer gates. You tremble with suppressed excitement. The only visible means for entering or departing is the gate directly across the courtyard from where you stand.

Motioning you to follow, the August Master walks close against the edifice and beneath its superimposures to the extreme end of the courtyard. There he stops, unlocks and opens slowly a narrow wooden door. Behind it is a small closet-like chamber, hardly sufficient for a man to stand erect. Fragments of materials used to protect alchemical supplies lie scattered about. You notice two empty rattan hampers and a dilapidated open chest, from which the lock and hasp have been pried loose. The closet has a musty, uninviting smell.

The August Master whispers: "Help me move these objects to one side." In the back wall of the closet, previously concealed, is another very small door, about half the size of the first. Behind this door is another very small closet. On the floor lies a filled sack of dry white beans. As you pull it away, the August Master says: "What would you think if you came upon this small chamber with this sack in it?"

"Since it is stone lined, I would surmise it was intended to preserve the beans against rodents. Such storage spaces are common. I thought it was an exit, but now I am confused."

The August Master smiles, "Then we have done our work well. You, Brother," he says, nodding to you, "go first."



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You crawl in, remaining on your knees, for there is no room to stand. Even so, in this crouched position, your feet extend beyond the small aperture. You cannot even turn your head. Bending down, with his face in the aperture, the August Master says: "Reach upward and press firmly against the ceiling."

Extending your arm upward, you press against the hard surface and say in amazement: "It yields!" The ceiling is but a facing of stone, which raises up by a strenuous lift. You look into the darkness above, and a cool draft blows down upon you.

The Master produces candles from his voluminous cape and gives one to you and one to Brother Zuber. "Shield them," he says, "for they will be easily extinguished." Then he continues, "Pull yourself into the above passageway. There is height to walk freely erect and in single file. There are no obstructions nor dangers, for you can neither be seen nor heard. You may, therefore, converse freely. When you reach the end of the passage, exit will be quite simple. Be cautious about leaving the passage or the entrance. Arrange everything as you have found it, even to replacing the sack of beans after lowering yourself into this chamber. When crossing the courtyard, be certain that the shadows envelop you. This will be the only means of your future visits."

Cautiously you stand up, your head and shoulders alone being in the aperture. With some effort you pull yourself into the passageway, shielding your candle against the draft, and take a hasty appraisal of your surroundings. The walls, roof, and floor are of roughly quarried stone. The passage descends at a steep rate for a short distance and then makes a right angle. With some difficulty, Brother Zuber joins you in the passageway and almost immediately the August Master pulls the trap closed.

What a pity, you think, that workers for truth and light must resort to such methods to preserve that which is entrusted to their care. You whisper to Brother Zuber, "This passage lies through an ancillary wall of the edifice. I presume it leads downward, but where?"

"The August Master has declared we cannot be overheard," says Brother Zuber, reminding you that a whispered conversation is no longer necessary.

The candle flames flicker violently, and grotesque shadows on the walls, floor, and roof dart out like demons. Finally, you reach the end of the courses of stones, and take the sharp turn to the right. The passageway is now a subterranean tunnel. Its sides and roof are shored with timbers, like a mine. The only sound is the occasional clink of loose stones as your boots kick one against the other.



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Again there is a turn; this time sharply to the left. Cautiously you peer around the earthen wall, your candle held high, but see merely converging shadows in inky darkness.

Brother Zuber, keeping the same distance behind you, has made no remarks so far. Another thirty seconds of silence--and there ahead is the passage end. Your candle reveals a black door. It is iron and shows rust slightly. It is hinged to a heavy framework of timber, which is in an excellent state of preservation; perhaps renewed recently. The door is of a size to permit the passage of a man standing erect, and apparently opens outward. There is no latch. You open it easily.

Before you is apparently the wine cellar of a large establishment. It is difficult to see clearly because the only light enters through a small barred windowpane at the opposite end of the cellar. On one side are great barrel-like vats covered with cobwebs, their spigots removed. The flagging floor is strewn with discarded furniture, tables and chairs--much of it piled near the threshold, behind which you stand. The only egress is a large stone stairway, to which there remains a fragment of a wooden banister.

Brother Zuber quietly closes the metal door behind him and you both extinguish your candles. You pick your way to the steps and start up. Your heart is pounding and your breath is coming fast for no reason but that your imagination has been intrigued and stimulated. Suppose, you think, that the Crown's agents are aware of this passage and are waiting just above to seize you.

At the head of the stairway there is another door, badly dilapidated. It consists of vertical planks, held by two horizontal supports, one of which barely remains in place. Light pours through the cracks between the planks and putting your eyes to one of these you look out upon a rue which you do not recognize. The residences opposite are badly in need of repair. Shutters are locked or nailed close over the windows of most. They are vacant, or their occupants are still asleep or absent. You see no one.

As you move your hand along the edge of the door, searching for a latch, Brother Zuber leans heavily against the door and it suddenly swings half open. You step out, close the rattling door behind you, and are astonished to find yourself in front of the abandoned hostelry where but a few hours before you took the carriage for the laboratory of the August Master.



"What a coincidence," you say, "that our original flight should have brought us so near the secret passage-way."



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"What confuses me most," says Brother Zuber, "is why it took so long to go by carriage and so little time to return on foot."

"That is because the carriage route was circuitous," you reply. "The passageway evidently runs diagonally, shortening the distance considerably."

"The plaza and the boulevard are only a few steps from here," says Brother Zuber, "and nearly every part of Paris is of equal distance from it. I shall meet you here again a few minutes before nineteen and one half hours." He grips your hand fraternally and starts off in a direction opposite to your own.

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



## *Summary of This Monograph*



Below is a summary of the important principles of this monograph. It contains the essential statements which you should not forget. After you have carefully read the complete monograph, try to recall as many as you can of the important points you read. Then read this summary and see if you have forgotten any. Also refer to this summary during the ensuing week to refresh your memory.

- ¶ **The August Master's abode now being under surveillance, it is necessary that your departure and future visits be undetected.**
- ¶ **You are shown a secret passageway and receive instructions for departing and returning.**
- ¶ **From the subterranean passageway, you emerge only a few steps from the plaza and boulevard.**
- ¶ **You arrange to meet Brother Zuber at the same hour on the following night.**



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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ The *mystical principle of the creative circle* has been unconsciously employed by all of us. However, to utilize it consciously for substantiating and clarifying mental concepts is to bring increasingly harmonious events into the experience. The following quotation from an essay of Michael de Montaigne, French philosopher and essayist of the Sixteenth Century, reflects the principle we are considering.



*Whosoever shall present unto his inward eyes, as it were in a Table, the Idea of the great image of our universall mother Nature, attired in her richest robes, sitting in the throne of her Majestie, and in her visage shall read so generall and so constant a varietie; he that therein shall view himself, not himself alone, but a whole Kingdome, to be in respect of a great circle but the smallest point that can be imagined, he onely can value things according to their essentiall greatnesse and proportion. This great universe (which some multiplie as Species under one Genus) is the true looking-glasse wherein we must looke, if we will know whether we be of a good stamp or in the right byase. To conclude, I would have this worlds-frame to be my Schollers choise-booke.*

—MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE, 1533-1592

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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

"What is the date?" the August Master asks abruptly on your arrival at his sanctum.

You: August 21, 1785. Has it significance?

August Master: The sum of 2 and 1 represents the triangle, important to Rosicrucians because it depicts underlying laws of the Cosmic and of nature. The realization of my ideals and the times of my greatest exaltations have seemed to occur when the sum of the digits of the day was 3. Events when the numeral is 5, however, are invariably unfavorable.

Brother Zuber: The day which follows the morrow has the adverse sum of 5; but today should be favorable. The masses will someday realize what now but a few dream.

August Master: And those who now dream, do they find pleasure in their dreams?

Brother Zuber: Yes, when they select their own dreams.

August Master: Would they experience greater satisfaction if such became actualities?

You: I do not follow you, August Master.

August Master: The nature of the soul is a controversial subject. Suppose that you had concluded that the soul is an immutable essence, less a substance than a mind, and that it resides in the body as an extension of the consciousness of the Cosmic. To you, this accounts for intuition, and the guidance you inwardly experience. You do not possess this soul; it is a light shining through you--a flame which all have to the same degree, but unequally reflect.

You: That is my conception.

August Master: That is not my point. You experience these things not because your conception may be true, but because it satisfies you. If your conception came to be accepted by all, would it bring greater pleasure than you had already enjoyed when it was just a private conception?

You: It might. It is satisfying to have one's opinion vindicated.



Brother Zuber: That is somewhat aside. I may find satisfaction in having my wisdom later confirmed if



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something I have expounded has been open to criticism. But these do not follow directly from the content of what I believed. If I had found peace and sufficiency in my view of the soul, the acceptance of the idea by the world would add nothing more than I had already had.

You: Then no difference exists between believing and knowing a thing?

August Master: The importance begins with you, does it not?

You: If you mean that man determines the value, yes.

August Master: Has man ever conceived something to be good, and later found it to affect him adversely?

Brother Zuber: Yes, that is a common experience.

August Master: Then, where is the difference between that and something man believes true, but may find false if he experiences it objectively?

Brother Zuber: None that I am aware of.

August Master: Since ultimately satisfaction is found in the mind, what matters it whether what we dream to be true ever has an archetype outside our minds? Belief is equal to knowledge in effectiveness until experience convinces us otherwise. A belief is an inference drawn from relationships seen between things--consisting in part of something which has been perceived. I may believe that the shadows on the moon compose a human face; but with more knowledge I may discard it.

Knowledge may be in error because our senses can be deceived. Not all is merely separate perceptions; much of it consists of conclusions drawn from things which in themselves are not wholly complete to the mind. Whatever we hold something to be, that is what it is to us, until our senses and reasoning are convinced that it is something else.

You: Would you advocate, then, that I do not look out the window to see what common sense observations would disclose as the cause of a commotion so that I could keep my belief about it?

August Master: Your analogy is not adequate. Hearing the commotion, the proper thing would be to augment your knowledge by seeing as well. In your example, hearing the commotion would be all that was possible. The belief you formed as to the cause under such circumstances would be



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sufficient. What matters what actually occurred if it could not in any way add more explanation to the belief you already have?

You: Then, you would advocate being unconcerned as to whether we can demonstrate what we believe outside of the mind.

August Master: Where material things are needed, they must be realized as separate entities, for appetites and desires can only be satisfied with things of substance sufficient for the physical senses to be aware of their existence. Where metaphysical problems are concerned, you should rest content with the reasoning of the mind, and its solutions. Proving such ideas to others does not make them more true to ourselves.

Some such ideas give us a personal understanding of God and of the Divine plan; yet they can never be substantiated by science or by objective observation. Man can never experience the whole; nor can science reveal more than an infinitesimal portion of it. Discoveries can be useful, but never sufficient for man to experience the absolute nature of the Cosmic pattern.

Men know that only through profound thought and intuition. Consequently, our thought about these matters, if real and comforting to us, is sufficient. Our abstractions will give a more perfect picture of the whole than the particular discoveries of science. Aristotle was wrong in many particulars; yet he strode forward through abstraction. Some of us may be wrong in particulars regarding the universe and its functioning but still far in advance of any satisfaction science may give. The whole answer is not to be found in the pieces which science provides. Most men do not expect science's discoveries to help them master their environment, but to put their minds at rest as to first causes. Since they are not capable of abstraction, they are confused if what they perceive is not ultimately accepted by all men.

Most of us draw our conclusions from things we perceive; we wait until things come to us, then act upon them. Someone unloads a variety of construction materials at our threshold, and we sort it out and then determine a way of using what has been delivered--what we possibly had not asked for, expected, or even wanted. We adopt a plan to fit the materials at hand. It would be far more prudent to begin with an idea, carefully conceived, and then look for those things in our daily experience which would fit the plan. By such a practice, we bring together things outside of us in which our idea can participate, and of which others as well can conceive and be conscious. This is the mystical principle of the creative circle.



For example, the conception we have of our mission in life, the purpose of the Cosmic, or the nature of God,

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constitutes the point of beginning in the mind. We visualize this as a dot in the center of the head. We think of this dot extending itself as a line until it reaches out through our senses. We look about, feel, taste, and smell, endeavoring to find actualities. As we find these, the line extends from the dot, the original idea, curving upward out of our head. Finally, the idea takes form outside ourselves; we realize it as apart from us, and the line curves back into our consciousness, returning as an experience of something that has come into existence. In other words, we have realized the idea as actuality beyond ourselves and the idea has completed its circle.

Test this in your daily experience and you will find life will begin to fashion itself as you desire. You will create truth, by first conceiving it as an idea and then bringing it into existence. This is living as the Cosmic wishes, from an initial cause to the particulars which it manifests. Most men fail to understand existence because they study particulars and try to surmise the great cause from them.

By the principle of the creative circle, you conceive the nature of truth first; and fashion your world to it. The more of these ideas you form, the more circles of perfection you establish, the more your daily living will become harmonious. You are the nucleus of a cell, the whole consisting of your daily periods of consciousness. Make each return something to complete an idea. Draw from the surroundings of this cell of conscious existence, elements back into your mind, the center of self. You will then move in an environment understandable because you have created it. It will be free of chance because you are the directing power.

(To be continued)

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Faternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER





## Summary of This Monograph



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- ¶ **Belief, says the August Master, is equal to knowledge in effectiveness until experience convinces us otherwise, a belief being an inference drawn from relationships seen between things.**
- ¶ **Whatever we hold something to be, that is what it is to us, until our senses and reasoning are convinced that it is something else.**
- ¶ **Where metaphysical problems are concerned, one should rest content with the reasoning of the mind and its solutions. Proving such ideas to others does not make them more true to ourselves.**
- ¶ **Beginning with an idea and then looking for things in the daily experience that are related to it is known as the *mystical principle of the creative circle*. The idea is realized as apart from us, returning to the consciousness as actuality outside and beyond ourselves, and completing the circle when it re-enters the consciousness in relation to the experience.**

NOTE: It is advisable that each member of the Hierarchy experiment with this principle of the creative circle. Take those beliefs, ideas, conclusions you have about general things of life, and see if you can cause them to have actuality outside of yourself. See if you can crystallize those abstract ideas, bring them into existence, cause them to become actualities, and thus substantiate your abstract reasoning and meditations. If you can find things in the world around you which conform to your ideas, then you have completed a circle, have brought back into your consciousness, as an experience, what began there merely as a conception. If you cannot find elements in your world which support your ideas, then possibly your conceptions need changing. Meditate upon them again. When you are able to complete several circles, thus proving several personal ideas by giving them existence, you are free from disillusionment.



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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ Since Menes (Mene), founder of the First Dynasty in Egypt, is only briefly mentioned in this monograph, additional comments regarding him should be helpful to the student who wishes to delve more deeply into the history of this ancient civilization to which we of the modern world are so deeply indebted. We quote from *A History of the Pharaohs*, Vol. I, by Arthur Weigall.



*Mene was the ruler of a country which had been civilized for the best part of 2,000 years, and he stood against a background of recorded and manifest history which extended into an infinitely remote past. In his own eyes he was the final product of an immemorial civilization, . . .*

According to Egyptian tradition Mene was the founder of the great metropolis on the west side of the Nile, a few miles south of the modern Cairo, called Men-nofre, 'The Well-Established,' a name which the Greeks rendered as Memphis. The city was also called the 'White Wall,' . . . Diodorus records the tradition that Mene also established the manner of divine worship, and, moreover, that he taught the people 'how to adorn their couches and tables with rich cloths and coverings, and was the first that brought in an elegant and sumptuous way of living.' The fragmentary remains left to us of the civilization of his day show that a high degree of artistic skill had been reached, and we may picture the new capital as being a pleasant and stately city, . . .

Tradition states that, while hunting in the Fayûm, Mene was once set upon by his own dogs, and was forced to plunge into the lake Moeris. In gratitude, apparently for his delivery from the crocodiles which infested its waters, he is said to have built a city there, and to have made a sepulchre for himself therein, and a labyrinth . . . but that he was not buried in any such sepulchre beside the lake seems certain, for his tomb has been found in the royal necropolis at Theni (Thinis), where his ancestors rested.

—ARTHUR WEIGALL

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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

It is early morning and you are at the vacant hostelry awaiting Brother Zuber. The first rays of the summer sun are warm and pleasant on your face. You yawn frequently, for it is difficult to keep awake as you stand at the curb. Brother Zuber arrives breathless, apologizing for his tardiness.

Brother Zuber: I do not question the August Master's motive in having us appear at such an early hour, but if I were superstitious, I should say this blood-red sun augurs ill.

You: Not being superstitious, however, you will agree that it means only another hot day. As for the Master's asking us to come at such an hour, he suggested a matter of great import.

You are about to enter the dilapidated hostelry, when you observe a gendarme approaching. You lay a hand on Brother Zuber's arm and nod in the direction of the gendarme. He draws a roll of correspondence sheets from his cloak and you begin a conversation about fictitious matters.

The gendarme approaches, wearing the insignia of a special detail of the Crown. This means he has been assigned to this section for special investigation. Regular gendarmes are ordinarily civil; but this one is a surly looking chap, more like a ruffian. He stops in front of you, turns and boldly leers into your faces. Hooking his thumbs into the breast straps of his tunic, he rocks back and forth on his heels, swaying so close, you can feel his breath warm and unpleasant upon your face.

Obviously bursting with the importance of his authority, he apparently hopes to annoy you into saying or doing something which he can interpret as an offense. Brother Zuber deliberately lowers his eyes and resumes his conversation, turning pages as if reading. You nod in the affirmative, turning away from the gendarme. With a snort of disgust, he is on his way, and soon disappears from sight. You both now quickly slip inside the hostelry, and grope your way through the cobwebs and refuse to the passageway.

In a few minutes, you are again crossing the courtyard of the illustrious Master's residence. The din and clatter of the drays in the rue, and the raucous voices of the hawkers give evidence that the workaday world is waking up. There is an azure sky, cloudless, with here and there a bird soaring so listlessly as to appear stationary. The barking of dogs, the cries of children—this is the life of the many rues in Paris. It is reality. Political intrigues, the surreptitious manner in which you meet the Master, impending dangers—these by contrast seem



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figments of imagination. You know, however, these are not unreal, and no less insidious, for all their apparent vagueness.

You and Brother Zuber ascend quickly to the Master's garret laboratory. To your surprise, he is formally attired, as if to be received at some royal function. He wears tight-fitting knee breeches, and patent leather pumps surmounted by silver buckles. His silk waistcoat is heavily brocaded, and his outer coat, which you think ill-fitting, is quite tight. He notices your apparent astonishment, and says with great solemnity:

"Brothers, men are garbed for a dual purpose; first, for necessity; second, to impress self or others. You see me so attired for the latter reason. I feel certain before this day is done I shall participate in a function of dramatic importance, so my costume is suited to my role."

Without further ado, he begins in a slow and precise manner: "Know you my affiliations?"

You: Yes, Master of the Order Rosae Crucis, Paris; Adept of our Beloved Order in France.

Brother Zuber: Grand Master of the Illuminati and, it is rumored, an affiliate of the Egyptian Mystery Schools.

August Master: I am entrusted with the sacred duty and dignity of the office of Grand Copht of Isis Lodge of Ancient Egyptian Hermeticism. It is this to which I presume you refer as the rumored Egyptian Mystery Schools. The Egyptian Hermetic Order is a remnant of the same great school founded on the secret teachings of Hermes Trismegistus, which also give birth to our beloved Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross. Egyptian Hermeticism is now an affiliated order with its offspring. The child, the Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross, frequently turns back to its parent for consolation and inspiration, even though it has physically outgrown it. Now to other matters. You will recall the purpose of your mission, why you have risked your freedom in these sequestered journeys to this place.

You: That we might record what you have imparted, August Master. We shall transmit such knowledge to the secret archives in Italy—to be kept under three locks. There it shall repose with the statutes, mysteries, and esoteric meaning of our symbols, and the teachings of our beloved Brotherhood, to be given on occasion only to those worthy among posterity to receive them.



August Master: And have you conformed to this requirement?



Brother Zuber: Three days ago, at a Cafe du Cachet conclave the epistles were put in the hands of a messenger in whom we have the utmost trust.

You: He will convey them in person to the site of the archives, and should soon be safely across the frontier. The dispatch, however, is not in the language in which you have related these things to us, August Master. It is quite cryptic. To the profane, into whose hands it could fall, it would mean nothing. The messenger alone possesses the key to decipher it.

August Master: And this key, what of its whereabouts?

You: It reposes entirely within the consciousness of the messenger, and he values it more than his own life.

August Master: Then the heritage prepared for our successors is safe. Much that I should convey to you unfortunately must return to the Cosmic from whence it came.

Brother Zuber: Are we not worthy, August Master, to receive it?

August Master: Your worthiness is unquestioned; but the time is too short now to unfold more.

Brother Zuber and You: Your life is threatened?

August Master: Brethren, my life will continue, but my usefulness to our beloved Order may have its transition.

You both rise, tears in your eyes, as if in respect to one about to be executed; but suddenly the August Master commands: Attention, Brethren, there is work yet to be done! Upon you must be conferred the authority to receive and transmit the arcana of Isis Lodge. Stand before me so that we three form the vertices of an equilateral triangle, our faces separated only by the length of a forearm. Remember well this position and what transpires.

I shall breathe upon you that the truth we possess may penetrate your heart and germinate therein, may strengthen your spiritual nature and confirm you in the faith of your brothers and sisters. We constitute you brothers of the true Egyptian Adoption, to be recognized as such by all members of the rite and to enjoy the same prerogatives. (Thereupon, he breathes lightly upon your foreheads.) In like manner, you shall confer this rite upon each of the brothers of the Rosy Cross, sub rosa, on such occasions as they need to be invested with the sacrosanct teachings of our Egyptian predecessors.



Now to the Mysteries. I use the ancient term, meaning secret truths with respect to man and nature, which lie beneath the surface of temporal interests.

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According to those ancient chroniclers, Manetho and Herodotus, the first pharaoh of Egypt was Menes, who lived approximately 3400 years before Christ. He built great dykes south of Gizeh, where now stands the Great Pyramid of Cheops, by means of which he diverted the Nile from its ancient channel. After draining the channel, in the river's elbow he built a great city. Somewhat to the north and west, he excavated for a lake and allowed the river to seep back into the excavation, so that the lake could be continuously maintained. Along one of the banks of this lake, he built a great temple and dedicated it to the god whom the Romans later called Vulcan.

South of this city of the White Wall was another lake, called Lake Moeris, and still known by that name. To maintain it, Menes constructed a series of canals to replenish its supply of water. It became a sacred area for rituals and ceremonies of importance to the Brothers of the Mystery Schools. The lake is in the Fayum, a great oasis region surrounded by the fierce desert. In ancient times pilgrimages were made there by the enlightened brethren from throughout Mizraim, as Egypt was known in antiquity. Those pilgrimages continued through Christian times and the Dark ages, to our day. I can predict with assurance that future pilgrimages will be made, inspired by the same reason.

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Faternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER



## Summary of This Monograph



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- ¶ Your feeling of impending evil is shared by Brother Zuber, and likewise by the August Master, who formally confers upon you and Brother Zuber the authority to receive and transmit the arcana of Isis Lodge, and the authority to confer upon other brothers of the Rosy Cross the rite of the true Egyptian Adoption.
- ¶ The August Master speaks briefly of Menes, the first pharaoh of Egypt approximately 3400 years before Christ, and his construction of *Lake Moeris*, which became sacred for rituals and ceremonies of importance to the Brothers of the Mystery Schools.





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# THE CONCURRENCE

This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ We quote from Sir E.A. Wallis Budge's *From Fetish to God In Ancient Egypt*, and learn more of Ptah, whom Menes, Pharaoh of the First Dynasty, declared to be the principal god, the Supreme Architect of the Universe.



*The god chosen by Menes to be the protagonist of Temu or Ra of On was an ancient fetish called Ptah, whose cult seems to have been general in the neighborhood of Memphis . . . the priests of Memphis, interpreting no doubt the instructions of their king, determined to make Ptah the source and head of all the gods of Egypt. They were well acquainted with the Creation Myths current in On, and how Temu or Ra sprang from Nunu . . . But the nature of Ptah was entirely different from that of Temu or Ra, for it was spiritual and not material . . .*

*From the text which was rescued from oblivion by Shabaka we learn that Ptah, the Great and Mighty, had eight principal forms among which were Ptah-Nun, and Ptah-Tanen. He therefore preceded Nun and Tanen in existence and he was their creator, and he created them by an effort of his heart or mind. Thus Ptah was the oldest being the priests could imagine, and he was the Eternal Heart or Mind and was self-created . . .*

*Ptah produced the gods by the motions or thoughts of his mind. Horus, the oldest Sun-god in Egypt, acted as the heart or mind of Ptah, and Thoth, the god of wisdom, as his tongue. What the heart of Ptah thought passed on to Thoth who translated it into words, which were uttered by the one great almighty mouth, from which everything is hath come, and everything which is to be shall come. Though Thoth was the Word-god, his actual creative power was derived from the magical pronouncement by Ptah, who alone knew how to utter the words with the correct intonation.*

—SIR E. A. WALLIS BUDGE, 1857-1934



To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

The August Master continues his discourse on the Ancient Egyptian Mystery Schools.

"Menes' city of the White Wall, which he called Men-nofre, was named Memphis by the invading Greeks. It had become one of the three great centers of learning of the ancient world. Here the instructor priests imparted knowledge of a sacred character regarding art, architecture, science, writing. Sesorthas, according to tradition, devised means for hewing stones for building and instructed in architecture. Athothis, a son of Menes, however, delved into anatomy. Centuries before other men, he is said to have explored the mysteries of the human body.

"These priest-teachers were unlike those of many of the other priesthoods existing throughout Egypt. They did not seek political domination nor did they wish to control the people. Rather, they were devoted to the service of mankind, for their discoveries furnish the foundations in many arts and sciences today.

"These priest-teachers drank only from metal cups which they scoured after every libation. They wore only linen garments of the finest texture, washed and made fresh daily. They shaved their bodies twice weekly, and bathed in cold water twice daily, for reasons of cleanliness, as well as for symbolical significance.

"They wore shoes made from the papyrus plant, which grew along the sacred Nile river, and were prohibited from walking upon any other substance. They ate bread of baked corn, and were forbidden either fish or beans. The high priest wore a leopard skin thrown over his shoulders to signify his office or rank. He was known as the Chief Artificer because in the crafts in which he instructed, he was the most accomplished of all.

"Now this great school had two divisions--an outer one for the masses who were still groping in the dark; and an inner one for those who had had initiation, had been found worthy, had had experiences amounting to Illumination and who were devoting their lives to the ideals for which the Mystery School existed.

"The outer school consisted of colleges, each devoted to the study of a god. Do not misunderstand me, the students and the priest-teachers did not worship the god as an image or as a Supreme being, but as merely a symbol of a manifestation of nature. Thus were signified the seasons, the fertility of the soil, the crafts and arts. The students, neophytes, in each of these colleges devoted themselves to the study of the laws, the workings, and the mysteries of what that



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particular god signified, just as today in one college we may study anatomy, and in another mathematics, or medicine.

"Today, we have as a symbol in our colleges of medicine, the caduceus, or wand of Mercury, the messenger of the gods. We do not worship that symbol or the god Mercury; it merely depicts what the college embraces as a branch of knowledge. So it was in the colleges of Memphis, over each of which a priest presided as the principal instructor.

"This outer school studied religion and theology. In the main it was elementary without any definite organized thought, but at Memphis even in theology the outer school was most lofty and inspiring in its concepts.

"It proclaimed Ptah as the principal god. He was not worshipped as a deity, but as a principle. The figure of him was merely a symbol. Ptah was not conceived just as the producer of the lower world of earthly and material things, but also as the creator of the air and the intangible forces and elements which have their effect upon man and nature as a whole. Consequently, Ptah really symbolized a Cosmic universal power, of which the other gods were merely symbols of his various manifestations. All things depended upon the universal power which Ptah represented, but each of his manifestations had a particular symbol by which it was known.

"For centuries Ptah had represented to the people the various industrial arts, the genius and skill of mankind, the creative ability of humans. Therefore, the earliest Temple dedicated to him was nothing more than a museum of utensils--an array of the skill of the goldsmith, the blacksmith, the cabinetmaker, the artisans of the time. Finally, a transition took place, and Ptah instead of merely representing the skill, the ingenuity of man, depicted the Supreme Architect of the Universe.

"It then was held that man and all things have their existence within Ptah, as his ideas, thoughts, or conceptions; consequently, later temples consecrated to him became symbols of thought, of the creative power of mind, and within them the adepts of Memphis studied the mysteries of mind, man's mind. The mind of man was recognized as the greatest faculty and function of which the human is possessed.

"The study of the mysteries of this mind and its power was the principal object of the inner school. There it was held that a single controlling mind was behind all sentient things. Furthermore, it was proclaimed that the power of this Supreme Mind, by which it brought its ideas into existence, was the spoken word. The word went forth from the mind, and the word was that which gave substance to the ideas.



"Therefore in Memphis, thousands of years ago, we find the germ of the doctrine of the Logos, which the Greeks later evolved and which finally became a fundamental doctrine of Christianity; namely, the word is the law and the power of God.

"In an ancient liturgy, originally inscribed in the Temple of Memphis, proclaiming the Supreme Mind as the underlying cause of all, and the spoken word of that mind the power by which it manifested itself, these thoughts occur:

'Ptah, the great, is the mind and tongue of the gods.

Ptah, from whom proceeds the power  
of the mind,  
and of the tongue.

That which comes forth from every mind,  
and from every mouth.

Of all gods, of all people, of all cattle, of all  
reptiles,  
that live, thinking and commanding  
everything that he (Ptah) wills.

It (the mind) is the one that bringeth forth every  
successful issue.

It is the tongue which repeats the thought of the  
mind.

It (the mind) was the fashioner of all gods--  
At a time when every divine word  
came into existence by the thought of the mind,  
and the command of the tongue.'

"The lesser mystery initiations of Memphis were known as the Humanities. The higher degrees were known as Manifested Light--the truths imparted as a light of understanding in the consciousness of the Neophyte. These initiations consisted of three points of progress, conforming to the Law of the Triangle. The first was devoted to instruction in morals and ethics; the second to the arts and sciences; and the third to the nature of God and man's own being.



"The Neophytes, called Thalmedinites, were obliged to progress from degree to degree, after sufficient study and proper test and trial in each. The Adepts or advanced initiates were known as Heberemites. The Hierophant or



chief priest, who presided over all of the mystery initiations, invocations and ceremonies, represented the Supreme Architect.

"Definite instruction regarding a Supreme Single Power, a Divine Efficacy, and rewards and penalties was given the advanced initiates. Also there was a practical exposition of nature's laws. Where else on the face of the Earth was teaching such as this given.

"Profane history relates that after completing his discipleship under Socrates, Plato journeyed to Egypt in search of more knowledge. In the profane records, you will find nothing more than that this journey occurred about 389 B.C. What occurred when he was in Egypt, whom he met, where he studied, or what knowledge was imparted to him, what trials and tests he had to endure, is a closed chapter. From the ancient schools of Egyptian Hermeticism affiliated with our beloved Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross, however, there is an account of his initiation at Memphis, which I am going to relate as I recall reading it in these ancient records."

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER

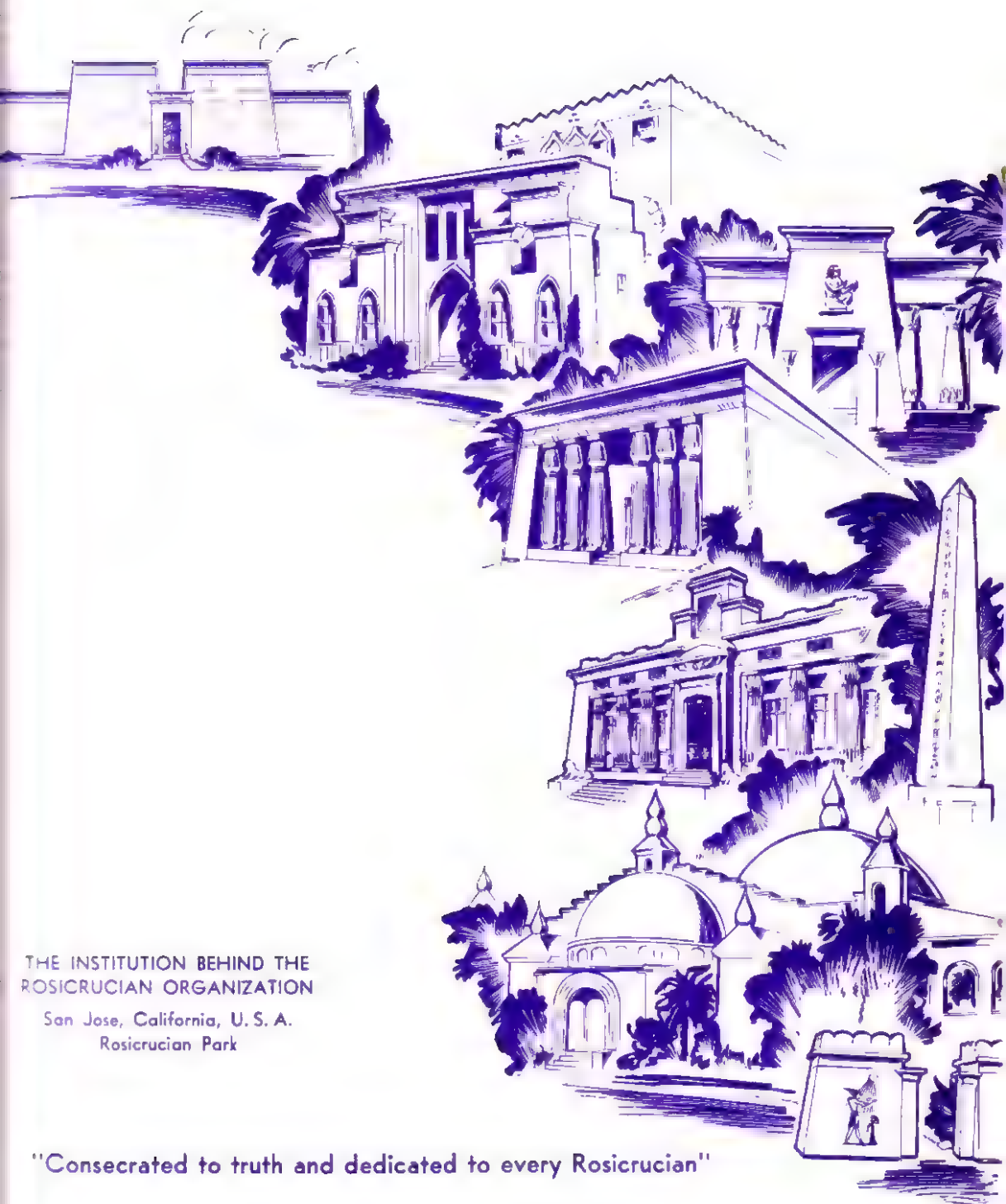


## *Summary of This Monograph*



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- ¶ **The August Master continues to speak of Menes' city of the White Wall, one of the three great centers of learning in the ancient world.**
- ¶ **Instructor-priests imparted knowledge of a sacred character regarding art, architecture, science, and writing in a school divided into two parts—an inner one for the initiated, and an outer one for the masses.**
- ¶ **The outer school consisted of colleges, each devoted to the study of a god, representing a manifestation of nature, the laws, workings and mysteries of which formed the curriculum.**
- ¶ **Ptah, as a principle, symbol of a Cosmic universal power, was proclaimed the principal god, and instruction in religion and theology even in the outer school was lofty and inspiring.**
- ¶ **The study of the mysteries of man's mind was the principal object of the inner school, with recognition of a universal Supreme Mind whose power was expressed in the spoken word—the germ of the doctrine of the Logos evolved later by the Greeks.**
- ¶ **The lesser mystery initiations of Memphis were known as the Humanities; the higher degrees as Manifested Light. Initiations consisted of three points of progress: Instruction in—1) morals and ethics, 2) arts and sciences, and 3) the nature of God and man's own being.**
- ¶ **Neophytes were called Thalmedinites; Adepts or advanced initiates were known as Heberemites; the Hierophant or chief priest represented the Supreme Architect.**



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# THE CONCURRENCE

## This Week's Consideration of a Famous Opinion



¶ The mysteries are spoken of reverently by the student of mysticism, who aspires someday himself to be considered worthy of the initiatory experience. From antiquity, the Eleusinian Mysteries have been especially esteemed. While the outer aspects of the drama are familiar to many, only the elect have been permitted the inner teachings.



*Plato said: 'There are many who bear the torch and the thyrsus, but there are few initiates.' This is true for the time of Plato, as for our own and for all time. Only those who have experienced transcendent truths in their own interior life, accompanied by a fundamental upheaval of their entire being, can understand all that is contained in the drama of Eleusis. But it is easy to picture—as indeed is proved by numerous contemporary testimonies—the divers impressions produced by the strange though moving spectacle upon the élite of the Mystae.*

*This consisted in a kind of purification of their inmost being, a rising to ethereal spheres, a marvellous sense of harmony with the Cosmos. The world seemed to them more transparent and they themselves to have undergone a metamorphosis. New revelations can be comprehended only by a new soul. And this had been awakened in them by images, words and songs, which delighted their eyes and charmed their ears. It had greeted things hitherto unheard and undreamt of as truths that were age-long and eternally young. Recognizing them, it had attained to self-revelation. . . . What Eleusis had produced in its initiates was—through successive emotions and a final inundation of light—the cessation of separate life and the consciousness of the one life.*

—EDOUARD SCHURE, 1841-1929

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To the Members of the Esoteric Hierarchy, Greetings!

The August Master continues:

"It was once my pleasure to witness the enactment of this initiation of Plato into the Memphis Mysteries. This philosopher came to Memphis as a humble seeker for knowledge--not as a great thinker, not as one influential in his own world, nor as a man of distinction; but as one who professed to the priests: 'I come to seek the holy mysteries.' They knew of his coming. Though impressed with his personal history and the profundity of his knowledge, they were more impressed with his humility.

"Come with me in mind, Brethren, backward nearly 2,000 years to the ancient land of the Nile and the city of Memphis. The heat of the sun is intense; the shade of the palms cool and inviting. Not far from us are the slowly flowing waters of the Nile, the life blood of all Egypt. This day the foreigner is to be tested to determine his sincerity in seeking the Light.

"At the instruction of the Hierophant, two priests approach, Plato walking between them. He wears a simple black robe, and the sandals common to the people of his country. His head is exposed to the sun as he walks toward what looks like an abyss, a dark pit. From a distance it appears as an excavation, but when one stands upon its brink, it appears deep, irregular, fearsome. A cool draft of moist air rises from it.

"Without speaking, the priest-guides gesture that Plato is to descend. They lead him to the very brink, then bow, turn about, and return from whence they came. For a moment he stands motionless, uncertain. Could it be that like all other mortals, this great man is gripped with fear? Why does he hesitate? Has he thought better of his decision?

"Does he feel that the mission which brought him so far from his native land is not now worth the risk? He looks heavenward with his eyes closed as though offering a prayer for guidance and strength. Then confidently, he steps down into the cavity. There is no path and the loose sand flows like a stream behind him. He stumbles and slips. He clutches the sides to support himself and to avoid falling heavily to the bottom of the pit.

"Then he disappears from the view, lost in the darkness below. The only sign of his presence is the sound of the slipping sand and the little cloud of dust that rises after him. In the darkness, his feet find a solid footing. Cautiously, he puts out one foot and then the other, and finds himself not upon just a small foundation but upon a great stone





flooring. His outstretched hand meets with a wall, and he travels along it, using it as a guide and support. There is a sharp turning and beyond it light, for suspended against the wall is a torch. He is in a narrow passageway, half again his height and twice the width of his shoulders.

"The walls consist of huge blocks of stone laid in courses. He frees the torch and continues down the narrow passageway but a short distance before he comes to several apertures. Some are circular, some oblong, all large enough to permit his entrance and all apparently leading to caves. Directly ahead is a great gate, and this invites his interest. He pushes against it with his outstretched arm, but it does not yield. He puts his shoulder against it, and with great effort opens it. He is no more than across the portal when the gate closes, seemingly of its own accord, and there follows a terrific confusion of sound, like rattling chains, or a thousand warriors duelling, their swords beating upon one another's shields. All the while there are soul-chilling cries; then, intense silence.

"Suddenly a voice: 'Every mortal who without fear walks alone in the secret enclosure will receive the Light, will be purified by air and water, and will be initiated into the Secret Mysteries of the Goddess Isis.'

"After a moment's pause, the unseen speaker interrogates the Neophyte: 'Fear ye?'

"With no hesitancy, Plato emphatically replies: 'Nay!'

"His journey takes him now into a larger passageway, not unlike the previous one. The walls of massive stone hem him in. There is no escape. He must continue. Eventually he comes to a door, on either side of which are two men wearing bronze helmets shaped like dogs' snouts. In an awesome voice, one says: 'Neophyte, retrace your steps if you wish. If you persist in advancing, you will be unable to retreat without the danger of losing your head.'

"Again, without hesitancy, Plato replies: 'I will go on.'

"He passes through the doorway into what looks like a great cavern. He hears a roar, not of the wind, not from the throats of men or animals, and going forward comes upon a great furnace blocking his way. Its hungry flames are the source of the roaring.

Only one way can he continue, that by a frail suspension bridge above the fiery chasm of the furnace. Boldly he crosses, the bridge swaying beneath him. The flames lick viciously at his feet. One misstep and he would plunge to destruction.



"Successfully across the bridge, Plato finds himself faced with a great subterranean stream as a new obstacle. He must cross, for the suspension bridge over the furnace has disappeared. He plunges into the stream and struggles valiantly. Halfway across, he is physically exhausted. His will to continue is strong but his body is unable to respond. When it seems he must yield, he is hurled upon the opposite bank. Climbing unsteadily to his feet, he wrings the water from his garments, somehow refreshed and encouraged by his victory.

"Before him lies a narrow winding stairway, the most beautiful he has ever seen, its steps of solid ivory. At their top is another closed door. The two rings by which it is apparently to be opened are encrusted with rare gems and jewels. The door opens easily, but closes behind him with a startling thud and clang from bolts and chains attached. And once again he is in darkness.

"A few steps in several directions show the terrain to be exceedingly rough. With his arms extended he can touch neither sides nor ceiling. Confused as to which direction to take, it seems futile to go farther. It is a test of faith. Certainly the higher powers who have guided him so well until now and who have imbued him with that love of knowledge which brought him to this ancient land will further direct him. Waiting upon their judgment, he stands erect, fearless and quiet, not once uttering a cry of surprise or alarm.

"After what seems an eternity of waiting, a door opens a short distance from him, framing a soft blue oblong of light. He sees a chamber beyond, and hears coming from it beautiful music, but such as might be made by instruments he has never known. Drawn toward this portal and over its threshold, he finds himself in a magnificent colonnaded temple, with strange irradiant metals composing the capitals of the columns. Lights of various hues come from the atmosphere.

"In the center are three steps leading to an altar. Directly opposite, another portal permits a view across the desert. There is a coolness as at twilight when the heat is abating. He hesitates, looking to his left and right. On either side sit an assembly of people in robes watching him intently. They apparently sit according to rank, for each successive row is slightly elevated above the one before, and those in each row wear a different colored robe to signify their office or attainment.

"A figure now ascends a platform at the opposite end of the Temple, and stands before a lectern. This, Plato assumes, is the Hierophant. Without further delay, he walks slowly, turning at right angles, until he reaches





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the point directly in front of the lectern. Kindly in appearance, the Hierophant is smooth shaven, except for the ritualistic chin beard of his office. His robe is of the finest linen, simple in design yet scintillating. About his shoulders hangs a leopard's skin.

"Not a word is spoken for many moments, as the Hierophant looks into the eyes of Plato, and Plato returns the steady gaze. Then the Hierophant speaks.

"His resonant voice, not loud, reverberates throughout the entire temple. He hands an alabaster chalice to Plato, saying: 'Drink the draught of the lotus and forget worldly things. From now on your inner perceptions alone must rule your mind--not those things of the world which ordinarily arrest the thoughts of man.'"

(To be continued)

May Peace Profound abide with each of you.

Fraternally,

YOUR CLASS MASTER





## *Summary of This Monograph*



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- ¶ The August Master describes an enactment which he once witnessed of Plato's initiation into the Memphis Mysteries.
- ¶ The Neophyte is led to the mouth of a dark pit and silently motioned to enter and descend alone.
- ¶ A precarious way, dark, with obstacles, menacing sounds, and trials by fire and water, is successfully traversed.
- ¶ He reaches a temple in which are gathered an assembly of people, and is addressed by the Hierophant, who offers him a drink from an alabaster chalice.



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